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ART. I.—CLASSICAL LEARNING.

- 1.—*An Address delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, 28th August, 1834, on Classical Learning and Eloquence.* By WILLIAM HOWARD GARDINER, Counsellor at Law. Cambridge: 1834.
- 2.—*A Discourse on the Studies of the University.* By ADAM SEDGWICK, M. A., F. R. S., &c. Woodwardian Professor and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Second Edition. Cambridge (Eng.): 1834.
- 3.—*A Discourse pronounced at the Inauguration of the Author as Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University. August 26th, 1834.* By CORNELIUS C. FELTON, A. M. Cambridge: 1834.
- 4.—*Oration on the Comparative Elements and Dutys of Grecian and American Eloquence: Delivered before the Erodelphian Society of Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio: on the 23d September, 1834: being their ninth annual celebration; with notes.* By THOMAS SMITH GRIMKE, of Charleston, S. C. Cincinnati: 1834.
- 5.—*An Address delivered on Monday, December 22d, 1834, by REV. JOHN LUDLOW, D. D., on the occasion of his Inauguration as Provost of the University of Pennsylvania.* Philadelphia: 1835.

WE trust the time may one day arrive, though we may not live to welcome it, when there shall be some prescription in favour of the wisdom of our forefathers—when the self-sufficiency and arrogance of the present, will graciously yield a little defer-

ence to the experience of the past, and when the elements of knowledge, political, moral, and religious, shall cease to be daily reproduced, in new and monstrous combinations, to confound and bewilder all simple and sober inquiry; to puzzle the will, and harass the judgment. We cannot but hope, that the ferment of opinion, upon every debateable question, which distinguishes our age and country, is a process which, out of chaos, not only will produce forms beautiful and new, but which, on the retiring of the waters, will leave in our view, not shattered relics merely, but many a lofty column, with the evidence of ancient truth, untarnished, upon its capital.

It might be a subject of curious and not unphilosophical investigation, to inquire, whither the lust of innovation may carry a people, whose very national existence originated in a bold disregard of probabilities and precedents, and whose government is even yet one of experiment. Speculation is a grand element of the American character. In physics it has done so much for us, that we would fain apply it to give direction to the laws which regulate moral action, and to the science of politics. Accordingly, none but the most general principles are held to be settled among us.

There is a fascination to most men in the novelty of change, which causes them to forget the sacrifices which are made to produce it. Besides, it flatters the intellect, the assumption of the moment always being that it is for the better. That very activity of mind, which impels our countrymen to the execution of feasible and beneficial undertakings, prompts them, at the same time, to entertain every wild and visionary scheme which enthusiasm or cunning can broach. The wildest fanatic allures followers,* because, in an extended and diversified population, with much self-confidence and some acquirement, hemmed within no ancient boundaries of thought, and shackled by no venerable forms, he is sure to strike some responsive cord among the millions of his fellow-citizens. The imagination, which in old countries is fed from the past, and principally by the material, is with us forced upon the future and the moral. Our population, therefore, is more reflective than that of Europe, but reflection, undirected, or ill-directed, is not a little dangerous. It may teach a man his powers, but it is very apt to mislead him in their application. Thus, in no country is there to be found a greater mass of crude and undigested theory, of variant and absurd belief—in no country where rights are so accurately defined, are they so liable to be misconceived—in no country are the rules of action subject to so many modifications and interpretations,

* Witness the progress of Mormonism, and the blasphemous and impudent imposture of Matthias.

from uninformed and visionary jurisprudence, striving to adjust at a stroke, complicated and jarring elements. The anomalies of our situation are, we trust, more a subject of curiosity than apprehension. Yet they have thus far been overcome rather by the flexibility than the force of our institutions. A looker-on might suppose that we have enough to grapple with in the heterogeneous nature of our population, and the problems which the progress of government affords for our solution, without diverging any farther from old opinion, (the cohesive power, say what we may, that has thus far kept the world together,) upon subjects of a different character. We ought at least to learn the art of self-government, before we attempt to revolutionize morals and literature, settling, if it be possible, one rock below the quicksand, for a safe and secure foundation.

This versatility of mind, looking less to improvement than to alteration, and bending its energies agreeably to each new impulse, is the direct antagonist of social order. It tampers ignorantly with the most delicate elements, and foolishly rushes in "where angels fear to tread." Society lives with it as in an agitated cauldron, where the lees are as frequently on the surface as the nobler ingredients. As we are more liable to its influences than any other nation, so in many respects we are worse provided against its effects. In Europe, there is a barrier over which Lycurgus himself, with a new code in his hand, would find it hard to climb. Established institutions are so interwoven with the tenure of property, and the long chain of private rights, that innovation, incautiously conducted, is revolution. We have no such check, and heaven forbid that we should have; but it is earnestly to be desired, that we may acquire some of the caution which attends it. Better that there should exist some theoretical errors, than that fundamental doctrines should be kept forever astir. The Locrian law is preferable to incessant uncertainty and change. It is a mistake to believe that any edifice can sustain continual alterations and substitutions, without being weakened. Doctrines abstractedly unexceptionable, may be ill adapted to a particular form of government, and yet, were society in the egg-shell, they might be among those which it ought soonest to adopt on its advent. "Time," says a favourite author, "changes anomaly into system, and injury into right; examples beget custom, and custom ripens into law, and the doubtful precedent of one generation, becomes the fundamental maxim of another." Ancient systems and opinions are valuable, not because they bring with them the sanction of a remote age, but because they are the product of the wisdom of many ages—an alluvion rich with the accretions of successive centuries.

There is another feature in the national mind, the result of a peculiar position and discipline, to which we must necessarily

advert, in connexion with our subsequent remarks, and that is our narrow interpretation of *the useful*. In its broad and true sense, utility must comprehend every pursuit and acquisition that can enhance human happiness, yet is it limited among us, by the prevailing sentiment, in a manner as pitiful as it is mistaken. As a nation, we pursue nothing but the palpable; believe, trust, hope in nothing that has not a plain, downright, and potent applicability to increase our strength and augment our capabilities. In this sense, utility may be an excellent touchstone to test the progress of art, but it is a very inadequate standard whereby to measure the objects of human pursuit and contemplation. It will be a bad day for moral or political amelioration, when the faculties of the soul are balanced against a certain value in counters, and when the stores of moral knowledge are rated only at their auction prices. We can conceive of no train of habitual thought and conversation, more hostile to individual elevation of mind, and more paralyzing to every thing generous and noble in national character, than the perpetual reference of every thing to its equivalent in common and ordinary estimation. The principle carried out, would reduce the earth to a hive, and every fragrant and beautiful flower upon its surface, to the mere aliment of its inhabitants. It is a coarse and selfish doctrine, worthy of man only in an early stage of his progress, and always indicative, when found in more advanced communities, of a sordid and grasping spirit. Reducing every pursuit and enterprise to a single aim, and trying it by a single test, it strikes all that is disinterested from motive, all that is lofty from society, all that is courteous from manners. It asks a certificate of character from every undertaking, pausing upon it with its chilling and sneering philosophy, till it can lay its hand upon the evidence of its practicability and profit. All high studies—all purely literary culture—all that warms the imagination, and clusters round the heart, it neglects or despises. Nay, it would almost teach its disciples to tear away those gentle affections which unite them to their kind, and those sublime emotions which lead them to their Creator—a new Iconoclast trampling upon the shattered symbols of ancient hope.

Radicalism is the child of ignorance, engendered by cunning. Still, in politics, it may be half excused, for it struggles upward from the day of its birth, though always for a selfish end. But literary radicalism has no such aspirations—it is the only leveller that *levels down*. It is suicidal, making use of the knowledge it has acquired to destroy itself and its acquirements together. It checks the desire to learn, by proclaiming not the nothingness, but the worthlessness of its attainments, and disproves its own position by the very means it uses to establish it. Its apostles take their stand upon some thrice overthrown fallacy or misap-

plied truth, and reason conclusively enough, if you will but grant their premises. Man, they insist, is a creature of simple wants and impulses, and these may be satisfied and directed without any wide or elevated knowledge. The progress of society, it is true, has created certain artificial desires which custom almost calls necessities, and these perhaps must be gratified. Their theory, therefore, fosters agriculture, commerce, and the mechanic arts, and even the pursuits of science, polite and physical, as subsidiary to the due promotion of these. So far they are borne out by their principle of utility, but further their hobby horse will not carry them. Their attraction is to the earth, and, like Sancho on the magic steed, no power of imagination, whatever they may pretend, can force them an inch upward. "*Det vitam, det opes*," is their prayer to Jove, content with the ears of Midas, if they can obtain his power of touch along with them.

Until the imagination ceases to be a faculty of the human soul, all attempts to bind man down to the earth, or to contract the empire of the ideal, are indicative merely of a false perception of the nature of our species. We live but on an isthmus, looking on either side over the wide expanse of the past and the future, for the sources of our enjoyment. Our duties to ourselves and to society, too, are performed with more reference to the same faculty, than to any graduated scale of duty or utility. The sentence which condemned us to eternal toil, had been indeed severe, had it not been mitigated by this alleviation. We earnestly deprecate, therefore, the doctrines of that school which would pass over or thrust aside the knowledge or the enjoyments of the beautiful, because it is not always linked with the products of the mathematics, or capable of increasing the sum total of the wealth or strength of a political community. The ideal and imaginative are the softeners and refiners of intellectual and social ruggedness, as the useful is the subduer of material forms, and the director of brute force. Society never acquires pliancy or grace, until it feels their united influence. We do not allude to that conventional tone, arising from the adoption of a highly artificial system of manners and modes of thought—a state of things only to be found in an old community with a rich and influential metropolis, and not necessarily to be desired if attainable—but to those elevated and refined feelings, resulting from the contemplation of great models in art and literature, which dignify man's conceptions of himself, and the objects of his creation, and which chasten and neutralize his sordid and selfish propensities. We learn but half our nature, until we borrow the evidence of its greatness from the finer perceptions. "I know not," said the enthusiastic Fuseli to a sneering antagonist, "whether you have a soul, but, by heaven, I *feel* that I have one." It was the answer of spirit to sense, and the best that could have

been given. None but an idiot believes that he was born merely to consume the fruits of the earth. The brutes do that, and perish at their manger, and in their sty. The situation of the Peruvians at the Spanish invasion, may show, if proof be required, how far an unenlightened people may be elevated above mere physical appetites, by the influence of a polity which addresses the imagination, the taste, and the judgment, and leads, even in an imperfect state of society, to the contemplation of the sublime in nature and in art.

Unless we have greatly mistaken the tendencies of our time and country, these remarks are not misplaced. The impulse towards the mere practical, exhibits itself in the national legislature, in private associations, and throughout our universal economy. The power of the government to foster a valuable institution, though intimately connected with the general defence, has been seriously, and will, probably, soon be successfully denied. Associations connected with the arts, do not proceed with the progress of the country. Our largest cities cannot sustain an opera on the lowest scale of expense, nor can a theatre, conducted with taste and judgment, find that sort of patronage which is demanded to prevent its perversion to improper or vulgar entertainments. Literature of a certain kind is certainly diffused, and the progress of elementary instruction is in some degree advancing, for this is in strict consistency with the *practical* theory; but, as Mr. Gardiner, in one of the addresses at the head of this article, complains, we question if the cause of learning, properly so called, has not, since the commencement of the present century, rather retrograded than advanced amongst us. Indeed we believe that this is a position scarcely deemed assailable by any who have reflected much upon the subject—nay, more, that it is one in which many who admit it, will see but a natural and very desirable consequence of the state of opinion here.

The works now before us, and particularly the addresses of Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Grimké, furnish an opportunity once more to call attention to the issue presented by them—an old one, it is true, and long ago settled to the satisfaction of the enlightened of many ages and countries, but destined again and again to be re-agitated whenever theory would unlearn the lessons of experience. The subject of each of those to which we have especially alluded, may be designated as the same, for each treats of the value and influence of classical learning, with reference especially to American character and capabilities. Each was pronounced before a literary society, and each, we have no reason to doubt, with an honest view to beneficial ends. But here the parallelism ceases, and the orators walk in divergent paths. In one of them every educated American must make up his mind to follow, as he values or despises the cause of liberal learning.

It is a choice between opposites, when no middle way is left for timidity and hesitation. It is a choice, too, involving consequences no less important than a change in the whole system of collegiate education, and a substitution of a course of training, untried, partial, and we must add, narrow, for the studies on which the experience of centuries has set its seal, and which the sanction of great minds has rendered venerable. It is, in short, the question of a revolution in the history of intellect, by the introduction of an "American Christian System," as Mr. Grimké phrases it, into our schools and colleges, in lieu of the studies so long considered the basis of a polite education, and which he, by some strange confusion of ideas, seems to have brought himself to consider as hostile to the religion and republicanism of the country.

And here let it be premised, that the present discussion has nothing to do with popular education in its extended sense. It concerns only the proper appropriation of the time and money of those who are seeking so to apply the elements of knowledge, that they may acquire ability to discharge the higher functions of their social and political relation. It deeply concerns society, it is true, since it must at last determine the relative rank of our country in intellectual accomplishment, but it is to be decided by no political regulation—no holding up of hands in the comitia. It is a question, differing from most which occur among us, when the interests of the many will be seriously affected by the decision of the few. Let the few therefore ponder it deeply.

He who takes his stand upon old and settled opinion always has a *prima facie* case in his favour, because he vouches the law of the past. We appeal to experience, from no servile respect to antiquity, but because we add the sanction of other men's wisdom to our own reasoning. The innovator, therefore, must always be put to his proofs. In legal phrase, the *onus probandi* is upon him, and the burden is the heavier the longer the prescription against which he remonstrates. In fact, this is the only check by which society in every age has been saved from anarchy, as its natural predisposition is in favour of change—a centrifugal force which, when speculation is in any degree free, can hardly be counteracted even by the agency to which we have adverted. Even where the rights of property are affected, and the selfish principle comes strongly to the assistance of established institutions, it is difficult to make the march of alteration sufficiently gradual, though we fetter it with forms and solemnities. There are always unquiet spirits, who would fain get before their age—a greater reproach by far, in this regard, than falling behind it, since, in the latter case, they alone are sufferers, whereas in the former they injure and unhinge society. But when we come to systems of education and religious creeds,

where the penalty of error is unfelt or distant, and the subject is yet of general interest, there is no end to the propagation of all manner of heresies. The halter itself of Zaleucus could not strangle them.

Tried by the test we have propounded, Mr. Grimké has failed in establishing the doctrines of his recent address. In condemning those doctrines, however, as pernicious to the cause of American education, we may be permitted to express our sincere regret at the untimely death of their author, in whom the community has lost an amiable gentleman, and, spite of his errors, an accomplished scholar. Of the sincerity of his faith and the ardour of his patriotism few who have known him can doubt—of his strong desire to promote the best interests of his country and her institutions, all who have learnt his history are convinced. The zeal with which he pursued and endeavoured to enforce a fallacy, was indicative of a mind capable of intense and enthusiastic devotion, better, even in a bad cause, than a listless and heartless advocacy of a good one. But “the evil that men do lives after them,” spreading too frequently on the faith of ancient reputation, and cherished with the memorials of personal affection. Criticism is therefore impersonal, and deals with the products of mind, without reference to private respects or sympathies.

The fundamental error of Mr. Grimké’s doctrines, lies, as we have already hinted, in the notion, that the study of the classics has something in it adverse to our religion and institutions. We quote his words.

“The literary institutions of our country are, as yet, but an embryo, in comparison of what they must become, to be worthy of, and suitable to the nation. We cannot but observe how the struggle to maintain, in all our seminaries, a foreign and pagan influence, against the rightful dominion of Christian and American institutions, is leading a multitude to think, who never thought before of the subject, and is gradually producing salutary changes. This great controversy, which may be considered as just begun, is itself a rich source of the noblest thoughts which belong to the department of duty to God, of usefulness to our country, and of benevolence to all mankind. How comprehensiv, how solemn is the position, ‘THE WHOLE SYSTEM OF EDUCATION IS DESTINED TO UNDERGO AN AMERICAN REVOLUTION, IN A HIGHER AND HOLIER SENSE OF THE TERM, THAN THAT OF ’76, BY THE SUBSTITUTION OF A COMPLETE CHRISTIAN, AMERICAN EDUCATION, FOR THE STRANGE AND ANOMALOUS COMPOUND OF THE SPIRIT OF ANCIENT, FOREIGN, HEATHEN STATES OF SOCIETY, WITH THE GENIUS OF MODERN, AMERICAN, CHRISTIAN INSTITUTIONS.’” pp. 19, 20.

Supposing the period so ardently predicted in the foregoing paragraph to have arrived, let us figure to ourselves the education of an American scholar. Having adopted Mr. Grimké’s new and grotesque system of orthography, (in which, by the way, he has been preceded with more or less variety, and with equal success by Sir Thomas Smith, Gill, Butler, and a host of others,) he will have carefully unfitted himself for the perusal of the English language as written on the other side of the Atlantic, and consequently, will be enabled to dispense with those frivolous

toys of our forefathers, the English classics. Doubtless, however, in lieu of Shakspeare and Milton, he will be supplied with reformed editions of "The Curse of Kehama" and "Samor," no less than nine passages from which are quoted in this single address, Milman furnishing one which is pronounced "unrivalled by aught to be found in the pages of Homer and Virgil." In the meantime the mind of the pupil will be enlarged and expanded, and his knowledge of the history of his species consummated by an intense and continual study of American constitutions, literature, and laws. He will doubtless be satisfied that the world, so far as he is concerned, and for all the purposes of good government, was created in 1776 by Thomas Jefferson; that we are the wisest as we always have been the bravest of men, and that a true and modest account of ourselves, and a candid exposition of the characteristics of foreign countries, may be found in the annals of the fourth of July, *ab anno reipublicæ primo*. From these sources, he will gather that our main business with other nations, is, if possible, to convert them to republicanism, believing as he is bound to do, that the youngest nation on earth is the one which, by the ordinary laws of nature, has the best title to instruct the rest. Having limited his knowledge of the modern world to our own hemisphere, he will strike out profane antiquity at a blow—as the former perishes by necessity, the latter will fall by design. As the one is foreign, and may corrupt his political simplicity, so the other is foreign and pagan, and must undermine his religious belief.

"The truth is, education with us is neither Christian nor American. We educate the young almost entirely as tho' we did not know whether they were to be Christians, Pagans, or Mahometans; Americans, Germans, or Italians. We instruct them without any peculiar paramount view to Christian or American character and duty. The system is radically unfriendly to religion and patriotism, in any just and comprehensive view of both, and must be extensively and fundamentally changed, if this country will be inhabited by a truly Christian, American people." p. 55, note. N.Y.

In short, the American scholar, upon this new system, will learn in a school eminently narrow, bigoted, and selfish. Almost deprived of the benefits of comparison, he will have but a one-sided acquaintance with even his own institutions, since truth, like fire, is elicited by collision. He will put out his own eyes, lest they should behold something dangerous.

If it be objected that we have drawn a caricature, we have only to reply that we have thereby preserved a likeness more startling, and not less faithful, than if we had copied Mr. Grimké's original. We can conceive no other effect from an American education, as contra-distinguished from a classical one, than gradually to deprive the student of the light of ancient and foreign learning, without giving him in its place any thing substantial or satisfactory. The very objection which is urged against the study of the learned languages, that they depict a state of society with which

we have nothing in common, would, were it true, furnish an argument in favour of their acquisition. That man would acquire a singular knowledge of the moon, who viewed her only at the full; and he would be curiously fitted to investigate human nature, who always examined mankind under the influence of one set of institutions. For our own part, we rejoice that there is not any such thing, nor can be, as *American* education; that to a certain extent the mind of all civilized nations must follow the same path, contemplate the same cycles, and love and fear and hope in sympathy with the same actors; that the utmost rage of literary radicalism, and (we speak of its application,) pseudo Christianity, cannot deprive us, even us, "*toto penitus divisos orbe*," of the memorials and the love of the great past, hallowed not merely by its antiquity, but by its inherent grandeur and beauty, and by the reverence of so many intervening ages, and that the associations and recollections of Greece and Rome are so interwoven with the language, the usages, and the literature of the world, that the power of man cannot put them asunder.

When Mr. Grimké asserts the equality of intellect between the ancients and moderns, we feel no disposition to dispute the proposition. When he goes farther, and maintains that in the materials of poetry and eloquence the latter have the advantage, we concede the point for the sake of the argument; but when, not content with this, he taxes our politeness to place Homer below Scott, and Demosthenes below Webster, we have too great a regard for the opinion which the distinguished moderns alluded to have conceived of themselves, to indulge him; most of all, when at last he degrades the heroes and sages of ancient history to a level with aboriginal warriors of America, we are tempted charitably to find an excuse for the paradox in mental distemperature, and to take our leave at once of an argument built upon so strange a hallucination. Indeed, it appears to us, that from the outset Mr. Grimké has mistaken the nature and end as well as the effect of classical education, and that in this view we might easily show, that such of his premises as are admissible at all must fail, for want of an object against which they may be directed.

Ancient literature is the extant and living evidence of ancient mind. Its mythological machinery and peculiar political impress, of which Mr. Grimké expresses such apprehension, are viewed by every student as memorials of a state of society that has long since disappeared. Even on the classic soil itself, Rienzi is almost the only enthusiast who has dreamed of bringing back the republic, while a thousand *theocrats* have been made by the perusal of the Old Testament. Yet who would think of banishing the Bible from familiar use, because some madmen have misinterpreted it? Perhaps there was more in the

peculiar institutions of the Jews, which is opposed to the spirit of Christianity and republicanism, than in those of Greece or Rome in any phase of their earlier history. No one, however, fears the impression. The antidote to false views of the relations of man to his creator and his country, is to be sought in the knowledge which is intuitively acquired by every American of the religion and government under which he lives. The argument that knowledge of any sort is dangerous, is more characteristic of a dark age and despotic government than of the light and freedom of modern times. The national eagle gazes at the sunbeam, the owl only blinks at the daylight. Shut out classical instruction, and by a parity of reasoning you must put an end to the study of foreign manners and political history—in short, to every liberal pursuit save physics and metaphysics. The aristocratical government of England is at this instant as foreign to our polity as that of the triumvirate, yet no one hints (so preposterous would be the notion) at relinquishing the study of English history. It is coeval almost with our first rudiments of learning.

But the argument admits that the ancient authors may be studied in after life as an elegant attainment. We take leave to say, that if what our author apprehends be well founded, they are not worth the learning—if unfounded, they should be learned early or not at all. Besides, who in later life in this busy country has leisure to go back to elements, and struggle into a knowledge of particles, when the mind is busied in devising means to live, or interested in pursuits of urgent and absorbing importance. Most of us have had occasion to attempt the acquisition of living languages, and have discovered how difficult it is to impress upon the memory, preoccupied, almost indurated as it is, a few simple inflexions, which a child can lay up for life in half an hour. To attain a language is not a matter of volition. The power of acquirement diminishes with the diminution of life. The admission, that classical studies can be important afterwards, involves the necessity of acquiring their rudiments when young. Mr. Grimké proposes to furnish students with the speeches of Henry and Ames, and the opinions of Marshall, instead of the orations of Cicero. This might be a profitable exchange, if the latter were given to boys as an exercise in jurisprudence or politics: but every one (as we used to suppose) knows that it is at first a lesson in language that the teacher of Cicero would impart, not in Roman law. This lesson in language is given in childhood and youth, because then it is most readily acquired and most easily retained, and because the mind is not ripe for complex political lectures, and refined, legal, and constitutional arguments. It is the preparation and discipline of the mind for future studies, and a necessary introduction to liberal know-

ledge, since language is the costume in which all knowledge is enveloped, and by which it is to be recognised. Let us hear Mr. Gardiner on this subject.

"Probably it will be conceded on all hands, that the chief object of primary education is not knowledge, but discipline, and facilities for acquiring knowledge. The absolute knowledge of things, which the boy learns out of his school books, is next to nothing,—scarcely more in a course of years than the man of full-grown and well-trained faculties might acquire in as many months. The object then is rather to create habits of application; to call into action that greatest principle of all human greatness, attention; to give a command of the faculties, to such degree of investigation as their tender expansion will permit; to enlarge and strengthen them by judicious exercise;—and for this purpose language is selected, as being by God's own appointment more easily learnt in youth than in maturer years; and a foreign language, because it is of necessity learnt in a more exact manner, and with greater intension of the mind, than our vernacular tongue. But surely accuracy in this learning is the whole evidence that the end for which it was learnt at all has been attained. The attention has been roused,—the faculties have been stretched; and therefore the knowledge of those things towards which the mind was directed is accurate. The more accurate, the stronger is this evidence.

"And since the object is not so much knowledge, as the means of knowledge, the command of powers, and use of tools, the Greek and Latin languages are selected by common consent, not only for the immortal treasures they contain, but because they incorporate themselves into all the living languages of civilized man; so that he, who has once mastered these ancient vehicles of thought, descends, as from an eminence, how familiarly, compared with the mere vernacular scholar, into all or any of the dialects of modern Europe, and, which is of more importance, better understands his own. For we cannot read a single page, nor utter a solitary sentence, in our native language, (the very words I am compelled to use, the *single page*, the *solitary sentence*, the *native language*, speak to the fact,) without recurring to Rome or Greece, or both, for most of the nice shades of thought which mingle and coalesce in the full meaning of every phrase that is uttered. Thence is it, that 'even as a hawk fleeth not high with one wing, even so a man reacheth not unto excellency with one tongue.' The ancient instructor of royalty whom I quote would have had for its fellow a learned tongue at least, doubtless little better than Heathen Greek. But are not the ends for which these languages are selected, in preference to all others, answered precisely in proportion to the accuracy with which they are learnt? And shall we, above all things, stop short of that point of accuracy which alone gives the power to perceive with clearness the beauties of the thought and the delicacies of expression they contain? Shall we learn a little of language, and stop short of its literature?

"So far from doubting the advantage of the critical accuracy of Europe, and especially of England, in this branch of education, the more rational doubt is that of some of the sweeping reformers, whether there be any benefit, or at least a benefit proportioned to the time and labor consumed, in learning these languages so superficially and inaccurately as we for the most part do. For of what avail is it to talk of the simple majesty of Homer, or the deep pathos of Sophocles, to him who scarce reads with any tolerable fluency the mere character in which their works are written, and knows no more of the genius of their language than he does of the genius of the Cherokee? Yet of how many, who have received the advantages of what is termed a liberal education, is this literally true?

"Accurate knowledge of the ancient languages useless! A waste of life to spend its best years on syllables and sounds,—mere names of things and those dead and forgotten! Rather let us say, that it is a waste of life to stop short of accuracy;—that language is thought, and the memory of words the memory of things. For God and nature have so mysteriously mingled body and soul, thought and expression, that man cannot set them asunder. They are one and indivisible. The principle of intellectual life hangs upon their union. We cannot think but in words. We cannot reason but in propositions. Or if the excited intellect should sometimes leap to an intuitive result and flash upon truth, it is yet a useless result, an unutterable, incommunicable, voiceless truth,—a waste flower in the wilderness,—a gem

buried in the ocean,—until it has been embodied in language, and made visible by signs, or audible by sounds. And however it may be rarely true that the man of accurate thought is incapable, because he has not studied language, of accurate expression, it is universally true that he who has greatly studied accuracy of expression, words, their arrangement, force, and harmony, in any language, dead or living, has also greatly attained towards accuracy of thought, as well as propriety and energy of speech. ‘For divers philosophers hold,’ says Shakespeare, clothing philosophy in the mantle of the Muse, ‘that the lip is parcel of the mind.’

“A waste of life! Why, what is man, his pursuits, his works, his monuments, that these niceties of language, the weight of words, and the value of sounds should be deemed unworthy of his immortal nature? He is fled like a shadow. The wealth which he toiled for is squandered by other hands. The lands which he cultivated are waste. That hearth-stone on which he garnered up the affections of his own home is sunk into the elements. The very marble, which his children raised over his ashes for a memorial unto eternity, is scattered to the winds of heaven. His sons, his kindred, his name, his race, his nation, all their mighty works, their magnificent monuments, their imperial cities, are vanished like a mist, and swept out of the memory of man. Yet the very word that he spoke,—that little winged word,—a breath, a vapor, gone as it was uttered, clothing a new and noble thought, embodying one spark of heaven’s own fire, formed into letters, traced in hairy lines upon a leaf, enrolled, copied, printed, multiplied and multiplied, spreads over the whole earth; is heard among all tongues and nations; descends through all posterity; and lives for ever, immortal as his own soul. Homer and ye sacred prophets, attest this truth!” pp. 23—26.

We have quoted this eloquent passage at length, because it expresses our own opinions with singular force and felicity, and because we are not unwilling to contrast the glowing, yet highly chastened diction of Mr. Gardiner, with the puerilities and common-places of such fourth form eloquence as the following; believing, as we do, that the style of each orator is a natural and necessary result of the system he advocates, and the studies he recommends.

“Man, the noblest work of God in this lower world, walks abroad thro’ its labyrinths of grandeur and beauty, amid countless manifestations of creative power and providential wisdom. He acknowledges in all that he beholds, the might which called them into being; the skill which perfected the harmony of the parts; and the benevolence which consecrated all to the glory of God, and the welfare of his fellow creatures. He stands entranced on the peak of Etna, or Teneriffe, or Montserrat, and looks down upon the far distant ocean, silent to his ear and tranquil to his eye, amidst the rushing of tempestuous winds, and the fierce conflict of stormy billows. He sits enraptur’d on the mountain summit, and beholds, as far as the eye can reach, a forest robe, flowing in all the varieties of graceful undulation, over declivity after declivity, as tho’ the fabulous river of the sky’s were pouring its azure waves o’er all the landscape. He hangs over the precipice and gazes with awful delight on the savage glen, rent open as it were by the earthquake, and black with lightning-shattered rocks; its only music the echoing thunder, the scream of the lonely eagle, and the tumultuous waters of the mountain torrent. He reclines in pensive mood on the hill top, and sees around and beneath him, all the luxuriant beautys of field and meadow, of olivyard and vinyard, of wandering stream and grove-encircled lake. He descends to the plain, and amidst waving harvests, verdant avenues and luxuriant orchards, sees between garden and grassplat, the farm house embosomed in copswood or “tall ancestral trees.” He walks thro’ the vally, fenced in by barrier cliffs, to contemplate with mild enthusiasm its scenes of pastoral beauty, the cottage and its blossomed arbor, the shepherd and his flock, the clump of oaks, or the solitary willow. He enters the cavern, buryd far beneath the surface, and is struck with amazement at the grandeur and magnificence of a subterranean palace, hewn out as it were by the power of the Genii, and decorated by the taste of Arimida, or of the Queen of the Fairys.” *Grimké*, pp. 5, 6.

The "School for Orators" itself cannot produce a passage more exquisitely inflated.

We trust we have made sufficiently apparent the necessity of an early acquaintance with the classical tongues, considered merely as languages, and as an exercise of the mind, preparatory to a more intellectual progress afterwards. We are prepared now to go farther, and to maintain that the merit and peculiar character of their literature, entitle them, in the eyes of philosophy, to all the attention they receive at our schools and colleges. Subjected to the rules of criticism, that literature cannot be denied to contain the model of most that is graceful and true in modern letters. Tried by a severity of taste, and an accuracy of ear, which no recent nation has attempted to parallel, its poetry breathes of the very essence of harmony and strength, conveying sentiments at once elegant and just, in forcible and appropriate numbers. Its terse and dignified prose, characterized by that best definition of a good style, "proper words in proper places," to rival which, modern historians and critics have thought in their highest praise, speaks to the intellect seriously, earnestly, and effectively, like venerable age enforcing the maxims of wisdom. But aside from mere style, most of the compositions of the ancients, which have come down to us, must be included in that category so graphically characterized in Professor Sedgwick's Discourse, as the productions of men who seem

-Invested, like the prophet of old, with a heavenly mantle, and to with the voice of inspiration. Those that have appeared after them are but attendants in their train—seem born only to revolve about them, warmed by their heat, and shining by their reflected glory. Their words derive not their strength from momentary passions or local associations, but speak to feeling, sentiment, to mind and soul, and reach the innermost movements of the soul: and hence it is that they have an immortal spirit, which carries them safe through the wreck of empires and the changes of opinion.

"Works like these are formed by no rule, but become a model and a rule to other men. Few, however, among us, are permitted to show this high excellence. Ordinary minds must be content to learn by rule; and every good system of teaching must have reference to the many and not to the few. But surely it is our glorious privilege to follow the track of those who have adorned the history of mankind—to feel as they have felt—to think as they have thought—and to draw from the living fountain of their genius. Wonderful and mysterious is the intellectual communion we hold with them! Visions of imagination, starting from their souls, as if struck out by creative power, are turned into words, and fixed in the glowing forms of language; and, after a time, the outward signs of thought pass before our sense, and by a law of our being not under our control, kindle within us the very fire which (it may be thousands of years ago) warmed the bosom of the orator or the poet—so that once again, for a moment, he seems, in word and feeling, to have a living presence within ourselves." pp. 34, 35.

We earnestly entreat the student of classical literature to remember, that the mechanical drudgery of his task was, or should have been accomplished, when he left the school-room; that it is not to be the business of his youth merely to adjust the trammels of prosody, to measure iambs, or to manufacture trochees. That the purpose of his advanced pursuit is not, in the phrase of Rol-

lin, to "crucify the intellect with themes," balancing the harmony, and determining the position of words, whose signification and force frequently depend upon a pronunciation, of which the moderns have lost the very shadow. That it is not, in the language of a greater* than Rollin, "to learn a few words with lamentable construction," to load the memory with barren sounds, and to bear about a fardel of disjointed scraps, the offal of an index. He has a nobler vocation, for in the ancients he is to read the history of man, his passions, his aims, his end, in their primeval language. He is to study the future in the past. To learn those eternal laws, by which our nature, in its goodlier as well as baser characteristics, is identified. To feel the value and honour of our being, coupled as it is with the soul and spirit of antiquity. To enter upon a pursuit by which he may trace up all the uninspired ethics of the modern world to their early sources, and uncover the old fountains of the fertilizing Nile. To find whence the tongue we speak derived its polish and cadence, whence its force and energy. To seize the clue which makes the civilized earth as a single nation, assimilating its dissonant languages, and from the jargon of a thousand dialects, reproducing almost in elemental beauty,

"The Phenix daughters of the vanquish'd old."

Nor is this all—he may gather from the same source, other and not less important matters. He may follow the progress of the social system, from the patriarchal union of priest and king, through the multiplied phases of government, up to the perfection of a polished democracy, thence down the circle, till despotism severed the cord, and society returned to its elements. He may learn the right use of the arts in their humanizing and enlightening influences, and the true end of philosophy, in inciting to worthy actions. And finally, he may well and worthily appreciate the great truth, that as with individuals so with nations, there is no true greatness, and no enduring name, without a union of knowledge with virtue.

And do we stand upon such vantage-ground over the whole earth, that we can forego this panoply, and extinguish the light by which all other nations have walked? It is the very prescription of an acute philosopher to make a despotism. "Destroy the ancient Greek and Latin authors," says Hobbes, "if you aim at absolute dominion, because if those are read, principles of liberty, and just sentiments of the dignity and rights of mankind, must be imbibed." Slaves only are always and necessarily ignorant. The Turk, on the very site of Byzantium, is the only inhabitant of Europe who preserves no records of the Roman name. They widely and vehemently err, who suppose that they can safely omit

* Milton: *Tractate of Education*.

a constant recurrence to original principles, or allow the sanctions and evidence of their truth to perish from the national remembrance. One step in silence over a prostrate right, is a stride towards the ruin of the republic. Rather than suffer it, we would read the history of the ancient commonwealths from the steeple-tops, and gather disciples from the highways and hedges, to teach them, at the general cost, the lessons and the warnings of antiquity.

The influence of any system of education may be fairly tested by the productions of the intellect of the nation which adopts it. We mean the average production, for by that we must judge of the standard of attainment. Great minds are self-educated. The state of public taste too furnishes a means of measuring the advancement of literature, for they uniformly march in company. In the United States, instruction, accurate, elegant instruction, although, as we believe, much above Mr. Grimké's standard, is far below Mr. Gardiner's, and we feel ready to join the latter gentleman in the opinions expressed in the following passage.

"I complain;—I complain, that the spirit of the age, and, I fear, the spirit of our government, and, I am sure, the present habits and impulses of society among us, notwithstanding the fine things which have been said of it (partly by ourselves), are adverse to the growth and cultivation of the more delicate and finer species of literature. I complain especially, that classical literature is little cultivated; less cultivated than it was; not absolutely, perhaps, but compared with the advancement of other things;—it is not loved, it is not followed, as it used to be;—nay, I fear that at this moment it is barely in repute among us. I complain that education is not what it should be in this respect, even here in the midst of the flourishing schools of New England (in general our just boast), and in this enlightened age, which so vaunteth itself beyond its predecessors. And I charge you who have any lingering love of classical literature, all who regard the great common cause of letters, all who have at heart the real welfare and substantial reputation of our country, I charge you all, as you love that country and her institutions, and those children whom you hope shall inherit them, that you look carefully and candidly at the actual condition and prospects of our literary affairs. Grave questions are involved. Let them be well weighed." p. 3.

Let us examine for an instant, the condition of our literature, in reference to this depressed state of liberal education. And first, our newspapers are not all they should be, considered as the sources whence a large mass of the American people derive their most important political knowledge. We speak not now of the moral qualities of their conductors. They are like other men, not more corrupt, perhaps not more servile, and though occasionally one of them may seem to apostrophize power in the language of Cæsar's parasite;

— "Duni voce tuæ potuere juvari
Cæsar, ait, partes, quamvis nolente Senatu
Traxinus imperium tunc, cum mihi Rostra tenere
Jus erat, et dubios in te transferre Quirites,"—

yet, on the other hand, the press can exhibit many noble instances of fearless disregard of interest, and magnanimous devotion to the true welfare of the nation.

But it is in a literary, as well as in a moral and political point of view, that the conductors of newspapers should remember the dignity of their vocation. They are, each in his sphere, teachers of important matters, not mere vehicles by which events are communicated to their readers. Wholly unshackled and untaxed, their influence reaches the remotest confines of our population, and fastens itself upon the national mind with a tenacity not to be shaken off. It affects, and sometimes almost creates the public taste—at all events it does much to direct it. In this view, the standard of the newspaper press is not sufficiently high, and its tendencies, though on the whole beneficial, might be made more propitious to the advancement of the country, not only in important knowledge, but in generous, elevated and philanthropic sentiment, and useful pursuit. Although some of its members are accomplished men, there is a want of power, of matured and cultivated ability, in the profession, (may we not say it of other branches of pursuit, to the successful exercise of which great mental discipline is a pre-requisite?) which leaves it lower in the scale of occupation than it ought to be. Our newspapers, for the most part, cannot be advantageously compared with those of France or England. Their tone is lower, and the circle of their speculations more contracted. We know that editors are worse paid than the members of any other profession. We are aware of the debasing tendencies of a protracted political contest, and that in the fury of the encounter, men stop not to choose their weapons. But even a poisoned shaft may be polished. Truth always gains by an alliance with decency, and even falsehood loses some of its ignominy when disguised in the garb of honesty. It is the part of liberal learning to soften the rancour of the passions, as much as it is its province to enlarge the faculties and elevate the moral sense. “*Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*” A correct taste, and a cultivated understanding, for the most part, accompany and sustain each other. In the opinion of Hume, they are never met with but in combination. To the political press we still look with hope (for we are yet young as a nation,) for the elevation and improvement of our extended country—but it is to the press under the influence of enlarged views, a purified taste, and that generous education which humanizes while it enlightens, and which, seconding the influence of free institutions, shall produce among the people a greater aptitude for political instruction, a higher standard of thought, and a broader basis of morals.

The miscellaneous literature of the United States, is much in want of a similar infusion of sound and invigorating learning. The national mind is active and inquiring, and exhibits, from time to time, products honourable to itself and advantageous to the country. In all that relates especially to ourselves, there is no reason to apprehend a deficiency of accurate and philosophical

investigation. Our early records, our history, natural productions, statistics, and even our philology, have been laboriously illustrated. The sciences of law and medicine do not lack able and acute professors and authors. Many excellent productions issue weekly from the press, in the shape of addresses, political and literary. But it must be confessed that these works are very inadequately sustained by public patronage. The national taste has not reached their level. Publishers only venture upon the more extended of them with the aid of a subscription-list, or the patronage of the national or a state legislature. The real authorship of the country, accordingly, makes but a faint and limited impression upon it. But we have in its place a flood of words in all manner of ephemeral combinations. The mass of readers live upon the froth of literature—verses, letters, sketches, the “*far-rago libelli*,” the very stuffing of the magazines. From such sources, the people can acquire little real information, while they incur the dangers of false taste and crude speculation, and a craving for the frivolous and exaggerated, incompatible with habits of sober and solid thought. On the broad basis of English letters, we should be ambitious to build something harmonious and graceful, not a house of cards on a foundation of adamant. Or if we must look between the covers of a magazine or an annual, for the profitable evidence of American intellect, let them display, if possible, some mental discipline, some reference to human improvement, some tokens of liberal and laborious study. As it is, how few think it necessary to learn, to observe, to reflect, to pass through the stages of knowledge, before, as if already at the goal, they commence the instruction of others! They seem to forget that to teach successfully, even through the medium of a penny tract, something must first be acquired, and that he best imparts to others whose own stores are most copious and diversified.

Mayhap we may be told, as we have been told before, that under the equality of our working country, where every citizen contributes his portion to the national industry, we have reserved no place for elegant literature, and that the practical lessons of the ancient authors, so far as they are material, may be read in our mother tongue. Upon the topic of translations we shall say a word hereafter. Meanwhile, admitting that the attainment of the dead languages were merely an accomplishment—the most ornamental and desirable surely on earth—and that it could not contribute in any manner near or remote to the sum of national wealth, is the sum of national happiness to go for naught? Is the mind of a mighty democracy to be so poorly nurtured and so meanly lodged?—tasked at home with menial duties, and familiar with none but household associations? Has it no part to act with grace and dignity in the presence of foreign nations, no self-respect to enforce by a consciousness of equality? The spirit of

liberty rejects no sources of light. It is her boast that she aspires at all moral perfections, and neglects no means to attain them. It is her vital principle that she imposes no curb nor shackle upon the human powers. What free state has ever discouraged the study of elegant literature? Sparta was a republic when Lycurgus gathered the fragments of Homer from the corners of Ionia, and summoned Thales from Crete to soften the rudeness of Lacedemonian manners. Athens was a republic when Plato sought the elements of his refined philosophy in the records and tradition of Thebes and Egypt. Rome was a republic when Scipio and the assembled senate rescued Carneades and his learned colleagues—those “attic babblers,” as ignorance had termed them—from Cato’s motion of banishment, and not the less a republic when in his hoary age, that same Cato, outliving his prejudices, himself acquired the language he before disdained to hear. Florence was a republic when Cosmo de’ Medici sheltered and honoured the fugitive philosophers of the lower empire, and garnered in the bosom of his native city most that the world then knew of the beautiful in art and the great in letters. And America was a republic yet stretching her infant limbs, and struggling with her early wants, when, if small things may follow great, the apostle of modern democracy deemed it, as it was, the glory of his life to establish a seat of learning in his paternal state, where the foundations of liberal knowledge should, as he fondly hoped, be laid and assured to future generations, broad, deep, secure, and eternal.

The acquisition of ancient learning is an accomplishment, but it is one, the importance of which no common objector, though mounted on his hobby of utility, can trample down or conceal. It is an accomplishment that strengthens as well as adorns. Putting theory aside, look at England, and the high tone of her national mind, for centuries past. Education there is built upon and supported by classical learning “from turret to foundation stone”—from the elegant private studies of a cultivated nobility and gentry, to the drudgery of the fifth form at Eton. A German writer of no mean note, confirmed his opinions of the importance of these studies, from a similar consideration. “We ought to judge in matters of education,” says Lichtenberg, “rather from experience than from mere reasoning. We should inquire what nation has produced the most active and the greatest men; not indeed the greatest number of compilers and of book makers, but of the most intrepid, the most acute, accomplished, and magnanimous characters? This is very probably the English nation.”*

* “Ten of the fifteen judges now on the bench in Westminster Hall, are high wranglers and prize-men from the two Universities—nearly one-half of the most eminent practising lawyers in England, gave a similar promise of their fame. The primate of all England, and the four first in consequence of the bishops, all obtained high

Should it be objected to this, that there are other causes operating upon the English character, such as the state of society, frame of government, and national and individual wealth, we are ready to grant the positions; but before we admit that it weakens our argument, we must pray the objector to canvass philosophically the operation of literature, society, and government, upon each other, and see for himself whether the influence of the first be not at least co-equal and co-ordinate with that of the other two. We have in a former page endeavoured to present some of the many considerations which the state of our own country furnishes in connexion with this topic, but to do it justice would require a volume. The state of society before and after the revival of letters and the invention of the printing press, affords an illustration to which it is sufficient at present merely to allude. Should we be referred to the greatest name in English literature as a refutation of our theory, while we bow implicitly to the supremacy of Shakspeare's genius, we notwithstanding take issue upon the fact of his ignorance of the learned tongues, at least of the Latin, and say with Schlegel, that he was a scholar. He rose infinitely above the pedantry of his contemporaries, but there is internal evidence which every reader of the classics can appreciate, that the associate of Jonson, in that learned age, was liberally imbued with polite learning. He was sufficiently a prodigy, without insisting that he shall be held an ignorant one.

Mr. Grimké has offered several passages in the *Paradise Lost*, to illustrate, to use his own metaphor, "how much injury a modern poet deriv's from the attempt to ornament the garden of modern poetry, with the shrubbery, flowers, and vines of classic literature." He seems to have forgotten, that Milton's subject eminently needed some familiar illustration and imagery, to render it at all tangible by human apprehension, and yet was not susceptible of any by which it must not appear degraded. The unknown can only be rendered appreciable by the known, and of the known, that is best adapted to an elevated theme, which is itself half hid in the ideal, and which, though familiar, has the dignity of an ancient and mystic origin, and of poetical association. Milton knew this perfectly, when he adopted the Acheron and Lethe of the Pagan mythology, and borrowed from the *Iliad*, to weigh the fortunes of the contending angels, the scales of Jupiter. The reader of Dante, the only poet whose subject approaches that of Milton in majesty and solemnity, will occa-

academical reputation. The two chancellors of England preceding the present, and the present chief justice, and his two predecessors, were equally distinguished, while the two front rows of the old House of Commons were crowded with the first-class men of the two Universities. Lord Liverpool's cabinet, which pacified Europe and subdued Napoleon (by way of fame and distinction,) was nick-named the Christ-Church Club."—*Lond. Quar. Rev.* for Aug. 1834.

sionally perceive, that the allusions of the latter can but ill be supplied by the expedients of a vulgar superstition. Dante's judge, instead of a balance or an urn, is equipped with a long tail, by means of which he assigns to the soul of each culprit, its place in the infernal domain :

" Cignesi con la coda tante volte,
Quantunque gradi vuol che giù sia messa."*

In elegance, *vraisemblance*, and every species of poetic propriety, how much superior is the metaphor of Dante's great teacher ;

" Nec vero hæc sine sorte date, sine iudice sedes :
Quæsitior Minos urnam movet ; ille silentium,
Conciliunqve vocat, vitasque et crimina discit."†

Epic machinery is not so readily manufactured as some writers would seem to imagine. Spenser, with a subject which opened to him the whole field of romance, and which an Italian poet would have immortalized, has fewer English readers than Milton. He would actually have come nearer the heart, even of our own time, had he adopted the Grecian mythology, than he has with his cumbrous allegorical personifications. So with Voltaire. The truth is, the theory of the epic has, since the time of Milton, undergone a revolution, or rather epic poetry has become essentially dramatic. That poet, it is true, had no need to use the *machinery* of the ancients, but he deemed it legitimate to consider their belief, and the personifications of their faith, in the light of realities, so far as description and allusion were concerned—as to machinery, properly so called, he needed none, since his actors and events were all essentially supernatural. The Hindu or Scandinavian mythologies, which Mr. Grinké recommends, are equally foreign to probability with the classic, and lack, besides, its ideality, and the familiarity of its associations. Nothing, therefore, can be gained by the substitution. The age of steam-boats, we fear, must give up the epic—happy, in fact, if it can retain any evidence of the poetic temperament. Aside from the limited diffusion of truth, and connected with it, the reason why heroic poetry succeeded among the ancients, was the credence given by the mass of readers or hearers, to the preternatural intervention of divine personages. This is particularly true of the *Iliad*, which was received in a rude stage of society, where the imagination was more developed than the judgment, upon very different grounds from those on which it is now applauded. Nor was the representation of a personal interposition, by Mars or Neptune, in the wars of Troy, more to be doubted, by an ancient Greek, than the doctrine of a general superintending Providence by a modern Christian. Those productions of recent times, therefore, which, in their effect, have most resembled the earliest epic,

* *Inferno*, Canto 5.

† *Æneid*. vi. 431.

are the metrical romances of chivalry. Like the Homeric poems, they were recited in a warlike and uncultivated age ; like them, they were, even in their most extravagant incidents, received with undoubting faith by all save the religious order and the very small number of educated laymen ; and like them, they recounted heroic exploits and perilous adventures, effected frequently by the aid of a superior order of beings. The Italian poets early saw that here was the germ of the modern epic, and exquisitely did they turn their sagacity to account. But the fairy-faith had vanished from the Italian republics, if indeed it had ever obtained there, with the introduction of ancient learning. Still it haunted the hearts, if not the minds of men, and on the Rhine, and in the remoter and more sylvan districts of England, it may still be traced, in some lingering legend or old superstition. It would furnish, perhaps, the best machinery (though the experiment would be a bold one) of which the epic is now susceptible—that is, it would touch and interest more that great class of readers who have taken the place of the listeners of the age of Homer and the Trouvères. Pope's Rosicrucian agents, (though his poem is only mock-heroic,) are of the same lineage ; and Wieland's exquisite and successful version of Huon of Bourdeaux, so advantageously known to us through Mr. Sotheby's translation, shows how readily the public mind has, within a few years, yielded to those old and familiar influences, thitherto kept alive, in no small degree, in the bosom of the reader of English, by Shakspeare, and by Milton himself, though less popularly, in *Comus*.

We say again, in reference to the classical allusions of the *Paradise Lost*, that we yield no tittle of them. The poem abounds with them, it is true, and so it abounds with learned reference to all the sources of knowledge then open to the scholar—to the traditions of Assyrian and Persian greatness, the mysteries of Egypt, the unhallowed idolatry of the Canaanites (a less elegant mythology certainly than that of Greece), the sunny fables of the Italian poets, and the orgies of northern superstition. They are the points where the cultivated reader rests, after the fatigue and tension of the mind, as upon something earthly, after his flight upward through unfamiliar regions ; as one who has struggled with wild or fearful dreams, welcomes, on awakening, some object or reflection, which brings his household recollections back again. It is by looking through the eyes of the heart that the intellect best familiarizes itself with the distant and obscure in literature, by connecting the subject with old associations, and linking it to those immortal creations of the mind, which have survived through so many ages, and which no age will “willingly let die.” Our remarks on this point have been confined to Milton, as the extreme instance, and because he was selected by Mr. Grimké, but they are applicable, *mutatis mutandis*, to other

poets, though we certainly do not mean to extend them to modern pastorals with classic decorations—a fair object of satire, we had almost said of utter detestation.

Learning cannot operate in favour of the few, without redounding to the benefit of the many. All the arts of peace improve beneath its influence. Industry revives and flourishes as it leads the way to new wants. The general mind advances, as the means of enjoyment are thus placed within the reach of all. The convenient succeeds the rude, and men begin to look beyond mere usefulness for the beautiful. The material creation in all its natural and artificial forms, is pervaded with a portion of that spirit, which clothes the ruins of antiquity with magic, even in their sad and mournful decay. The principles of taste are invoked to adorn and refine the architecture and amusements of the nation. The theatre takes the place of the resorts of dissolute riot, and gradually becomes a school where the people may be instructed through the ear, in the harmony and force of their language, and familiarized through the eye with the picturesque and graceful in costume, and the appropriate in decoration. The public mind is occasionally withdrawn from that which in a free government must greatly engross it, the exacerbating collisions of politics, and the angles of the national character are rounded, not by the corroding file of a rival or an enemy, but by the generous appliances derived from the contemplation of the polite arts. A love of those arts, and of the learning which produced and fosters them succeeds, as connected with national grandeur and individual happiness, and their professors and disciples are recognised and honoured as public benefactors, even in the tumult of civil war or foreign invasion.

"The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground; and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet, had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare."

And finally, the great moral truth to which all modern legislation tends, is impressed upon mankind, that with the progress of knowledge is identified their future security against the efforts of low art or desolating power. This may be called a dream—if it is *but* a dream, we hold our national existence by a frail and feeble tenure.

The acquisition of ancient learning is an accomplishment, but not an accomplishment merely. The secular records of the old universe are wrapped up in the moods and tenses of those teeming volumes. Not a word, not a letter but is profitable for instruction—not a line but may mark an event. The restoration of a crooked character* almost fixed the birth-place of Homer—

* The Æolie Digamma.

the Greek Olympiads saved the chronology of the world. To five verses of a Roman tragedian* we may be indebted for the hemisphere we inhabit—to as many lines of a Roman historian,† we must look for the first notice of the existence of our ancestors. Thither or to kindred sources must be traced all the early annals of those countries, which now fill the world with their names—Germany, Gaul, Spain, and the nations of the east, once the barbarous provinces of that mighty people whose blood runs in the veins of the whole earth, as their language has intermingled its syllables of conquest with the vocabularies of the globe.

We do not apprehend for America what has been, perhaps with some justice, a subject of complaint in England, any evil from overstrained attention to the mere mechanical portions of a classical education. The mischief with us is of a contrary character. School-boys have not enough to do with rudiments to facilitate their subsequent progress. They are expected to feel before they are taught to understand. They are forced round the circle of liberal study within too short a period, and during too tender an age. What should be a taste is a mere task. They thumb the *Æneid* into dog's-ears, when they should be scratching their Priscian, and their reminiscences of the most delicate, original, and philosophical of the Roman poets, lead them only to the "Horace whom they hated so." Considering the number of students yearly graduated by our fifty colleges, the instances of accurate and comprehensive scholarship, or of learned study performed in after life, are surprisingly few—though the surprise is much qualified when we consider the peculiarity of our institutions, and our defective system of instruction. Books enough are read, if they were properly read, to do all that can be done by boys at a public seminary. We believe that there is not so much difference in the quantity of matter gone over, between the English schools and our own, as is generally supposed.

* ————— "venient annis
Secula seris, quibus Oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet, et ingens
Patrat tellus, Tiphysque novos
Detegat orbis: nec sit terris ultima Thule."

Senec. in Medea, Act. I, Vers. 374.

† "Ex his omnibus," (says Caesar, having mentioned the geographical situation of the island, and the divisions of its inhabitants,) "longe sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt: quæ regio est maritima omnis; neque multum a Gallicâ differunt consuetudine. Interiores plerique frumenta non serunt, sed lacte et carne vivunt; pellibusque sunt vestiti: Omnes vero se Britanni vitro inficiunt, quod ceruleum efficit colorem. Atque hoc horridiore sunt in pugna adpectu: Capilloque sunt promisso; atque omni parte corporis rasa præter caput, et labrum superius. Uxores habent deni duodenique inter se communes, et maxime fratres cum fratribus parentibusque cum liberis: sed, si qui sunt ex his nati, eorum habentur liberi quo primum virgo quæque deducta est." (*De bell. Gall. V. 14.*) A picture which, (disgusting as it is both in its moral and physical aspect,) conveys no mean lesson to the curious speculator.

A boy in America is generally placed at college at fourteen, ready, as is presumed, to enter upon the reading of the easier Latin and Greek authors—Livy and Homer, for instance. To these he is supposed to devote one-third of the time appropriated by the college rules to study. The remaining two-thirds are occupied, not in kindred pursuits,* but in mathematics, and some third branch, perhaps modern geography. He has no private tutor to direct his studies, but forms one of a class of twenty or thirty, as the case may be, with whom he has no necessary communication, except that they meet for recitation at a stated hour once a day, in each branch of study. The tutor appears, and if the grammatical construction of the author in hand be correct, “*verbum verbo reddens*,” he opens not his mouth. He comes to hear, not to teach, and having dragged round the circle of monotonous voices from A to Z, until he himself becomes as insensible of the beauties of his class-book as his pupils, he gives the signal, and his thirty boys rush to the light of day, wise in the words of Homer or Sallust, but quite ignorant of their spirit and characteristics.† We appeal to those whose experience can prompt them, if this is not a fair representation of the routine of college recitations in the classics. Enough is seldom done, (whether the fault lie with the tutor or the rules under which he acts, it matters little), to aid the intellectual or imaginative part of the exercise. As it is folly, so far as the poetry of the author is concerned, to set a young school boy to translate Virgil, so is it folly, having placed Horace in the hands of a collegian, not to teach him what Horace means. Each recitation should be accompanied with something by way of lecture to open the beauties of the author—to explain points of geography, chronology, and mythology,‡ and particularly to trace the exquisite appositeness of classic customs—the connexion of the real with the ideal, which so entirely distinguished the ancient manners, particularly of the Greeks, from those of the moderns—a branch of learning, by the way, in which all our systems of antiquities are deficient. The pupil stands up with his dry translation, variegated only by his gleanings from the notes, (which themselves sometimes want explanation), “*in Usum Delphini*.” Generally he is satisfied with this skeleton mode of complying with the requisitions of his teachers; but if he is a boy of any fancy, he will sometimes warm up in spite of all disadvantages, and feeling something of the soul of his author, give a free, spirited, and

* The study of Roman Antiquities is in some instances pursued only to a very limited extent, and for a very short period.

† See Alfieri's account of his *education* in the Academy and University of Turin, for a picture of the effects of this sort of instruction. (*Autobiography*.—It is at once lamentable and ridiculous.

‡ We are happy in the sanction of Dr. Ludlow to this opinion.—*Address*, p. 16.

poetic version of a beautiful passage, which is immediately and charitably considered as "cribbed" from a translation, and the offender marked accordingly. We speak with the experience gained from our own Alma Mater, not the least distinguished in America, when we say that few even of the most accurate readers—those who bear off the college honours—get beyond the surface of the classics, or seem at all aware of the mighty ashes over which they so recklessly tread. Nor is it possible that they should be; for aside from the heavy and torpid system of recitation, upon which we have already animadverted, their time is so subdivided by a variety of pursuits, that they can but touch upon any thing. How is it possible for a boy properly to investigate a long exercise in a difficult classic, when his attention has been wearied by an abstruse demonstration, or dazzled by a brilliant experiment, and that too at a period of life when the faculties are immature, and the constitution unformed. Out of a professor's chair there is scarcely a scholar, properly so called, in America; and we very much question, if in that elevated situation there are many persons who have so cultivated the essence and spirit of Greece and Rome, that they could, on any emergency, furnish a copy of Latin verses equal to one of the Oxford prize poems, or the elegant trifles of some of the British magazines, to say nothing of the higher flights of Fracastoro or Johannes Secundus. We know well the demands of parents, and how too many of them judge of education as gluttons do of feasts, not by the capacity to imbibe and digest, but by the number and quantity of dishes to stimulate rather than satisfy the appetite. It would be vastly better for their sons, and certainly less unjust towards their teachers, that they should be taught the elements of their mother tongue and the arts of practical life at home, than thus to run after the shadow of liberal learning. The bowls of the muses (Apulcius said it before Pope) should be drained, or had better not be tasted.

It may be easier to suggest these evils than to remedy them, but we do anew submit, with all proper freedom, that boys should be classified otherwise than chronologically—that some effort should be made to discover latent propensities and peculiar aptitudes, and that when found they should be fostered and encouraged by an appropriate course of instruction and reading. It is the experience of every day, and the testimony of almost every individual, that predispositions and disgusts do exist, and constantly colour and bias the pursuits of life. Without vouching Ovid and Correggio, lest the extreme temperament of a poet and a painter may be held an unfair example, look at Bayle. The most accomplished critic of his time could never demonstrate a proposition of Euclid. He says it himself. Gibbon, whose name is his eulogy as a most comprehensive linguist, absolutely hated

the exact sciences, and gave them over in despair. So did Fusesi, a man of most original though distorted genius, and so (to swell the list no farther) did Horace Walpole, of whose *Nugæ* we have recently had a new relish, and who, with scarcely an exception, is the most delightful of English letter-writers.* What martyrdom to such minds to be cooped up within a right-angled triangle or an oblate spheroid! Yet such has been the fate, and is at this moment the fate, of many a youth, whose heart is dried up within him amidst pursuits he cannot appreciate or endure. We care not for the source or origin of these tendencies, nor do we wish their variety to be reduced by thrusting the children of the country into huge public seminaries as soon as they can speak, according to a recent scheme. It is sufficient for us that they exist, beneficially as we believe, whether derived from the nursery, the village school, the scenery amidst which we are born, or the peculiar qualities of the parental mind. It is the part of philosophical training to guide and direct; not to chill, obstruct, or neglect them.

The feasibility and propriety of adapting the studies to the individual—of cutting the coat to the person instead of stuffing the person into the coat—being granted, we repeat our impressions, that each recitation in the classics should be accompanied by a semi-lecture, explanatory, not of the mere anatomy, but of the spirit of the author; and that works should be read in connexion, illustrative of his aims and systems, as well as of the localities of his scenes, and their true chronology. Boys never will glean this information from the old scholiast, or all the Scaligers and Bentleys who have succeeded him. The Dacier Horace, sneered at, as it is, as the work of a woman, presents that author, particularly the portion at first least appreciated, his *Lyries*, to the young student, in new and beautiful attitudes, and excites an affection for the poet commensurate with the pleasure derived from his perusal. No boy should touch the Greek tragedians without reading Schlegel—a writer now easily accessible—who has brought out with the most profound critical philosophy the true principles of their art, and discriminated with surprising grace and power their various characteristics and excellencies. Mitford, with an affected orthography, and even greater defects of a different order, would much enhance the interest and facilitate the acquisition of the Grecian orators and historians, entering as he does into the politics of the communities to which they belonged with

* The predilection of D'Alembert, on the other hand, for the exact sciences, was so great, that it overcame all the efforts of his early teachers, and impelled him, even after he commenced the study of a profession, to beg back one by one the mathematical books which he had intrusted to a friend, for the very purpose of placing himself beyond the temptation to use them.

the fervour of an ardent mind excited by a lofty subject.* It would be easy to follow this subject farther, but we are only suggesting a topic, not writing a treatise. It is a knowledge of classical literature, founded on an acquaintance with its incalculable importance, and a perception of its genial beauties, which we would inculcate—a love of that Egerian spirit which meets the scholar in his silent chamber, and like the nymph of Numa, not only glads him with her presence, but inspires him with those counsels which ennoble and enrich him.

Mr. Grimké has spoken of translations, as being fully adequate to convey to the student all the necessary knowledge to be found in the works of the ancients. Considered as a substitute for the originals, they certainly communicate a knowledge of facts; and if facts were all we wanted, they might be deemed sufficient. But unless our previous argument has been lamentably deficient, a simple barren knowledge of events furnishes but a small portion of the inducements to the study of the classics. Even were it a mere question of time, if the ancients are worth reading at all they will repay their acquisition in the original. Euclid may perhaps be read in English as well as in his own language, but we do not now remember another author of either Greece or Rome of whom we can say the same, not even excepting Vitruvius or Columella. The truth is, that translation is principally valued by judicious critics, not as supplying the place of originals, but as enriching the language of the translator with new combinations, and its poetry with a vast accession of images. Our principal and popular version of Homer is a remarkable illustration of this position in both its branches, which, by the way, is more and more applicable the farther we get from the simplest style of narration. An English Herodotus may be tolerable, but an English Euripides is impossible. "A very pretty poem, yours, Mr. Pope," said Bentley, "but you must not call it Homer;" and Dennis varied the sarcasm, though he equally adhered to the truth, when he said that it was "well called Pope's Homer, for it was nothing like Homer's Homer." Yet while it is hardly a translation, it is the best translated poem in the universe, though we know not whether it has done more good by attracting readers to the original, or more harm by sending them away from it, disappointed with its stern majesty when compared with the exuberant efflorescence of the copy. The words of an author are the embodied substance, not the mere echo of his thoughts. They are as much a part of his composition as the ideas they represent. The best authors are therefore

* So far is it from being deemed necessary, at some of our institutions, that the student should go out of his text book, that the doors of the college library are actually barred against him for two years after he is matriculated.

the least translatable. Think of packing down the subtle and volatile essences of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* into strutting French rhymes, or clogging the wings of Ariel with heroics. The copy would be as unlike the original as are the fairies of Shakspeare to those personages who form the machinery of the *Contes des Fées* of Perrault or Madame Murat.* A French fairy haunts drawing rooms—an English one—

—“on the beached margin of the sea
Dances her ringlets to the whistling wind.”

They are not correlative. No Frenchman, therefore, can understand Puck and Titania any more than an Englishman can at all comprehend, *Germanically*, that grotesque assemblage to which Mephistopheles introduces Faust on the Brocken—to a German, no doubt, a very natural *soirée*. Who can translate Aristophanes? The meaning slips through the fingers at every turn. It is impalpability itself. Every word is a word and something more—it is a word with an allusion, and frequently with an illusion too. The *dramatis personæ* are not persons, but personifications. ΔΙΜΟΣ can scarce make an entrance or an *exit* without an explanatory note, and the English reader wanders distractedly through a wilderness of commentaries. These difficulties can be appreciated in a greater or less degree by every one who ever took his pen in hand to translate from a foreign language, and are too obvious and have been too frequently mentioned to be dwelt upon at length in this place. They, however, show the impracticability of transferring the literature of one tongue into another, and how much the objections to the attempt are augmented, where, as in the case of a dead language, new materials of thought and new forms of society have changed the whole current of expression. Some translators have accordingly aimed merely at the spirit of their author, and written as they supposed he would have written in their own language. They have made a version or paraphrase, not a translation, and given us themselves, rather than their original. Others have sacrificed every thing to strict literal interpretation, forgetting that an ancient or foreign writer,

* Even as we write, we have met with the following confirmation of our illustration in the public prints.

“*The Tempest dramatized at Paris.*—The French have dramatized Shakspeare’s difficult and mysterious play of the *Tempest* into a ballet for the Grand Opera of Paris, with all the magnificent scenic illusions for which that great theatre is so celebrated and unrivaled. But, as usual, they have taken the liberty of making great alterations. Caliban, misshapen and gross a thing as he is, is made, nevertheless, quite a *dandy*, stooping down to pick up Miranda’s *mouchoir*, &c. Oberon, her protector, the ethereal fairy, wears boots and pantaloons, and rhymes to her in coarse doggerels, after this fashion:

Voulez-vous des bijoux,
Un cachemire ?
Voulez-vous un époux ?—
Je vous vois rire.”

thus deprived of all his peculiar appliances, presents to the reader but the mere mummy of himself, preserved as to form indeed, but cold, colourless, spiritless, dead.* We need not dwell upon the inconveniences of each of these systems, nor of that which lies between them, and which, as usual, partakes of the evils of both without the advantages of either. If any one doubts their inadequacy to accomplish the objects of perfect translation, let him read Ariosto in the exuberant freedom of the original, and afterwards, if he can, see him tricked out in the flaunting rags of Hoole, or bandaged and almost fettered by Stewart Rose.

After all, there is no second or short way to a knowledge of the ancients. He who would be acquainted with them must study them faithfully, earnestly, long, and he will find with Ennius that with every new tongue he will acquire a new soul; with the Emperor Charles V., that, knowing four languages, he will be equal to four men, for by so much will he have increased his capacity to enjoy and to discern. How contracted and mistaken then, must be their policy, who would limit the acquisitions of their children and their countrymen to their own or to a few modern dialects, forgetting or neglecting the common parents of them all, condemning their venerable symbols to oblivion, and holding them but as the playthings of infancy—the steps by which childhood climbs into knowledge, the accurate and lifelong study of which is the idle vision of some dreamy scholar. It is not for us, in this old age of the earth, fenced in with nothing but our own virtue, cut off from every thing that has hitherto been deemed conservative in the polity of great nations, trying for the last time that great experiment, which, to attempt, has hitherto been to fail in, to throw chart or compass upon the waters, resolved, fool hardily, to sail with the guidance only of our own eagle-eye, and the strength of our good right hand. The earth is in commotion. The shifting scene of the political drama presents daily new and yet newer combinations. The elements of change are abroad, working silently sometimes, always potently, each his proper message. Are we beyond or above their influence? Who believes or imagines it, who has watched the working of events for the last six years?

"Cum jam senianimum laceravit Flavius orbem
Ultimus, et caelo servavit Roma Neroni."

* Who, for instance, would recognise the beautiful simile of Catullus, in the following verses of Ben Jonson? Yet the version is perfectly literal.

"Look how a flower that close in closes grows,
Hid from rude cattle, bruised by no plows,
Which the air doth strike, sun strengthen, showers shoot higher,
It many youths and many maids desire;
The same when cropt by cruel hands is wither'd,
No youths at all no maidens have desired;
So a virgin," &c.—*Masque of Truth and Opinion.*

Within that time, four European kingdoms have been revolutionized by arms, and a fifth by opinion. As yet, even as to them, the battle is but begun—for the rest the arms are forging. We too, have had our progress towards the future. What was deemed settled, has been found insecure; what certain, vague; what steadfast, unstable. Apprehensions have increased to alarms, and dreaded dangers to present and palpable evils. Granted power, according to its old and invariable law, has begotten powers forbidden, and success, in the eyes of the many, has justified means. Public virtue has found a strong and vigilant enemy in private interest, and innocence has proved no match for calumny. We have discovered, moreover, that however difficult it may be to obtain power, it is not very hard to keep it, and that other means may be found whereby to array the many against the few beside the “*graves annona*,” or a distinction of seats at the theatre. In short we have found, what thirty years ago we learned to suspect, that it is in the power of those chances, with which it pleases Providence to baffle human sagacity, to overturn or retard man’s fairest and most hopeful schemes of improvement, and almost to check forever the contest between his high and proud volition, and his overwhelming destiny.

To the progress of error, where the mind and will are free, there is but one antidote, and that is knowledge—political, moral, religious, universal. None so high that it may not be available—none so mean that it will not be necessary. “The little catechism of the rights of man is soon learned,” says an eloquent philosopher, but not so soon that camel’s load of commentaries with which the pursuits and the passions of men have elucidated or encumbered it. He who loves his country, then, and in a more selfish view, he who loves himself, will be cautious how he obscures a single source of light, or obstructs one avenue to truth. There was a time when the very axioms which to us are written in sunbeams, were but the dreams of philosophy. There was another, when, dimmed and obscured, they could be read only by the light of a battle-fire, or were cherished in the remote recesses of mountains and deserts. Immortal as they are, that time may return. The extreme of untaught and intemperate liberty, is but a step from anarchy. The madman hurls his torch on high, and deems himself a sage with a lantern. He but consumes where he would enlighten. To those who would stay his hand, who, while we are yet a prosperous and united nation, would secure their own happiness, and fortify their countrymen in the principles of safe, rational, and intelligent freedom, we commend once more the cause of liberal learning.

“*Hoc opus, hoc studium parvi properemus et ampli,
Si patrie volumus, si nobis vivere cari.*”

ART. II.—POEMS OF LAMARTINE.

- 1.—*(Euvres d'Alphonse de Lamartine.* Bruxelles: 1830.
- 2.—*Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses, par A. DE LAMARTINE.* Bruxelles: 1830.

THAT the changes which have taken place of late years in French poetry may be attributed in a great measure to the influence of the popular song writers, we conceive it reasonable to suppose. Much is doubtless owing to the progressive advancement of human intellect, in which we of the present generation are pleased to fancy ourselves elevated to an enviable superiority above our less fortunate ancestors; but since more indisputable and definite causes may be looked to for the explanation of the fact, it is but just to refer it to them. In glancing at the career of Beranger, we need no argument to convince us of the sway over the popular mind enjoyed by the gifted *chansonnier*; or of the license with which it was exercised. Unbiased, perhaps, by the prejudices in favour of the *ancien régime*, which would have hampered the efforts of less daring spirits, or attempts in the more elevated departments of poetry, and secure in his influence over a portion of the community standing less in awe than the higher classes of established rules, the song writer indulged in a freedom at first unresisted, by reason of the limited range of its effects: the extension of those effects becoming no subject of alarm till the mischief, if so it might be called, was already done. By the subtle influence of persuasive novelty, by an exhibition of the beauties of liberty in a garb attractive as new, the affections of the people were gradually weaned from former opinions; and though the ancient models of art continued to frown as before in sculptured majesty upon the daring innovations perpetrated at their very feet, the statues were stripped of divinity, and worshipped no longer with the adoration of fear.

It can be no subject of wonder that the newly won exemption from restraint procured by these active combatants in the cause of liberty, should sometimes degenerate into the licentiousness which too often follows success. The triumph was signal, and the demonstrations of joy in consequence, lawless. The persecutions to which Beranger was subjected from the government, in consequence of his reckless effusions, setting at defiance political and moral restrictions, attest the abuse of this freedom. To give a new and more lofty direction to the genius of French poetry, there needed some poet to arise, elevated by genius above his contemporaries, and gifted with that true inspiration which seeks themes in all that is pure and high and beautiful in nature,

investing common objects with its own purity and loveliness. Such a one is the individual whose productions form the subject of our present article.

The poetry of Lamartine differs from that of the rest of his countrymen in many respects. The points of contrast between him and Béranger are striking; and we have often heard the genius of the two poets compared, though not altogether with justice when the palm of superiority has been awarded to the gay *chansonnier*, on account of the greater fancied utility of his productions. If whatever tends to elevate the imagination and correct the heart be pre-eminently useful, then is Lamartine especially entitled to the praise, such being the scope and the tendency of every thing he has written. We must notice one remarkable and characteristic difference between him and his great contemporary. In the works of Béranger, we forget the author, who seems frequently to forget himself in his stirring themes. This is more particularly the case in his loftier political odes, and in those effusions of pensive tenderness which describe so touchingly scenes of distress witnessed or conceived by the bard. Carried away by enthusiasm in the subject awakened by the most glowing language, we see or hear nothing of the writer himself. But the enthusiasm we feel in the poems of Lamartine has a source less external. The heart, the living heart of the poet is laid open to us; fraught with its warm feelings, its brilliant and fervid fancies, its treasures of rich and deep thought. The same spirit constantly exhibits itself, under every different form; we trace the same leading features in every picture, whether gorgeous or gloomy, adorned or undisguised. Nor is the likeness productive of monotony; they are features on which we love to gaze, and the spirit is one to whose sweet and solemn promptings we can never be weary of listening. It elevates us to the sublimer realities, perceived and appreciated only by those to whom some portion of the same influence has been imparted. Lamartine has drawn largely upon nature for his stores of imagery, and from the abundance she offers has selected with a graceful and discriminating hand. With the tumults and passions of men he has little to do; the home of his muse is in the magnificence of woods and rivers and mountains, where she communes with ideal beings, and revels in a world of her own creation. To him every object in the natural, bears its relation to some sentiment in the moral world; thus he truly finds "tongues in trees," and, to employ one of his own most appropriate figures, sees in "the dewdrop twinkling from a leaf, a heaven reflected, as vast, as pure, as in the wide ocean in his fullness of azure!"

We proceed to examine the poems before us in detail. The author has given the names of Poetical Meditations to about fifty-six poems, which seem each to have been inspired by some pass-

ing event, or to be the offspring of his own mind under the influence of temporary feeling. The longest poem in this collection is *Le dernier chant du Pèlerinage d'Harold*; which, being designed as a sort of sequel to the work of Lord Byron, describes the last events in the life of the noble wanderer. Inasmuch as French poetry would not admit the adoption of a verse analogous to the Spenserian stanza, in which Childe Harold is written, this "fifth canto" is composed in irregular stanzas, where the sense and not the number of lines indicates the pause. *La mort de Socrate*, and *Chant du Sacre*, are the remaining two pieces of considerable length.

The first peculiarity that strikes us in these, and indeed in all the poems of Lamartine, is his power of conveying graphic images to the mind. Each line, almost each word, is a picture. The scenes he paints almost live before our eyes; in a few words, brief and forcible, he expresses vividly what others would have taken pages to describe. There is scarcely a sentence which would not serve as a text for eloquent discussion; the ideas suggested by a single phrase, could be readily expanded into a poem. This concentration we cannot help regarding as the test of poetry; he who is rich in the treasures of true genius, will study not to amplify, but to condense. The power of description belonging to our author, is displayed in all his poems, but particularly in those in which he paints some portion of natural scenery endeared by youthful recollections. Of this kind are *Milly, ou la terre natale*, *Le Lac*, and numerous others. *Poésie, ou Paysage dans le Golfe de Gênes*, has much beauty of description. We have marked for quotation some parts of this poem, and as in extracts of considerable length, translation is less of an interruption to the reader than the original, will give them in a version literally "line for line."

The moon is in the sky—a cloudless sky,
And as on shores obscure a beacon true,
Lightens afar the path of stars on high,
Their track of white in an abyss of blue.
Beneath her tender tremulous light
The eye forsakes the distant height
And slow descends the hillock's side;
Along these countless bays to roam,
Where earth embraces in the gloom
The windings of the sinuous tide.

* * * *

Across the shadows, dark and deep
Of cypress on the headlands steep,
It sees upon the water's breast,
Each wave where floats the silvery ray,
As on the shore it dies away,
Murmuring and foaming, sink to rest.

Sheltered beneath its snowy sail,
With mast that bends before the gale,

The gliding bark a furrow cleaves;
 While from the silent strand is heard
 Its fluttering canvass; gently stirred,
 As 'neath the sweeping wind it heaves.

Orb of the silent rays! how sweet thy light,
 Silvering the glade, or mountain's misty height!
 Trembling on dewy boughs or glancing leaves,
 Or with the halyon, floating o'er the waves!
 Yet wherefore wake when all in slumber lie?
 Useless to man, thyself art mystery:
 Thou guid'st no wandering ship; thy gentle gleams
 Ripen no fruits that court more genial beams;
 Man with no labour greets thy presence bright,
 Invokes thee not to gild his halls of mirth,
 But, closed his dwellings to celestial light,
 Kindles his torches at the fires of earth.
 When on thy meek career night bids thee go,
 Closed to thy rays thou find'st all eyes below;
 The world still reckless of thy sad return,
 Cold as the tombs o'er which thou lovest to mourn!
 Scarce 'neath the heaven where night pursues thy trace
 A wakeful eye perceives thy pensive face;
 Save some poor fisher, sighing toward the strand,
 While adverse winds detain him far from land,
 Who for his distant cottage craves thy ray,
 Where count his babes the hours of his delay;—
 Or hapless one, who with gaze fixed on thee,
 'Thinks of a world unseen, and dreams like me!

“Where go,” he asks, “those clouds, which roll their fleeces
 of gold at the breath of the south wind?”

Anon, their mighty piles extend
 In plains upon the south wind borne;—
 Like cliffs that o'er the waters bend,
 By time, by storms and billows worn,
 Where rocks look from the ruined steep
 O'er seas that 'neath their bases sweep,
 Furrow'd with silvery light;
 The eye that measures o'er the tide,
 Sees shining on the water side
 The ocean's floating crest of white.

In mountains vast, gigantic, now
 They rear their burning summits proud;
 The lightning glitters on their brow,
 Around them darkness wraps her shroud.
 Fierce torrents plough their verges brown,—
 Clear glaciers weave their shining crown—
 And from the bending height
 The loosened mass, vexed by the winds,
 An avalanche of snow descends,
 Clothing their feet with white.

The phantoms airy, wild, again
 The form of stately cities wear;
 The tower, the palace and the fane
 By turns in gorgeousness are there.
 Here swell they in fair colonnades,
 There, 'neath the sweep of long arcades,

Where morning's virgin glances come,
The beams that pierce the misty gloom,
Seem the far vistas to illumine
Of some celestial dome.

But 'neath the impetuous north wind's sway,
In thousand folds capricious driven,
Tower, temple, palace, melt away
Dissolved in the abyss of heaven!
Abroad in snowy flocks they spread,
By some invisible shepherd led
Across the horizon wide;
Beneath his steps, unveils the sky,—
The winds from star to star on high,
Disperse their fleecy pride.

* * * *

A language mystic and unknown,
Uttered by winds in dirge-like sweep,
By lightning's flash or thunder's tone,
By billows of the murmuring deep—
By stars whose shrouded fires are pale,
By moonlight slumbering o'er the vale,
The distant chant of seamen brave,
The horizon vanishing in space,
The firmament with imaged face
Within the crystal trembling wave.

The seas whence spring the roscate morn,
The mountain peaks where dies the day,
The snows that greet the golden dawn,
Evening that fades on towers away,
The sounds that swell and melting die,
The swan that swims or soars on high,
The wind touched cypress' mournful sweep,
The temples ancient, mouldering,
Memories that round the ruins cling,
The silence of the forest deep—

The shades which mountains vast unfold,
When from them sinks the sun to rest—
The tumult deep, majestic, rolled
Forth from the city's stormy breast—
The image of each trembling star—
The sighing wind 'mid sails afar—
The thunder in sublimity—
Night—deserts—storms—one language speak,
And in their accents stern or meek,
This language speaks of Thee!

* * * *

In the following lines from "*Milly*," we will do the author the justice to suffer him to speak for himself.

"J'ai vu des cieux d'azur, où la nuit est sans voiles,
Dores jusqu'au matin sous les pieds des étoiles,
Arrondir sur mon front dans leur arc infini
Leur dôme de cristal qu'aucun vent n'a terni!
J'ai vu des monts voilés de citrons et d'olives
Réfléchir dans les flots leurs ombres fugitives,
Et dans leurs frais vallons, au souffle du zéphyr,
Berceur sur l'épi mûr le cep prêt à mûrir;

Sur des bords où les mers ont à peine un murmure,
 J'ai vu des flots brillans l'onduleuse ceinture
 Presser et relâcher dans l'azur de ses plis
 De leurs caps dentelés les contours assouplis,
 S'étendre dans le golfe en nappes de lumière
 Blanchir l'écueil fumant de gerbes de poussière,
 Porter dans le lointain d'un occident vermeil
 Des îles qui semblaient le lit d'or du soleil,
 Ou s'ouvrant devant moi sans rideau, sans limite,
 Me montrer l'infini que le mystère habite!
 J'ai vu ces fiers sommets, pyramides des airs,
 Où l'éte repliait le manteau des hivers,
 Jusqu'au sein des vallons descendant par étages,
 Entrecouper leur flancs de hameaux et d'ombrages,
 De pics et de rochers ici se hérissier,
 En pentes de gazon plus loin fuir et glisser,
 Lancer en arcs fumans, avec un bruit de foudre,
 Leurs torrens en écume et leurs fleuves en poudre,
 Sur leurs flancs éclairés, obscurcis tour à tour,
 Former des vagues d'ombre et des îles de jour,
 Creuser de frais vallons que la pensée adore,
 Remonter, redescendre et remonter encore,
 Puis des derniers degres de leur vastes remparts,
 A travers les sapins et les chênes épars,
 Dans le miroir des lacs qui dorment sous leur ombre,
 Jeter leurs reflets verts ou leur image sombre,
 Et sur le tiède azur de ces limpides eaux
 Faire onduler leur neige et flotter leurs coteaux!
 J'ai visité ces bords et ce divin asile
 Qu'a choisis pour dormir l'ombre du doux Virgile,
 Ces champs que la Sybille a ses yeux dévoilés,
 Et Cumé et l'Elysée; et mon cœur n'est pas là!"—

Lamartine, more frequently than any other poet, employs some striking or sublime object in external nature, to illustrate things or operations in the mental or moral world. His metaphors of this kind are always forcible and beautiful in a high degree. These gems abound in his productions, sparkling every where; and the very frequency of their recurrence renders it difficult to offer them in a detached form. He seems to revel in a luxuriance of splendid imagery; changing often, as if in caprice, his figures in every successive line, till the brilliant chain is terminated by some link more magnificent than the rest. This aptness for comparison between moral and external objects, we may pronounce the distinguishing characteristic of his poetry; one we confess peculiarly to our taste, especially as his comparisons are always new and striking. *Le Poète mourant*, one of the finest lyrics ever composed, is an appropriate example of his propensity for bold and beautiful similes. The two following verses for instance:

" Le poète est semblable aux oiseaux de passage
 Qui ne bâtissent point leur nid sur le rivage,
 Qui ne se posent point sur les rameaux des bois;
 Nonchalamment bercés sur le courant de l'onde,
 Ils passent en chantant loin des bords, et le monde
 Ne connaît rien d'eux que leur voix.

“ Jamais aucune main sur la corde sonore
 Ne guida dans ses jeux ma main novice encore,
 L’homme n’enseigne pas ce qu’inspire le ciel;
 Le ruisseau n’apprend pas à couler dans sa pente,
 L’aigle à fendre les airs d’une aile indépendante,
 L’abeille à composer son miel.”

In a familiar poem entitled “Conversation,” reproving the faults of a friend whose genius nevertheless wins his admiration, causing him to forget what is worthy of blame, he thus illustrates the sentiment :

As on the bosom of a rayless night,
 If e’er the mountain shoots some distant light,
 The eye, which seeks untaught the ray serene,
 O’erleaps untouched the shades that intervene;
 And to the single beam in darkness bound,
 Admiring that, forgets the gloom around!

And at the close :—

— We sing, to solace thoughts that burn within!
 When to the sea the brooks their waters pour,
 What rock they that their voice is heard no more!
 What is it that the winds to waves have driven
 The eagle’s cry that scales the crystal heaven?
 Or to the bird when, risen from rocky shores,
 In sunbeams far above the cloud he soars,
 He hears the surge no more? that ‘neath him lies
 The abyss of blue which is to us the skies!

The following line simile is from “*L’Idée de Dieu.*”

Their taunts are worthless to the soul
 That hails a day which knows no cloud;
 Onward for her the world may roll—
 She hears nor mingles with the crowd.
 Even as the drop of pearly spray
 Which billows broken on their way
 Upon the echoing rock have driven,
 There in its virgin brightness thrown,
 Exhales its being pure and lone
 With incense and with light to heaven.

The final triumph of genius over the obstacles which impede its course is thus exemplified :

“ Vois-tu dans la carrière antique,
 Autours des coursiers et des chars,
 Jaillir la poussière Olympique
 Qui les dérobe à nos regards?
 Dans sa course ainsi le génie
 Par les nuages de l’envie
 Marche long-temps environné;
 Mais au terme de la carrière,
 Des flots de l’indigne poussière
 Il sort vainqueur et couronné.”

In an epistle to Delavigne, where, as if unconsciously he had risen above the familiar style first prescribed to himself, he playfully apologizes for his inattentive muse, that daring to brave the laws of the epistle, “*élève trop la voix ;*”

" Ainsi, quand sur les bords du lac qui m'est sacré,
 Séduit par la douceur de son flot azure,
 Ouvrant d'un doigt distrait l'anneau qui la captive,
 J'abandonne ma barque à l'onde qui dérive,
 Je ne veux que raser dans mon timide cours
 De ses golfes rians les flexibles contours,
 Et, sous le vert rideau des saules du rivage,
 Glisser en dérochant quelques fleurs au bocage,
 Mais du vent qui s'élève un souffle inaperçu,
 Badine avec ma voile et pousse à mon insu;
 Le flot silencieux sur la liquide plaine
 Pousse insensiblement la barque qui m'entraîne;
 L'onde fuit, le jour tombe, et réveille trop tard,
 Je vois le bord lointain fuir devant mon regard."

The sacred hymns of Lamartine have a beauty unsurpassed by those of any other modern writer. The deep spirit of piety that pervades them, their majesty and sweetness, as well as the splendour of imagery with which they are adorned, place them in the first rank among lyrics. Their author has borrowed the solemn language of nature to adore the supreme Creator; to him, seas, forests, streams, and shores, with harmonious accord, seem to unite in praise; while he, joining the chaunt of universal love, becomes the inspired interpreter of voices "uttered in silence." His temple of worship is the solitary wood, the mountain, or the ocean side; where the rushing of rivers, or the sighing of winds, or the myriad tones of insect life, make vocal the solitude with the music sweetest to the poet's ear. It is impossible to listen to his devotional effusions without feeling a portion of the same enthusiasm which has filled the breast of the writer, inspiring sentiments so lofty. The Hymn of the Morning, Hymn of Evening in the Temples, and Hymn of Death, are each magnificent in their kind.

Lamartine, with all his exquisite susceptibility to whatever is beautiful in the external world, has seldom sung of female loveliness. Some of his poems, however, allude darkly to some attachment of early life, whose issue was unfortunate. "*Le premier regret*," "*Le Lac*," and others, are of this character. Other pieces, as *Novissima Verba*, breathe a tone of sadness and despondency deeper than is natural even to the melancholy temperament of the poet. We would not quarrel, however, with his pensiveness, to which we are indebted for his sweetest lines; it is our gain if his lyre has been bathed with tears, since the flower of genius, of root divine, must be watered by sorrow; since

" —les pleurs sont pour nous la céleste rosée;
 Sous un ciel toujours pur le cœur ne mûrit pas."

"*L'Enthousiasme*" expresses his sentiments on the subject of poetical inspiration, and most truly do we coincide with them; believing, in sooth, that no poet ever awakened feeling in the

breast of his readers, who had not felt, even to the depths of an agitated heart, the sentiment kindled by his verse. But we will translate the poem at length.

ENTHUSIASM.

As when the eagle of the sky
 Bore Ganymede to courts of Jove,
 Yearning for earth, the unwilling boy
 Against the bird imperial strove—
 He, while more closely in their clasp
 The panting prize his talons grasp,
 Soared upward to the immortals' seat;
 And heedless of the suppliant's prayer,
 His captive cast, all trembling, there,
 Before the Thunderer's feet;—

Thus, when my earth-bound soul to claim,
 Oh, eagle conqueror! stoop'st thou near,
 The rushing of thy wings of flame
 My bosom thrills with holy fear,
 I struggle vainly 'gainst thy might—
 Shrink trembling from the presence bright
 That well might blast a heart like mine;
 As fire that heaven's winged bolt allumes,
 Unquenched, unquenchable, consumes
 The votive pyre, the fane, the shrine!

But to the daring flight of thought
 Sense would oppose its bonds in vain;
 Beneath the god to frenzy wrought
 My soul leaps up, and spurns the chain.
 The lightning courses through my veins,
 The fire that in my being reigns,
 Even while I strive, more fiercely glows;
 The lava of o'erflowing soul
 In waves of melody doth roll,
 My breast consuming while it flows.

Lo, muse! thy victim here behold!
 No more the brow inspired is mine,
 No more the glance so rapt and bold,
 That once shot forth a ray divine!
 Worn with the heart-devouring strife,
 A wretched residue of life
 Scarce to my wearied youth is left;
 With wan exhaustion stamped, my face
 Bears but the scathing thunder's trace,
 Whose bolt this frame of vigor reft.

Happy the bard insensible!
 Unbathed with burning tears his lyre;
 His fancy, ruled by peaceful will,
 Feels not the touch of passion's fire.
 For him, a clear and grateful tide,
 The gathered streams of pleasure glide
 In measured and harmonious flow;
 His Icarus, that ne'er essayed
 To soar in heaven—with wing betrayed
 No fall from heaven can know.

But we must burn, who proudly claim
 To kindle generous souls;—must steal
 From jealous heaven its triple flame;—
 To paint all things—all things must feel!
 A focus of concentrate light,
 The heart from all in nature bright
 Must gather all the rays,
 Why on our life should censure fall?
 The torch that fires with envy all
 Was kindled first at passion's blaze.

No—never from a tranquil breast
 Such heavenly raptures found their way;
 The concord wild, the sweet unrest,
 Wherewith a subject world we sway.
 The god that ruled o'er Homer's birth,
 When, his dread darts to launch on earth,
 From Eryx' radiant height he came,
 To hell's infernal kingdom strode,
 And dipped his weapons in the flood,
 In Stygian waves of boiling flame.

Thou from the height of song descend,
 Who'dst blush for transports idly given;
 The heroic lute alone can blend
 The thrilling harmonies of heaven!
 The heart of Genius, proud and bold,
 Is like the marble, which of old
 Breathed its wild dirge o'er Memnon's tomb;
 To give the statue voice and might,
 From the pure day-god's eye of light
 A beam must pierce the gloom.

Thou would'st that rousing in my breast
 The fires which 'neath their ashes lie,
 I barter now my spirit's rest
 For tones that vanish with a sigh.
 Ah! glory is a shadow's dream!
 Too brief even to its votaries seem
 The fleeting days its chariot that prove!
 Thou wouldst that in the mocking strife
 I waste my last frail breath of life—
 I would that breath preserve—to love!

“The Preludes,” for the sweetness and melody of verse, and the facility with which the metre is changed with the theme, is unrivalled, unless by the celebrated lyrics in Alfieri's tragedy of Saul. The very nature of language seems to be altered, to express various emotion; from the soft melancholy breathed in the first stanzas, to the full burst of enthusiasm in the ensuing description of a battle. We can almost hear, as come forth the glowing words, the tramp of war-steeds, the blast of trumpets, the shouts of victory, and the groans of the vanquished. At length the thunders are silent.

The thunders hushed—hark! from the mourning plain
 Swell on the air new harmonies!—the harp,
 The joyous cymbal's clang, the clarion shrill,
 Mingling their brazen voices,—rising now—

Now fainter by degrees—upon the breeze
 Fling their proud notes, blended with dying groans!
 With gorgeous melody the hills resound;
 The freezing heart grows still—the sinking sense
 Shudders—while on the dull and stricken air
 Are heard rush by the spirits of the dead!
 Spinning the mists aside the sun looks down
 With horror on the scene, while his pale ray
 Gliding along the ground, reveals to sight
 Rivers of blood, coursers and chariots filled,
 The dust with mutilated members strewn,
 The wreck of arms and men—the standards thrown
 On heaps of dead!—

 Come, mothers, consorts, friends!
 Count here the friends, the sons, the brothers lost!
 Come to dispute with vultures here, the hope
 Of your frail age—the fruit of youthful love!
 What endless tears shall weep them! in your cities
 In sorrow clothed, what wailings shall go forth,
 Ere parent earth produce with pangs anew
 What one day hath destroyed! Of human fate
 Fleecless meanwhile, shall nature o'er their wrecks
 Pursue her wonted course. The peaceful dawn
 To-morrow rising, in their clotted blades
 Her beams shall mirror; this ensanguined shore
 The careless stream shall lave; the winds disperse
 Their tainted dust; and fattened with decay,
 The soil with flowers shall hide their pale remains.

Owens not thy lyre a soft consoling note?
 Heardst thou the shepherd's song at evening float
 When lone, at peace beneath the bending vine,
 He charms the heedless hours with airs divine?
 When the wood's echo, or the streamlet's moan
 Prolongs from tree to tree the plaintive tone?
 How often, listening on the hillside near,
 Bending to wailings sweet the attentive ear,
 My heart, released from weight of earthly cares,
 In worlds entranced roams with the magic airs;
 When o'er my spirit lulled to peace I feel
 The gentle sounds like balm-fraught breezes steal,
 More grateful than the arbor's shady rest,
 Or cooling gales fresh from the waters' breast!

A wind plays o'er my lyre!
 Is it the wing of fluttering bird?
 Deep in my heart its moanings die;
 The mute strings answer to its sigh
 Like reeds by breezes stirred!

The piece closes with a touching address to the home of his youth, toward which "the heart, untravelled, fondly turns."

The dramatic fragments in these volumes, "The apparition of the shade of Samuel," and "The death of Jonathan," display the ability of our author for greater efforts; but we prefer his lyric productions. There is much energy and passion, and exquisite poetry, in the lamentations of the doomed monarch of Israel;

but they fail to awaken that thrilling emotion, that *désordre sympathique*, by which elsewhere he sways the heart. In dramatic efforts most of the peculiar beauties of Lamartine's poetry must of necessity be sacrificed; and for their loss not even the force of passion can compensate us. In the "Death of Socrates," the poet has gifted the philosopher on the threshold of death, with a vision which penetrates through the shades of mythological superstition, into the sublimest mysteries of revelation. He declares the gods of pagan belief to be but the images of the attributes of one powerful Supreme, whose sole divinity animates his creation;

"Que ces astres brillans sur nos têtes semés
Sont des soleils vivans, et des feux animés!
Que l'océan frappant sa rive épouvantée
Avec ses flots grondans roule une ame irritée!
Que notre air enbaume volant dans un ciel pur
Est un esprit flottant sur des ailes d'azur!
Que le jour est un oeil qui repand la lumière!
La nuit, une beauté qui voile sa paupière!
Et qu'enfin dans le ciel, sur la terre, en tout lieu,
Tout est intelligent, tout vit, tout est un dieu!"

Nonissima Verba is one of our especial favourites. The tone of melancholy that pervades this poem, aptly expressed in the second title, "*Mon ame est triste jusqu' à la mort*," is congenial, we imagine, with the genius of the writer, and must have flowed from his pen in moments of real feeling. "If there be a moment," he says, "when man should lift his voice, it is when the cold grave is about to engulf with him, his last thought!"

'Tis at that hour, when ready for its flight,
Each spirit bears some secret unrevealed,
Some message to the world, to life, to death,
Before, extinct forever, it hath vanished
Like some pale meteor of the night, that leaves
Nor light, nor sound! What leave we, life! when thou
Art fled! Nought—save the murmur of last words!
Brief echo, transient as the fluttering
Of the light vessel's sail,—the passing tone
Of fugitive wave, that murmuring on its course
Expires in wailing on the sloping shore!
Alas! be ours at least the boon to hear
The voice of fleeting breath! Speak! since a sound,
A vain sound, by eternal silence followed,
Is the sole monument of boasted life,
The stone that tells of an existence past,—
Like the cold sable marbles raised to death,
Within these fields, lone kingdoms of the tomb,
Which mark the date of human dust—and say
To eyes of nought convinced—This clay hath lived!

He thus illustrates the vanity of the pursuit of the *trompeuse-vérité*, which has baffled so long the sages of this world:

Hast seen, at evening of a day of storms,
The sun, from cloud to cloud descending fast,

Gild every pile by turns with imaged fires?
 We mark them kindle 'neath the passing orb,
 And in the burning veil, the shining fleece
 By breath of evening poised—the deepened hues
 Of living purple, seek the sun himself!
 We deem those tints of glowing gold are his—
 'Tis he—betrayed by streams of light—whose rays
 Have cleft their silvery veil! deem that day bursts
 Even from the envious shroud! Like a rich flood
 Gushes the purple glory—and while gazing
 The eye would greet the sun imbedded there,
 Fades and dissolves the cloud—'tis but a vapour
 That floats and vanishes! Further we search
 In vain—already far beyond our sight
 The orb has sunk; and thus from cloud to cloud
 'Twas but his fleeting image we pursued!

* * * * *

'Truth! No—thou art not—save in human visions!
 The phantom of illusion! the fleet image
 Of distant glory—which man vainly dreams
 Is his—which melts beneath his eager touch!
 The mocking echo of a thousand tones,
 Which gives the last sound back! Man's latest error
 His vain pursuit of thee!—But in my heart
 The incensate wish hath ceased! I seek no more
 Aught from thy fatal splendour,—but resign
 My reckless being to these waves of gloom;
 Even as the seaman, when the pole is lost,
 When veiled his guiding star, with folded arms
 Lets float his bark at the dark waters' will,
 Of ruin sure—and death—and all indifferent
 What wind shall toss, what strand receive his corse!

From the *Souvenir d'Enfance*, we take the following lines, describing in his peculiar style of comparison, the vanity and evil of a life spent in the pursuit of glory.

— Our life is like the crystal rill
 Nameless and lowly issuing from the rock;
 While in the clear deep bed by nature scooped,
 As in a cradle noiseless, calm, it sleeps,
 Flowers crown its bank with perfume, and serene
 The blue of heaven descends upon its breast;
 But from the hill's close arms escaped, when spread
 Its waves o'er neighbouring plains—with river slime
 How swell its billows, and with bloated bulk
 Grow pale and putrid! From its shores recede
 The wonted shade, and but the naked rock
 Receives its fugitive waves. Cleaving new paths,
 The graceful windings of its parent vale
 It scorns to follow—but 'neath arches deep
 Rolling with haughty port, there gains a name
 As sounding as its surge. Still onward rushing
 With bounds impetuous, bearing in its path
 The ships, the tumult, and the mire of cities!
 Each stream that swells its course another change—
 'Till swoln with waters various and corrupt,
 Troubled, though great, its being vain resigning,
 In the sea's breast it pours its pride and slime!

Le Tombeau d'une Mère; Pourquoi mon ame est-elle triste?

Hymne de l'Ange de la Terre après la destruction du globe ;
and *Encore une Hymne*, we would notice as of remarkable beauty,
though our limits do not permit us to prove our judgment by numerous extracts. The following lines, from the last mentioned piece, are highly poetical:—

“ Mon ame est un torrent qui descend des montagnes
Et qui roule sans fin ses vagues sans repos
A travers les vallons, les plaines, les campagnes,
Où leur pente entraîne ses flots;
Il fuit quand le jour meurt, il fuit quand naît l'aurore;
La nuit revient, il fuit; le jour, il fuit encore;
Rien ne peut ni tarir ni suspendre son cours,
Jusqu'à ce qu'à la mer, où ses ondes sont nées,
Il rende en murmurant ses vagues déchainées,
Et se repose enfin en elle, et pour toujours!

“ Mon ame est un vent de l'aurore
Qui s'élève avec le matin,
Qui brûle, renverse, devore
Tout ce qu'il trouve en son chemin,
Rien n'entrave son vol rapide,
Il fait trembler la tour comme la feuille aride,
Et le mât du vaisseau comme un roseau pliant;
Il roule en plis de feu le tonnerre et la nue,
Et, quand il a passé, laisse la terre nue
Comme la main du mendiant;
Jusqu'à ce qu'épuise de sa fuite éternelle,
Et comme un doux ramier de sa course lassé,
Il vienne fermer son aile
Dans la main qui l'a lancé.”

The ideas contained in the first strophe, we find even more beautifully, because more simply expressed in some lines of Metastasio that recur to our memory :

“ Onda dal mar divisa
Bagna la valle e il monte,
Va passeggiara in fiume,
Va prigioniera in fonte.
Mormora sempre e geme,
Finche ritorna al mar,
Al mar dond'ella nacque,
D'onde succhiò gli umori,
Ove da lunghi errori
Spera di riposar.”

In the Hymn upon the destruction of the earth, the Angel of earth laments in magnificent strains over the ruin of his charge. He calls upon the planets, companions to the earth, the stars sown like myriads of eyes in the canopy of heaven, the suns whose beams robed her fields in light, the clouds that flung their shadow over her mountains,—bidding them “weep, for death is in the heavens!”

* * * * *

When thou didst float, like a ship launched from rest,
In morn's or eve's abyss of foamy light,
When thy seas, heaving like a human breast,
Laved thy green shores, that wooed their kisses bright—

Or on thy headlands dashed their crystal tide,
The wave, when o'er it rippling zephyrs glide,
Where mirrored charms gleam, vanish, like the smile
The eye would fix, that cheats its gaze the while.

When on thy summits cloud-built domes reposed,
Where, cleaving at a glance their arched height,
Faint beams, mixed with the tempest's fitful light,
Along the sides of rocks by storms exposed,
From shore to shore swept on,
As lightning's glance from ruins broken, lone!
When those false, changeeful gleams,
Borne with the north wind by,
As on archangel's wing the imaged beams,
With varying hues danced o'er thy magic sky;
Now smote the deep—and now thy hoary crest,
Sparkling the snows upon thy mountains' breast!

La Perte de l'Anio, we extract entire, not because it is more beautiful than many others, but because the subject pleases us.

THE LOSS OF THE ANIO.

I dreamed of yore, lulled in its foamy shades,
Pressing the turf which once a Horace trod,
In shadowy, old arcades,
Where 'neath his crumbled temple, sleeps a god!
I saw its waters plunge to yawning caves,
Where danced the floating Iris on their waves,
As with some desert courser's silvery mane
Wantons the wind, what time he scours the plain;
Then farther off on the green moss divide,
In streamlets foaming still, the sheeted tide;
Shrouding the flowery sod with net-work frail,
Spread and contract by turns its waving veil,
And filling all the glade with voice and spray,
Sweep in its tides of tremulous light away!

There with fixed gaze upon the waters lone,
I watched them; following—losing them anon,
As the mind, wandering from thought to thought,
Loses—then lights upon the trace it sought,
I saw them mount, and roll, and downward glide,
And loved to dream bewildered by their side!
Methought I traced those rays of glorious fame
Wherewith the Eternal city crowned her name,
Back to their source, across an age of night,
Wreathing Tiburnine heights with ancient light.
While drank mine ear the deep complaining sound
Of billows warring in their caves profound,
In the waves' voice, the wailing of the tide,
By thousand rolling echoes multiplied,
I seemed in distance, brought by silence near,
The voice of stirring multitudes to hear,
Which like these waves, more vanishing than they,
Made vocal once these shores, now mute for aye!
River! to whom the ages brought—I cried,
Empire, of old—and swept it from thy side!
Whose name, once sung by poet lips sublime,
Thanks to the bard, defies the lapse of time—
Who the world's tyrants on thy shores didst see
Wander entranced, and crave their rest from thee,—

Tibullus breathing sighs of soft complaining—
 Scipio the vulgar pomp of power disdaining—
 In thy deep shades a Julius, fled from fame—
 Mæcenas claiming from his bards a name—
 A Cato pondering virtue—Brutus' crime—
 What say'st thou, river, with thy ceaseless chime?
 Bring'st thou the tones of Horace' burning lyre?
 Or Cæsar's voice of soothing or of ire?
 The forum of a race of heroes brave,
 Where striving tribunes lashed the stormy wave
 Which, like thy mounting surge in fury hurl'd,
 Too mighty for its bed, o'erswept a world?

Alas! those sounds forever now are mute,
 The battle—the debate—the amorous lute;
 'Tis but a stream that weeps upon the shore—
 'Tis but thy voice, still murmuring as of yore!
 Still! ah! no more on sounding rocks to moan,
 From their drained bed thy waters too are gone!
 These beetling crags, these caverns void and wide,
 These trees that boast no more their dewy pride,
 The wandering hind, the bird with wearied wing
 That seeks upon the rock its wonted spring,
 Wait vainly that the vanished wave restore,
 To the mute vale its voice and life once more;
 And seem in desert solitude to say
 "Thus pass terrestrial pride and pomp away!"

Ah! marvel we no more that empires fall,
 That man's frail works speed to destruction all,
 Since nature's fabric, built to outlast the skies,
 Sinks by degrees, and like a mortal dies!
 Since this proud stream, which centuries have seen
 Foaming and rushing, quits its ancient reign.
 A river disappears! these thrones of day,
 Gigantic hills, shall sink in turn away;
 In yonder heaven, thick sown with gems so bright,
 Extinguished stars shall leave the desert night;
 Yea, perish space itself, with all that live,
 And of what'er has been, shall nought survive.

Nought shall survive! But Thou, of worlds the source,
 Who light'st Heaven's fires, and giv'st the waves their course,
 Who on the wheel of time bid'st years go round,
 Thou shalt be, Lord!—Forever changeless found!
 These planets quenched, these river murmurs checked,
 These crumbled mountains, worlds in ruin wrecked,
 These ages whelmed in time's immensity,
 Even time and space, annihilate in Thee,
 Nature, who mocks at works her hand did raise,
 All—all are fleeting tributes to thy praise;
 And each existence here to death betrayed
 Thy Being hymns, which knows nor change nor shade!

Oh Italy! thy hills of beauty weep,
 Where the world's histories, writ in ruins, sleep!
 Where empire, passing on from clime to clime,
 Hath left engraved so deep his steps sublime!
 Where glory, emblem'd once in thy fair name,
 Hides with a shining veil, thy present shame!
 Lo! the most speaking of the wrecks of years!
 Weep! pity's voice shall answer to thy tears!

By empire, by misfortune sacred made,
 Queen, source of nations, mother of the dead!
 Not only of those noble sons the pride,
 Whom thy green age hath nourished at thy side,
 By thy foes cherished, envied, while betrayed,
 The home of greatness is thy mighty shade!
 'The mind that from antiquity would claim
 The vanished forms of liberty and fame—
 'The spirit meek that greets a purer day,
 Scorning the world's vain gods of vulgar sway,
 That seeks an only altar, loftier still,
 For one true God, supreme, invisible—
 Both, both, with bitter tenderness and trust
 Hail thee their mother—worship thee in dust!
 'The winds that snatch the relics from thy tomb,
 To jealous eyes profane the holy gloom;
 From every turf the peasant's plough divides,
 Some glorious shade the rude invasion chides;
 In thy vast temple, where the God of love
 Reigns o'er the fallen shrines of Pagan Jove,
 Each mortal, while he breathes its sacred air,
 Feels it belongs to all who worship there!

Each tree that withers on thy mountains stern,
 Each mouldered rock, each desecrated urn,
 Each floweret bruised on monumental stone,
 Each fragment smote from ruins moss o'ergrown,
 Strikes to the nation's heart a painful sound,
 As from the scythe of time a deeper wound!
 All that obscures thy sovereign majesty
 Degrades our glory in degrading thee!
 'Thine misery only renders doubly dear;
 Each heart bounds at thy name! each eye a tear
 Pours for thy fortunes! From a brilliant heaven
 Thy sun to thee his glowing light hath given;
 The very sail that rides thy swelling seas,
 When thy far borders greet the welcoming breeze,
 Conscious and fluttering at some high command,
 In homage bends to touch thy sacred sand!

Widow of nations! long, ah! long be thine
 The deep respect which makes thee thus divine!
 'The trophies of past grandeur, great though vain,
 Which at thy feet in Rome's proud dust remain!
 All that is thine, even ruin, consecrate!
 Nor envy those who boast a brighter fate:
 But, as imperial Cæsar, sped to death,
 In royal mantle wrapt, resigned his breath,
 Whate'er a future destiny decree,
 Be thy proud robe immortal memory!
 What reck'st thou who the laurelled crown may wear?
 No future e'er can with thy past compare!

“*L'Homme*” is the title of a poem addressed to Lord Byron, who seems to have been far from being pleased with it, especially with the expression “*chancre des enfers*,” as applied to him; fearing that he should go down to posterity in the version of some stupid translator as a “hellish singer.” None can question, however, the sincerity of the homage paid by Lamartine to

the English bard. He has admirably described the character of Byron's genius in the following lines;

" J'aime de tes concerts la sauvage harmonie,
Comme j'aime le bruit de la foudre et des vents
Se mêlant dans l'orage à la voix des torrens!
La nuit est ton séjour, l'horreur est ton domaine;
L'aigle, roi des déserts, dédaigne ainsi la plaine;
Il ne veut, comme toi, que des rocs escarpés
Que l'hiver a blanchis, que la foudre a frappés;
Des rivages couverts des débris du naufrage,
Ou des champs tout noirs des restes du carnage;
Et tandis que l'oiseau qui chante ses douleurs
Bâtit au bord des eaux son nid parmi les fleurs,
Lui des sommets d'Athos franchit l'horrible cime,
Suspend aux flancs des monts son aile sur l'abîme,
Et là, seul, entoure de membres palpitans,
De rochers d'un sang noir sans cesse degouttans,
Trouvant sa volupté dans les cris de sa proie,
Berce par la tempête, il s'endort dans sa joie."

There are some figures, which from their innate loftiness or beauty, are especial favourites with Lamartine. He delights particularly in the eagle floating on self-poised wing in the abyss of heaven—the wind-harp pouring its melodies to the night breeze—the warbling of the nightingale—the wailing music of the stream—the swan scaling the vaulted sky—and other images of the same kind. He frequently compares the soul of man to a melodious instrument, waiting the inspiring breath which is to wake its silent chords to harmony. Thus in a verse from *L'Esprit de Dieu*.

" Attendons le souffle suprême
Dans un repos silencieux;
Nous ne sommes rien de nous-même
Qu'un instrument mélodieux!
Quand le doigt d'en haut se retire,
Restons muets comme la lyre
Qui recueille ses saints transports,
Jusqu'à ce que la main puissante
Touche la corde frémissante
Où dorment les divins accords."

The poem upon Bonaparte we have read with great pleasure, but consider it, though superior to Byron's, inferior in poetic beauty to that of Manzoni upon the same subject. Nor are its merits depreciated by such an opinion; for difficult indeed would it be for any writer to surpass the Italian ode. There is a strong resemblance in the character of sentiment and even the language of many stanzas, between the latter production and that of Lamartine; in the two following verses we perceive an affinity, thought not close, to a simile used by Manzoni;

" Tel qu'un pasteur debout sur la rive profonde
Voit son ombre de loin se prolonger sur l'onde,
Et du fleuve orageux suivre en flottant le cours;

Tel du sommet désert de ta grandeur suprême,
 Dans l'ombre du passé te recherchant toi même,
 Tu rappelaï tes anciens jours?

Ils passaient devant toi comme des flots sublimes
 Dont l'œil voit sur les mers étinceler les cimes;
 Ton oreille écoutait leur bruit harmonieux;
 Et, d'un reflet de gloire éclairant ton visage,
 Chaque flot t'apportait une brillante image
 Que tu suivais long-temps des yeux!"

We subjoin a few lines of Manzoni, taken from a version of his ode, which appeared some time since in the Foreign Quarterly Review:

"As o'er the drowning seaman's head
 The wave comes thundering from on high,
 The wave to which, afar displayed,
 The wretch had turned his straining eye,
 And gazed along the gloomy main
 For some far sail, but gazed in vain;—
 So on his soul came back the wave
 Of melancholy memory;"—

The French bard has been less charitable in the conclusion than the Italian, leaving to Heaven's mercy the disposition of the hero's soul, in expressions, to say the least, admitting a doubt of his final acceptance; while Manzoni carries him to heaven before our eyes; but as his destiny after death can be after all but a matter of conjecture, we can only be surprised that the less scrupulous generosity has been on the part of one whom political circumstances should naturally have made hostile to the fallen emperor.

The "*Chant d'Amour*" differs from most of the other lyrics before us, in being, as its name imports, consecrated to the tender passion. It is addressed to, as we suppose, an imaginary fair one, sleeping in a lovely spot, herself lovelier than aught that ever had being, save in the dreams of a poet's fancy. It begins thus:

If, O my lyre! dwelt magic in thy strings,
 Like the soft quivering of the zephyr's wings,
 The deep green foliage swaying—
 Or waves that murmur as the shore they kiss—
 Or turtles' notes, plaintive though fraught with bliss,
 By these clear waters playing;—

If, like the reed by music's breath inspired,
 Thy slumbering chords the soul divine had fired
 To language of the skies—
 Such as in worlds where only spirits dwell,
 Angels in wordless love their raptures tell,
 As eyes discourse to eyes—

If thy sweet voice, its airs melodious blending,
 Could wrap in transport wild a spirit bending
 To love's enchanted sway—
 Cradling it soft on dreams by fancy given,
 As float the clouds, upborne by winds of heaven,
 In the rich gold of day;—

While on the flowers sleeps she my heart holds dear,
 My voice should murmur softly in her ear
 Its sighs melodious, bland,
 Pure as the ecstasy her glance bestows—
 Sweet as the harmony in dreams that flows
 From some far spirit-land!

He thus describes the spot where the dwelling of love should be:—

Above a lake of blue a hill-top bends,
 Slowly its verdure-mantled slope descends
 To greet the crystal waves;
 All day the sunbeams on its borders rest,
 And ceaseless quiver in the water's breast
 The drooping, shadowed leaves.

Two oaks entwining in their close embrace,
 The wild vine's tendrils every bough enlace,
 Crowning their brows of pride;
 Vary the sombre green with verdure bright,
 Then o'er the fields chequered with shade and light
 In smiling festoons glide.

There in the beetling rock's storm-cloven side
 Opens a cave, a nest where turtles hide
 To moan love's hours away;
 The vine, the fig-tree veil it with their bloom,
 And the sun's rays, that slowly pierce the gloom,
 Measure the passing day.

The twilight freshness of this calm retreat
 Longer preserves to violets pale and sweet
 Their fleeting, timid hues;
 Deep in the green recess a plaintive rill
 Seems drop by drop its music to distil
 Ever with mournful dews.

Across this veil of green the roving eye
 Sees but the azure wave, the bending sky—
 And bosomed on the deep
 The fisher's sail, which lightly hovering,
 Cleaves the blue heaven, and flutters like the wing
 Of birds in rapid sweep.

The ear hears nothing, save the plaintive tide
 Greeting with murmuring kiss the fair hill side,—
 Or zephyr's wailing tone;—
 Or nightingale's wild measured melody—
 Or echo from the rock, whose distant sigh
 Comes mingled with our own.

* * * * *

In the volumes thus hastily glanced over, we have left numerous passages and whole poems marked for extraction, which our limits compel us to neglect. The attempt would be vain to do full justice to the several excellencies of our author, by presenting detached portions of striking and brilliant poetry. The sparkling fragments are far too numerous for abstraction; they crowd every page; nay, the whole fabric is one tissue of gems. In

reading a solitary production of Lamartine, one would be induced to imagine that with infinite labour and cultivation alone, so choice a treasury of sweets had been collected; it is only in traversing the whole that we perceive the exceeding richness of the soil whence spring, in spontaneous luxuriance, flowers of such surpassing and enduring beauty.—He has enriched incalculably the French language, founding a new school of poetry more agreeable to nature and to a cultivated taste; and we trust it will not be long ere his works are known here as widely as we are confident they will be highly appreciated when known.

ART. III.—*Three Years in the Pacific: including Notices of Brazil, Chile, Bolivia, and Peru.* BY AN OFFICER IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 1834.

IN this work we have some additional views of South America, which, taken in connexion with the travels of Dr. Terry, noticed in the preceding number of the review, shed new light upon the principal states of the southern continent. The book is *artistly* put together; and though the author claims “the indulgence usually accorded to novices in undertakings of this kind,” we guess this is not his first attempt. If it be, his skill has made him free of author-craft. His manner is easy and flowing—betokening a practised hand. A continual effort at ornament, commonly successful, betrays an earnest desire of excellence; but the consummation of art, the concealment of art, not being always attained, we are sometimes more disposed to applaud the design than to commend its execution. Whilst he does not overlook the great objects which should engage the attention of every traveller, such as the great features of nature and the prominent traits of civil polity, he seems most to delight in description of social scenes and the concerns of private life. Had he been devoted to painting, he would probably have committed the error of Titian, and have sought gratification in graphic identity, rather than in representation of general characters; had he been a portrait painter, he would have given striking likenesses, so far as physical resemblance went; not a mole, a freckle, nor hair would have been omitted; not a fold of dress, nor sprig of lace, nor pearl of a locket, would have been overlooked; but he must have changed his course of studies, and disciplined his genius anew, before he would have painted an historical picture. In this extraordinary minuteness and frequent repetition of similar scenes, consist the chief, almost the only faults of the book. Yet with

these it is a work of much merit. Judicious use has been made of ancient and cotemporary authors; the style is spirited and well sustained; and we obtain from it fuller and more satisfactory information relative to the society of Spanish America, than from any work in our recollection.

Our author, who we learn is a surgeon of the navy, left New York in June 1831, on board the U. S. sloop of war *Falmouth*, bound on a cruise to the Pacific Ocean. He arrived at Rio Janeiro on the first of September. This has been described, not only as one of the best situated ports for commerce in the world, but as one of the most beautiful. We give our author's description of it, observing that like most other descriptions of celebrated scenery, we find it unsatisfactory. We omit some circumstances which break its continuity and distract attention.

"From the Sugar Loaf, which is a conspicuous point, we will glance round this beautiful marine basin, and endeavor to convey some idea of its form. The 'Paó-de-Açúcar' is more than twelve hundred feet high, and bears a striking resemblance to a loaf of sugar, inclining a little to one side. Its surface is nearly smooth, of a dark, sombre color, and sprinkled here and there with little tufts of stunted bushes. It stands on the west side of the harbor, and at the entrance of the almost circular bay of Botafogo, which sweeps round towards the city as far as San Bernárdo point.

"Close in the rear, the mountains are broken by deep ravines and splintered into peaks, one of which, called the Corcovado, out tops and overhangs the rest. Upon its very summit, like an eyry perched among the clouds, is an observatory and a watch tower which may be seen at a great distance, when not hidden in the vapors that frequently shroud it.*

"Between San Bernárdo and Gloria points extends a long beach, which, from having been the resort, in times past, of the gorgeously plumed flamingo, is now called 'Praça do Flamingo.' On Gloria point is placed, very conspicuously, a small white church, dedicated to the invocation of 'Nossa Senhora de Gloria.' The edifice is octahedral, and has a tall slender spire at one side. The hill on which it stands is one of the most picturesque spots about Rio.

"From this point sweeps a small cove, lined by a neat row of white one story buildings that look out upon the bay, to point St. Lago, upon which stands a fortress of the same name. The next cove is short, and terminates at 'Cobras.' Here the city is seen over a forest of the masts of small craft, reposing under the shelter of the mountains. The 'Praça de San José,' the Palace, and the imperial Chapels are conspicuous. The whiteness of the buildings brings the whole, like a picture, in strong relief against the dark mountain sides in the back ground.

"To the northward, the mountains rise high in slender, splintered peaks, which, from a fancied resemblance to the tubes of an organ, are called the Organ Mountains. In the same direction are seen white chateaus perched on the hills and rocks, so high as to be sometimes robed in clouds. The city itself is overlooked by two or three convents, as solemn in their appearance as the monks of their cloisters.

"On the eastern side, and nearly opposite to Rio, is a neat, quiet village called Praya Grande, which, during the season of amusement, is a place of general resort. It contains several potteries, and is famed for the quantity of fine sweetmeats, made and exported. At the southern extremity of Praya is a huge mass of rocks, which, apparently, have been thrown from the main land by some natural convulsion; upon its very summit (a most romantic situation truly) stands a church or a dwelling, accessible from the main by a short wooden bridge. From this point the beach of the placid bay of Ilurufaba sweeps, almost like a circle, to fort Santa Cruz. Along the

* "According to the measurement of Captain Beechey, R. N. made after the formula of Mr. Daniel, the base of the flag staff is by one observation 2308 feet, and by a second 2306 feet above the level of the sea."

shore is a straggling village, interspersed with gardens, and surrounded by luxuriant plantations of the coffee tree.

"We have now glanced round the bay and arrived at Santa Cruz, between which and the Sugar Loaf, the waters roll into this magnificent harbor;—an amphitheatre whose bounds are hills rising one behind the other, valleys and mountains that are smiled on throughout the year both by Flora and Pomona, yielding flowers and fruits, grateful in their fragrance, and luscious to the most refined and delicate taste. Over this sheet of water, passage boats, under a press of sail, are stretching in every direction, bearing parties from shore to shore. The naked negro toils at his oar—the black soldier in gay costume lolls in his curtained barge, wreathed in the smoke of his cigar—the tattooed slave paddles his rude canoe—the barges of the men-of-war, with feathering oars, are shooting from point to point—the men-of-war sit majestically, and their flags and pennants flutter proudly on the breeze—the forts and castles frown sullenly—the palace smiles—the church and convent look grave—the hills are lovely—the mountains grand—the graceful palm tree nods."

In the XIX. No. of the review, we have noticed pretty fully the condition of Brazil at the commencement of the year 1831; only a few months before the arrival of the Falmouth. We gave an account of the misrule and compulsory resignation of the emperor, Dom Pedro, who threw away a sceptre as if it were indeed a child's bauble, and found consolation for the sacrifice in a fishing rod. Little, therefore, could be added by our naval officer to the history of the empire, and his account of the abdication is confirmatory of that already given. The "Notices of Brazil" are scanty, consisting of a few but lively remarks on the state of the slaves, on the condition of the museum and botanic garden, the Banana, the stupendous aqueduct which supplies the city with water—the opera—the currency—the cultivation of coffee—the description of a dinner party and of a *levee* at the court of Dom Pedro II., who had scarce attained his sixth year—the geography of the country, products, and diamond mines—each of which topics is very concisely treated. Of this portion of the work we shall notice only an anecdote of Dom Pedro and an American midshipman, and the products and commerce of the empire.

"DOM PEDRO is said to possess a considerable share of good nature, and the following anecdote seems to bear evidence of it. A midshipman H—— of the United States Navy, some four or five years since, followed a man who deserted from his boat, into the palace, where the sailor had fled, in hopes of eluding pursuit. Mr. H—— rushed by the sentinel, and by mistake, got into the audience room. The noise occasioned by his abrupt entry, led the emperor to inquire the cause; and when informed that it was a young naval officer, ordered him to his presence. The midshipman told the emperor that he had entered the palace in pursuit of a deserter, and would not leave it till he should find him. DOM PEDRO was pleased by his resolute manner, and extended his hand to be kissed. The midshipman, however, did not so understand him, but gave it a hearty shake, and requested the emperor to allow the deserter to be sought and delivered up. The sailor was taken, and Mr. H—— left the palace.

"A few days afterwards, the emperor, when driving four-in-hand, met Mr. H——. He drew up the horses, and extended his hand, which Mr. H—— shook very cordially, and told his Highness that he was extremely happy to see him. The emperor frequently related the anecdote, and styled Mr. H—— his 'young American friend.'"

The vegetable productions of this vast empire are as abundant and as valuable as those of any other in the world, not only in

medicinal plants, fruits, and dye-woods, but in timber suitable for all the purposes of marine architecture. The province of *Rio Grande do Sul*, which enjoys a temperate climate, produces hides and jerked meats in abundance; *Saint Paul* yields wheat, rye, maize, manioc, potatoes, wine, and the *Palma Christi* in such quantities, that its oil is commonly burned in lamps—coarse cottons are exported, and their manufacture promises to improve. The island of St. Catharine, on the coast, near the tropic, affords coffee and rice of superior quality, and is adapted to indigo, pepper, vanilla, balsam copaiba, &c. In its forests are several excellent species of wood; and good cheese has lately been made and exported to the main. *Rio Janeiro* has a fertile soil, remarkably adapted to the cultivation of coffee, which is rapidly increasing, and is the focus of industry and trade whence improvements spread in every direction. The flourishing state of the spice trees in the botanic garden, near the city, induces the belief that their cultivation may be extended sufficiently for the home demand, if not for exportation. *Minas Geraes*, besides the major part of the productions of the southern provinces of Spain and Portugal, yields gold, diamonds, and precious stones, wheat and Indian corn; and nitre is abundantly obtained from the mines of Monte Rorigo. *Matto-Grosso* and *Goius* are thinly peopled, chiefly by tribes of unsubdued Indians. The soil is covered with rich pasturage, forests, and several useful plants, common to Peru. *Espirito Santo* and *Porto-Seguro* abound with the *Ibirapitanga* (Brazil wood) and woods suitable to cabinet work and architecture. *Ilheos* and its adjacent territories furnish manioc and the cacao tree, but their cultivation is not extensive. In *Bahia*, the sugar cane and tobacco are profitably planted; and at St. Salvador, as at Rio Janeiro, several mechanic arts are exercised with distinguished success. *Pernambuco* grows the finest cotton of South America; Brazil wood thrives better here than in any other part of the empire, but little attention is given to its cultivation. Numerous flocks and herds from *Siara*, *Parahyba*, and *Pianhy* supply a lucrative branch of trade. In *Maranham* and *Para* cotton flourishes, the cacao tree covers the banks of certain rivers, several spice-trees grow spontaneously, and among the choice woods is the *citrin*, reserved for the manufacture of the most sumptuous moveables. Indigo grows in several districts, and the cochineal may be, as it has been, raised in the neighbourhood of Rio. With these advantages, increased industry and population alone are wanting to render Brazil one of the richest and most powerful nations of the earth.

Finally, the southern provinces export wheat, hides, horns, hair, and tallow; the middle, gold and precious stones; and the northern, cotton, coffee, sugar, and Brazil wood. The quantities of staple articles, annually exported, are estimated thus; sugar,

100,000 cases, of 15 quintals or 128 pounds each; cotton, 150,000 bales; coffee, between 12 and 13 millions of pounds. The imports are chiefly wines, brandy, and oil from Portugal; dry-goods and hardware from England; flour, salted provisions, naval stores, and household furniture from the United States.

In its colonial state the commerce of Brazil was restricted by the policy of the fader land; but was disenthralled in 1807, when the monarch immigrated to Rio Janeiro. The influence of Great Britain over the Portuguese government followed it across the Atlantic, as was apparent in a commercial treaty between the two powers in 1810, opening the ports of Brazil to British vessels and produce, paying 15 per cent. on a valuation made by their own consuls. This treaty expired in 1825. Imported produce generally pays a duty of 24 per cent. on a valuation by the custom-house of the country, which is frequently complained of as extravagantly high.

The latest census, in 1819, gave the population as follows,—Whites 843,000; Indians 259,400; Free castes 426,000; Slave castes 200,000; Free Blacks 159,500; Black slaves 1,728,000. Supposing a ratio of increase, one-half of that of the United States, the present number of inhabitants would be about five millions.

Cape Horn, like Scylla and Charybdis of the ancients, has long been the dread of seamen. All accounts concur in giving to this region a stormy character, at every season of the year. The journals of voyagers, particularly of the earlier navigators, give fearful descriptions of the tempests and disasters generally encountered in passing from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. A distinguished American naval commander says, “the passage around Cape Horn, I assert, from my own experience, is the most difficult, and attended with more hardships, than that of the same distance in any other part of the world.” Still, such have been the improvements in marine architecture and navigation, that, of three hundred merchant vessels supposed annually to double the Cape, not more than one is totally lost.

The principal difficulties of this navigation arise from the westerly winds, which constantly prevail, accompanied by cold rain, snow, hail and sleet, exhausting the seamen, more by their endurance than their severity. The usual route is between the Falkland islands and the main, drawing round the land as much as the wind will permit, approaching near enough to see it, and then holding way until the vessel attain the meridian of 80° or 85° west longitude from Greenwich, before attempting to steer to the northward. If successful in gaining that meridian without being driven far to the southward, the passage is generally short, the voyage from latitude 40° S. in the Atlantic to Valparaiso, being made in from thirty to thirty-five days. Vessels, however,

are frequently driven as far as 63° or 64° S., where, if to the eastward of the meridian of Cape Horn, they meet with icebergs.

The result of an elaborate examination of this subject by our naval officer, is that it is advisable not to pass through the Straits La Mair; to keep close in with the land; not to go south of 57° ; and not to attempt to decrease the latitude until in the meridian of 85° W., however promising the appearances of the weather may be. For this conclusion, he gives the following reasons. Though the winds are, generally, they do not always prevail, from the west—the gales are less severe near the land, and do not blow home—no currents set on shore—and by not being too far south, advantage may be taken of a favourable wind, that in a few hours might carry the vessel beyond the parallel of the Cape, which would be unavailing if the ship should be as far as 63° S., as has been recommended, because, these winds do not always last long enough to carry a vessel many hundred miles.

The original passage to the Pacific by the Straits of Magellan, has of late years been successfully resorted to. Their length is from three to four hundred, their breadth from eight to twenty miles. The water is deep, the anchorage good, the surface generally smooth, and both shores furnish safe and convenient harbours. An American bark, drawing fifteen feet water, lately passed through in four days. Sealers prefer it to the passage around the Cape. During the current year, a survey of this channel has been made by an English vessel of war, which may remove the objections which have hitherto prevented the use of this route to the Pacific. This subject is deeply interesting to navigators; and our author suggests that all obscurities thereon might soon be removed, if each one would forward an extract from his log book, with his observations, to some of the public journals.

The "*Notices of Chile*" fill seventy-eight pages of the work before us, and might be reduced under the following heads; description of the coast, harbour, and town of Valparaiso; domestic manners of the inhabitants; a ride to Santiago, and remarks upon that city and its inhabitants, and its public institutions; a visit to Colina; and an account of Coquimbo bay, and the city of La Serena.

On approaching the coast of Chile, the chain of the gigantic Cordillera capped with snow, is visible at sunrise in all its natural and desolate grandeur, above the clouds, many miles at sea, and long before the line of the coast rises above the horizon. Soon after sunrise the land becomes shrouded in mist, and frequently fifty or sixty miles are passed over, before the rocky, broken, wild, and precipitous shore is discernible. In midwinter, or the rainy season, all nature is gay: the hills are green, the air is soft and pleasant, and the atmosphere clear. But in midsummer

the traveller does not recognise the vale of paradise, covered with brown and parched vegetation.

The harbour of Valparaiso is commodious, the anchorage good, though at certain seasons dangerous. In winter, which is from the middle of May to the middle of August, north winds prevail, and throw into the bay a swell so heavy, that vessels sometimes are driven ashore and beaten to pieces. During the rest of the year southerly winds blow, sometimes so strongly that ships drag to sea. The town is divided into the *port* and *Almendrál*; the former consists of one irregular street, and the *quebradas* or ravines, which are built in wherever a site for a house can be obtained. *Ranchos* or huts are perched about the hill sides like birds' nests, wherever a resting place can be scooped out. Notwithstanding the disadvantage arising from the want of level land, this improves more rapidly than any other city on this side Cape Horn. Most of the houses on the main street are good two story buildings, whose ground floors are occupied as stores and ware-rooms; in the eastern part of the port, and in the *almendrál*, the houses are only one story high. They are all built of *adobes*, or sun-dried bricks, whitewashed, and roofed with tiles. The markets are said to be the best and cheapest on the coast, abounding in fruits, vegetables, beef, mutton, poultry, game, and fish.

Owing to the greater part of the business being transacted within a small space, the street, in the morning, presents a very lively appearance, which our author has very successfully described, together with the various portions of the population which animate it.

The conventional customs of society differ, in many respects, from those in the United States. Day visiting, except on Sundays, is not usual. At sunset, the ladies are generally prepared to receive company, and expect it. To give an idea of the forms of society, our author narrates the history of his first visit, at great length, and with that minute particularity, which introduces not only the most ordinary features, but such as are common in all civilized countries. These add to the volume of the book, but do not increase its interest. We will strive to select such circumstances from this narrative as are peculiar and characteristic.

"I followed a friend into a drawing room, furnished in the Chile fashion, with tables, mirrors, a sofa, a piano, and a great number of chairs, ranged in two rows facing each other, on that side of the room where the sofa stood. A 'petate,' or thick straw mat, covered the floor, and a strip of carpet was laid only under the chairs on one side of the room. It was twilight, and candles had not been yet brought. Three ladies sat upon the sofa, conversing, with their feet drawn up under them, *a la Turque*, while a fourth stood looking through a glass door that opened upon a balcony, beating one of the panes with her fingers, as if it had been a piano, and humming a waltz. The evening was cool, and the ladies were all covered with large shawls, the right corner being thrown over the left shoulder, so as to bury the chin in its folds, much after the manner that dandies wear the

Spanish cloak. In the winter, this custom is universal; then the nose and chin are hidden in the shawl, the eyes only being seen above the fold. During that season, having neither hearths nor chimneys in the house, except for the kitchen, the ladies keep warm by placing a 'brazero,' or copper pan of well burned charcoal, near the sofa, with a basket, made for the purpose, turned over it, upon which they rest their feet, or even sit. As we entered the apartment, which was high and airy, the ladies on the sofa ceased their conversation, and bent forward in formal salutation, as my conductor said, 'Como pean ustedes, Señoras? Un Amigo?'—How do you do, ladies? A friend—pointing to me as he pronounced the last word. The lady who was humming, curtsied and took a chair."

After the usual remarks on the weather, and questions as to health, and time of arrival of the stranger, which almost every where attend the reserve of a first introduction, the ladies entertained their guests with music, cakes, tea, and *maté*. The young Indian girl, who bore a silver salver of cakes, being an Araucanian, gives occasion for one of the episodes which too frequently break in upon and mar some of the best descriptions in the work. Thus we are told, in a sketch of a tea party, that "the Araucanians, when taken and instructed young, make excellent servants; and there is scarcely a family without one in its service, particularly where there are young ladies. This race has borne the character of fierce and warlike from the earliest times; their valor and martial prowess have been celebrated in an epic of thirty-seven cantos, entitled 'La Araucana,' by Don Alonso de Ercilla y Zúñiga.—Speaking of the country of Arauco, he says,

"Venus y Amor a quien no alcanzan porte,
Solo domina el fiero modo Marte."

"The 'mate,' or, as it is familiarly called, 'yerba mate,' *Her Paraguensis*, is a plant of Paraguay, used in almost every part of South America, as a substitute for tea. It arrives in Chile from the Rio de la Plata, by the way of Cape Horn, or by crossing the Cordilleras, packed in bales of hide. It presents to the eye a greenish yellow dust, in which are mingled broken leaves and stems of the plant. This material, infused in boiling water, forms the 'mate,' which every where in Chile, previous to the revolution, was substituted for the more costly tea of China; since that period, the old ladies only adhere to the practice, while the young ones, more refined in taste, prefer sipping Young Hyson or Bichea, from a gilt edged China tea-cup. The 'yerba,' with sugar and the outer rind of orange or lemon peel, or pieces of cinnamon, are placed in a globular vessel holding about a gill, and boiling water is poured in upon them. The vessel containing the infusion, termed 'a mate,' is either entirely of silver, or of a small gourd, banded with silver, supported by a stem and plate of the same metal. A silver cover, perforated with a hole for the passage of the 'bombilla,' and secured to the side by a chain, serves to retain the heat and aroma of the plant. The 'bombilla' is a tube from ten to twelve inches long, terminated at one end by a bulb (not unlike that of a thermometer) pierced with many small holes; like 'the mate,' it is silver, or consists of a cane tube with a metal bulb.

"Such is the apparatus from which the elderly Chilenas sip, or rather suck their favorite beverage, at a temperature very little below that of boiling water. Doña Juana took 'the mate,' and after two or three sips, offered it to me, to try whether it were pleasant; however, withlug I might have been to receive the tube into my mouth, immediately after coming from the peering lips of her daughters, I must confess, I felt some repugnance to suck the same stem with Doña Juana. Yet, recollecting that one of Basil Hall's officers had given offence by carrying a 'bombilla' for his peculiar use, I took 'the mate,' and finding it agreeable in flavor, did

not relinquish it until I had drawn it to the dregs. Those who take 'maté' for the first time, usually burn their lips; and it is the only mistake at which ladies laugh; in fact, a cynic could scarcely keep his countenance: fancy a gentleman pressing a hot silver tube between his lips, jerking back his head in surprise, then resorting to his handkerchief to dry his eyes, and while he does so, attempting to smile—the *tout ensemble* produces the most whimsical expression of countenance imaginable. Two or three 'mates' are generally quite sufficient to supply a company of eight or ten persons; for they are passed from mouth to mouth till all are satisfied. When the fluid is exhausted, 'the maté' is replenished with sugar, and hot water from a silver kettle, usually placed in the room upon a small 'brazero' of living coals."

Smoking followed the maté, a single coal of fire having been brought, in a small silver globe, supported on a stem and plate like the maté cup, and Doña Juana urging her visitors to smoke as freely as if they were in their own house. "The cigars of Chile, called 'hojas,' or 'hojitas,' are about two and a half inches long; the wrapper is made of the inner husk of corn, and filled with coarsely powdered tobacco. As their use is apt to stain the fingers of the smoker, the fashionable young gentlemen carry a pair of delicate gold tweezers for holding them. The cigar is so small in size, that it requires not more than three or four minutes to smoke one. It serves well to fill up an interval in conversation. At tertúlias, the gentlemen sometimes retire to a balcony to smoke one or two cigars after a dance."

Other guests arrived in the course of the evening, to whom, it is recorded, the same courtesies were extended. The party broke up, leaving upon our author the impression that the ladies frequently displayed considerable archness and humour in their remarks; and this he found to be the case in all his intercourse with Chilean society. "Just before taking leave, Doña Ignacita presented a flower to each of her guests, in a manner that was very graceful, her face being lighted up with smiles, yet she said not a word. This custom of presenting flowers to guests is universal, and is a beautiful token of welcome, which is renewed, when the guest has made a favorable impression, at the first three or four visits. If none be given him, he may infer that the repetition of his visits will not be acceptable."

A morning visit paid to the same family admits us to the Chilean belles, at an hour not usually devoted to company.

"My second visit to Dona Juana, was between the hours of twelve and one o'clock in the day. I found two of the young ladies seated at their frames, embroidering shawls, in very beautiful patterns. They wore the shawl, and the hair was braided and hanging down the back. Dona Carmencita was sitting at the *maquina de coser*, with a book in her lap, and stooping forward, in such a way that her hair, which was loose and wet, formed a complete veil for her face. On my entrance, she laid her hair behind her ears, and closed her book. Her sisters pushed aside their work, and adjusted their shawls and dresses. The shawl of a Chilean belle is a most rebellious and troublesome article of dress, for it will be constantly slipping off the shoulder, and so disclose a pretty neck and upper part of the bust, which the young ladies are ever anxious to conceal. Ladies never pursue their needle-work in the presence of strangers, or rather visitors, as it is considered impolite; from this circumstance, foreigners have charged them with being idle. Yet when it is recol-

lected that there are no mantua-makers in Chile, and that the ladies make their own dresses, they must be excused from that accusation. They are always neat in the decoration of their feet;— silk stockings are universally worn.

"Doña Caracenta apologized for the state of her *petate*, saying that she had just been washing her hair in a solution of lime, which she had not yet dried. The 'quillai' is the bark of the *Quilisa Saccharina arborea*, a tree growing at the foot of hills, and in the mountains of Chile. When the bark is broken into small pieces, and infused in cold water, it forms a saponiferous fluid, that of soap. With this, the ladies of Chile are in the habit of washing their heads, once in about ten days; they say it preserves the scalp from dandruff; it certainly gives the hair a very clean, glossy appearance. Besides, it is also useful for cleansing cloths, silks, and crapes, from grease, without injuring either their texture or color, and is sometimes used as a medicine.

"The ladies were very conversant with many inquiries about the United States, the North American ladies, their amusements, dress, &c. They spoke of the Peruvian ladies as being distinguished for their intrigues and want of modesty, and as an illustration, Doña Juana related the following anecdote.

"A Marquesa was walking towards her home one evening, concealed in the peculiar dress of the country, called 'saya y manto,' and was spoken to by an unknown young gentleman in a cloak, who inquired he might go to a *cage*, and accept of some refreshment. She finally consented. After partaking of ices, cakes, and costly wines, to an amount so great that she thought her man would not have money enough in his purse to pay, she coiled the last lady, whom she knew well; and told him not to permit the gentleman to leave the house till he had paid, nor taken from him any other pledge than his pantaloons; for which purpose the landlord was to receive a *douceur*. The young gentleman's purse could not cover one half the amount of the charge, and mine host vowed that he must leave the whole before he left. The young gentleman offered his watch to pledge, which was obstinately refused. The marquesa grew impatient at the delay, and urged her man to make haste, or she would leave him. The landlord demanded the pantaloons. The young gentleman was indignant, and referred the case to his life-chamberlains, who, after some coaxing, persuaded him to yield his pantaloons, roll his cloak about him, and accompany her home. He consented. She delighted the victim of her sport with her lively *jeu d'esprit*, as they walked along, and at last ushered him into a splendidly furnished room, occupied by a brilliant party of ladies and gentlemen. The youth would have escaped, but the fair one held him tight by the arm, and conducted him to a seat. He drew his cloak closer around him, and put his feet under his chair. The marquesa introduced several of her female friends to him, after giving them a hint of her joke. The young ladies insisted that he must be very warm, but he thought it was cold;—they urged him to dance, but he vowed he could not. At last the ladies became rude, and, forcibly removing the cloak from the young cavalier's shoulders, exposed him to the whole company, standing in his drawers and boots; after being heartily laughed at, he was turned out of doors!

"On a Sunday evening, I accompanied my friend, Don Samuel, to assist at the tertulia given weekly by Doña Juana. We found a number of ladies and gentlemen, old and young, pretty and plain, already assembled. The ladies were ranged, seated facing each other, in a long file, extending across the room, the appearance of which was much improved by the carpet being spread entirely over the 'petate,' or mat. In the United States the carpets are always taken up for *soires* or *festivals* (preferring the latter word, when dancing forms a part of the amusement; but here, on the contrary, they are always spread for that purpose, and kept rolled up to one side of the apartment at other times. Even at public balls, the dancing room is always carpeted; the reason for this practice is that the floors are of tiles.

"Tea, coffee, &c. were served as with us, and afterwards one of the ladies took a seat at the piano. While she was preludeing, a gentleman, styled 'el bastonero,' (who is some intimate, self-elected for the evening,) cried out, 'Contradanza Señores!'—'Contradance, Gentlemen!'—upon which intimation, they led forth their partners, and stood up in order. The music commenced; the tone, that of a slow waltz. That the grace and beauty of the 'contradanza' may be appreciated, it must be seen; the figures are so various, and some of them so intricate or labyrinth-like, that I will not attempt to describe them; they exhibit what might be termed the

very poetry of the Terpsichorean art. The contradance was followed by quadrilles and waltzing."

"A few dances and a few songs, some 'dulces,' (and ices occasionally,) bring the evening near its close. Then, if the party has been a merry one, the 'cuando,' or 'perdiz,' dances peculiar to the country, one or both are performed. They are always accompanied by a song appropriate to the measure; are spirited and graceful. In the last, after a customary introductory verse, the lady repeats some stanza from memory, to which the gentleman is bound to reply, in an appropriate stanza from some of the poets, or an impromptu. This alternate dancing and recitation are continued till the lady has exhausted her memory, or till she has repeated six or eight stanzas. When the dancers possess humor or wit, as they frequently do, 'la perdiz' becomes the source of great merriment and enjoyment."

"About eleven, the old ladies embrace; the young imitate them, and the tertúlia is broken up. Nothing in the way of evening party can exceed the social cordiality, the freedom from restraint, and the general enjoyment, afforded at the 'tertúlias' and 'reuniones' of Chile."

In May 1832, our naval officer, having a few weeks' leisure, resolved to visit Santiago, the capital of Chile. The usual mode of travelling is in a gig, differing in nothing from that of the United States, save that it is more clumsily and rudely built. He has taken care, however, to communicate to us, that "the one selected for his journey had a neat green body, hung low, with a gilt wreath running round the pannels; the top was broad, and hung forward so much that it afforded ample protection from sun and rain." The gear of the team is rather peculiar, and his very minute description of it may amuse the reader.

We have also given to us, with great minuteness, and we must say, with much effect, a description of the persons and costume of the attendants; but for this also we refer the reader to the volume itself, as well as for an account of their looks and conduct, even to the lighting of a cigar upon the journey.

The summit of the Altos de Valparaiso is 1260 feet above the sea, and like all the high land around is composed chiefly of decomposing felspar covered with a thin soil, scarcely sufficient to nourish the cactus plants that stand on its most prominent points. The road has been cut into the solid rock in some places with great labour. From it there is a magnificent view, seaward, of the town, the bay, and the ocean; landward, of a boundless, barren, irregular, and uncultivated country, in which a lonely palm tree is occasionally visible. A curious mode of checking the motion of carriages in their descent down the precipitous hills, was displayed in the passage of some carts and of the traveller's gig. In the first case a yoke of oxen was attached, by a hide

rope, to the tail of each cart. The animals understood their duty well; placing their feet in advance, and unwillingly yielding the ground as they were dragged forward by the horns; thus answering all the purposes to the *carréta*, which a kedge anchor does to the ship—retarding its progress. In the case of the gig, one of the postillions passed his *lazo* round the axle, and reined in his horse behind it, kedging in the same style as the *carrétas*.

Every step of this road, every animal, human, or brute, every rancho, pueblo, or inn upon it, every meal taken, is described spiritedly but most minutely. Of this besetting sin, we have here an instance, in which are portrayed the landlord of an inn, his guests, his furniture, his wife, his children, his bed-room, his bar-room, and, lastly, the town in which he resides.

We must hasten on our traveller to Santiago, not allowing him time to describe the glories of the *Cuesta de Zapáta*, a hill on the road, (with the Andes in sight, soaring 18,000 feet into the clouds, we can scarce call an elevation of 2,543 a mountain) nor the rigorous search of the custom house officers, nor the barometrical observations of Mr. John Miers, made in October and November of 1819. But we will not do him the injustice to omit the following humorous sketch, which would have become the pencil of Smollet.

"Every day, about a dozen gentlemen resorted to the *table d'hôte*. At one end sat a BuenosAyrean, by profession a lawyer and talking politician, who, having been in England, spoke English well and rapidly. For some reason or other he was dubbed Sir James Mackintosh! The opposite end was occupied by a man who called himself English or American, as occasion suited. He had been master of a merchant vessel, but through misfortune, or something worse, was sold out. Having lost his money, as well as his character, with his vessel, he at once called into requisition his talent for drawing, and in a very short time gained considerable reputation as a miniature painter. Ambitious in his new art, he quickly took to portraits, and in the opinion of the Chilean public, painted a *merveille*. How frequently did he exclaim, 'What an ass I have been to waste my time on miniatures at two *censo*s a piece, while I get six for a portrait! My dear sir, these stupid people judge of the excellence of a picture only by its size!' This gentleman's pursuits had gained for him the cognomen of Sir Thomas Lawrence. This Sir Thomas was a strange compound. He frequently held a colloquy with a large water dog, while he fed him. On such occasions he would exclaim, 'Poor Pompey!—they say you have no soul—the rascals are not content to live three times as long as any other animal, but after that they must be immortal—and then, d——n them, they keep their immortality to themselves, and shut out all other animals of this world; but, Pompey, 'tis vanity; for their clay will be as senseless as your own.' To all of which Pompey replied by sagaciously wagging his tail, and looking grateful for the morsels of meat and consolation bestowed upon him. One day, while I was in his room, a party of young ladies came to look at a portrait of an old aunt, who still flourished at tertulias. Sir Thomas had invited them to suggest any improvements, and point out any faults that might be apparent in the picture, which represented a smiling countenance, in which time had been making his marks for five-and-forty years. The rap and ribbons were about half finished. Sir Thomas seated the ladies at a proper distance, and placed the picture in the most advantageous light, at the same time asking after the kind lady's health, and making a thousand trifling queries, accompanied with smiles and grimaces intended to be cheerful. Then taking his stand beside the ladies, left foot in advance, left thumb in the arm hole of his vest, and his bottle-green frock thrown back; while the right hand, by turns,

pointed to the picture and stroked his long visage between the fingers and thumb, dropping the lower jaw as they reached the chin, he thus discoursed—"Well, ladies, there's a likeness for you—the mouth almost as rich as *yours*, Doña Pauchita,"—(this was said with a bow)—"and the eye still retains its fire; it must have been, when young, like *yours*, Doña María;"—another bow—"then the cheek, pale to be sure, possesses a 'no se que' that I admire. What a pity that time should take away the young bloom from so fine a face! Now, when I look again, I think, Doña Carmencita, the cap is rather high, and the bow of ribbon on the left side is *rather* too blue—very little, though;—don't you think so, Doña Rosita?"

"'Quien sabe!' replied the laughing girl.

"'You are right, ladies,' continued Sir Thomas, 'the cap is too high, and the ribbon a very little too blue; the ladies, for taste in such matters, after all.' The ladies really thought, as Sir Thomas wished, that they had suggested the faults in the cap and ribbon; and agreed with him in every other respect. Like one of experience and tact in the world, he at once drew their attention to the miniatures of some young beaux, and then to some prints, keeping up their admiration to the last; and on taking leave, assured them, in a low tone, that their aunt's portrait was his master-piece, and by no means a flattering likeness!"

The plain on which Santiago stands extends about forty miles north and south, and fifteen east and west; being shut in on one side by the Andes, and on the other by Cuesta del Prado and the continuous hills. On the south, it is bounded by the River Mapocho, and on the north by the high hills beyond Colina. The city, founded on the 21th February, 1541, by Pedro de Valdivia, and then called "*Santiago de la nueva Estremadura*," is laid out in regular squares; the streets crossing each other at right angles, having streams of water supplied from the Mapocho running in their centres. The architecture of private and public buildings is in the Moorish style. The houses are of one and two stories, built of *adobes*, whitewashed on the outside, and roofed with red tiles, generally without chimneys, being warmed by *brazeros* of charcoal, even in seasons of frost and snow. The best houses have been constructed by carpenters from the United States, and in some cases, owing to the scarcity of suitable wood, the windows, doors, and parts of the frames already manufactured, have been imported from our country. Almost every house has a garden, and the town plat is consequently of large extent.

The plaza, occupying an entire square, is nearly in the centre of the city, having on the north-west side the presidential mansion, the palace of government, the prison and courts of justice, forming altogether a fine white building, before the several doors of which sentries are always on post. On the south-west side are the cathedral, the only stone building of the place, half finished, though commenced sixty years since, and the old palace of the bishop. The other sides are occupied by private dwellings, hotels, and shops. The town is commanded by a fortification, on the conical hill of San Lucía, upon the east. There is a military academy containing about eighty cadets, who are instructed by French or English professors, and are designed for officers of the army and militia. The latter is established upon a plan well adapted for the instruction of the whole population, the men being

armed and exercised every Monday afternoon, in every town and village throughout the country. As all business is prohibited during the parade, the day is facetiously termed "*San Lunes*," or Saint Monday. At Santiago, the *Alameda de la Cañada*, or public walk, said to be the finest in South America, is the martial field. It is about a mile long, and one hundred feet wide, planted with double rows of poplars, having streams of water running between them, and white stone seats in their shade. This and the "*Tajamar*," or Breakwater, or walled bank of the river, are favourite places of public resort.

Almost every shop has on its shelves a few books, consisting chiefly of French translations and ecclesiastical works. There is no book store in the place: the largest collections of books are displayed amidst hardware and cutlery. Our author was unable to procure a copy of *Don Quixote* in the city.

Fierce and malignant passions prevail among the lower class of people, if we are to take literally the following statement.

"Early in the morning, at the prison door, may be seen, almost every day, one or two dead bodies, stretched out upon the stones, with a plate upon the breast, to collect alms for their interment. These are the result of the horrid practice of deciding personal disputes amongst the lower orders by having recourse to the murderous knife, instead of the more rational and innocent plan of John Bull's descendants, of bruising each other with the weapons nature gave them—their fists. At the '*pulperias*,' where the '*peones*' resort at night, to drink '*chicha*' and '*aguardiente*' (brandy, and sing and dance to the sound of harp and guitar, disputes frequently arise when the brain becomes heated by strong drink. Then the poncho is rolled around the left arm, to be used as a shield, and the knife, constantly worn at the back, is seized in the right hand, and the antagonists are encircled by a ring of by-standers, to see what gentlemen of 'the science of defence' have been pleased to term *fair play*. The dexterity in the use of the weapon, which they manage like a rapier, in the lunge and garde, is truly surprising. The attack is fierce on both sides. Death of one of the parties, or severe wounds, are the certain consequence of such rencontres; hence it is, that foreigners are under the impression that assassination is a common crime amongst Chilenos. Yet, the practice, having strict regard to the term, can hardly be said to be frequent; for we should hardly say that a man is assassinated, who falls by an unlucky blow in a fist fight."

But the fitting remedy is preparing for these evils, in extensive provisions for general education.

Here, as in Spain, the profession of medicine is lowly estimated; yet successful efforts are making to elevate it. Its condition is doubtless correctly ascribed to the want of liberal education in its practitioners, the absence of proper system for medical instruction, and the insufficient remuneration of services. Of late, a board of examiners has been established, composed chiefly of European physicians who have been long in the country, and who, without regard to diplomas, examine candidates for practice, in Latin, Spanish, and the several branches of the healing art, in the most rigid manner; apothecaries study pharmacy and chemistry for three years, and undergo a *practical*

examination before they are permitted to open shop. Several of the best families are now educating their children for the medical profession.

One of the most important changes of Chilian polity, without which every effort to establish a republican government would be nugatory, is the abolition of the law of primogeniture; exception having been made, however, of the right of eldest sons born before the repeal of the law. The proprietors of the "*mayorazgos*" are princes in the land, upon whom frequently depend some hundreds of poor families. Whilst on a visit to the village of Colina, our naval officer had an opportunity of observing a specimen of this aristocratical class,

"Earth's listless cumberers
Born only to consume her liberal fruits."

"The lord of the estate where I was, is a senator, and though his country residence is but twenty miles from the capital, he has not been more than three times in his seat during the present session. Yet he owns one of the finest houses in town, and says he will not go to the senate unless sent for. '*Para que Amigo!* Why should I, friend, there are enough there without me!' Don Vicente, as he is named, leads the life of a prince. He rises at nine, breakfasts at ten, saunters in a small flower garden, with a cigar, laughs for a half hour over Don Quixote, of which he has a beautiful edition; and by an occasional ride, or a game at chess with the curate, a sly joke or *bon mot* with some of the ladies, he manages to get through the day till three o'clock, when he dines. After dinner, which occupies about two hours, when alone, he smokes and dozes away the afternoon and evening, till ten o'clock, at which time he sups heartily, and retires to bed about twelve. Almost every night, however, the curate engages him at chess or cards, and between the two, the ladies are kept laughing the whole evening. It is hardly necessary to say that Don Vicente is a short, corpulent, good humoured gentleman—a *fac simile* of Sancho Panza in person, whom he admires with all his heart. He loves his family, is just and charitable to his dependants, and does not care the snap of a finger for any body beyond them. Nor does he wish to receive a line from any body, no matter what the intimacy may have been. 'If I hear of their prosperity,' says he, 'I am glad; if they are unfortunate, I am sorry.'—'*Que mas! y amigo, para que molestarne con sus cartas.*' What more—and, my friend, why should they trouble me with their letters?"

Were every individual in the class disposed, like this, to play King Log, it might be tolerated; society might move uninjured about the inanimate mass; but when, as too frequently happens, its members are disposed to play the stork, their suppression is indispensable to the public weal.

The notices of Bolivia occupy fifteen pages, and comprise a description of the Bay of Mexillones, the port and town of Cobija, the only port of the republic, the copper mines of Catiga, with an historical sketch of the country, and an account of its productions.

A half million of dollars in foreign productions pass through Cobija, annually, for the interior. The original packages are almost all broken up and repacked in smaller parcels, adapted to the strength of the mules and asses, who are the only carriers. The imports consist of European dry goods, quicksilver, tobacco,

teas, wines, American domestics, flour, &c. which are frequently purchased on board, at Valparaiso, deliverable here. The duties are low; and the question of making this a free port was agitated in the late Congress; already, provisions—wine and other luxuries excepted—are admitted duty free. Manufactured goods, as furniture and American cottons, pay an ad valorem duty of 10 per cent.; silks, and similar goods, pay five. The exports are *coined* gold and silver, (bullion is prohibited,) which pay a duty of two per cent., and wrought copper and copper ores. In seventeen months, from the 9th of March, 1831, to the 14th of September, 1832, ten ships, ten brigs, and three schooners, under American colours, visited this port, and some of them several times.

The birth-day of Bolivia is the 6th of August, 1825, the day of the victory of Junin. The Congress, which adopted the Constitution proposed by Bolivar, was installed, at Chuquisaca, the capital, on the 25th of May, 1826. The choice of a president for life fell upon General Sucre, who, with a moderation exemplary for military men of every age and every country, accepted the office for two years only, on condition that two thousand Colombian troops should be permitted to remain with him. His reason for rejecting a longer term of service was, that, having been educated a soldier, and spent the greater part of his life in the field, he was disqualified to become the civic chief of the government. Although Peru early acknowledged the independence of Bolivia, war took place between the republics, in April, 1827, which eventuated in the expulsion and resignation of Sucre. Two years of anarchy and misrule followed, which were terminated in February, 1829, by establishing General Santa Cruz at the head of the government. Since that period, Bolivia, for prosperity, ranks foremost among the South American republics; Santa Cruz having established schools, increased commerce by relieving it of many taxes, and concluded a treaty of peace and commerce with Peru.

- Bolivia is rich in mines of copper, and the precious metals; the vine and olive flourish; rice and flax are abundant, and, in many places, the sugar cane grows without culture; Peruvian bark and indigo are successfully reared; and the *coca*, essential to the Indian's comfortable existence, is a staple of the climate. The *coca* (*erithroxylon peruviana*) was sacred to the use of those who were of the blood of the Incas. It was held as an emblem of divinity, and none entered the enclosure where it grew, without bending the knee in adoration; nor was the sacrifice deemed acceptable, unless the victim were crowned with its tendril. The oracles were silent, and the auguries terrible, if the priest did not chew *coca* when consulting them. When its use became general, the Indian resorted to it for consolation under every vicissitude of

life; and so great became its consumption, that it produced, at one period, no less than \$2,641,487, yearly. Its leaves were once the representative of money.

Being sown in the months of December and January, its growth is fostered by the heavy rains which fall in the mountains until the month of April. The plant endures five years; flowers, and yields four crops of leaves, annually, which are carefully gathered and dried in the sun. The virtues ascribed to them are so astonishing, that we cannot but think them greatly exaggerated. Sustained by them, with a little parched corn, the Indian supports the toil and noxious exhalations of the mine, without rest, food, or covering; runs hundreds of leagues over desert plains, and mountains, bearing the loads of the mules, frequently through passes impracticable even for these animals; labours which the Spaniards were wholly unable to perform, until they, also, betook themselves to the use of coca. Without it the Indian loses his vigour and power of endurance. It has a slightly aromatic odour; and, when chewed, dispenses a grateful fragrance. The mode of employing it is to mix with it, in the mouth, a small quantity of shell lime, in the manner betel is used in the East. Its effects on the system are stomachic and tonic, and beneficial in preventing intermittents, which prevail in the country.

The "Notices of Peru," although the visit of our officer rarely extended from the coast, fill much the greater part of the book. The description of the port of Callao and the city of Lima is, we had like to have said, fatiguingly minute; but this might be deemed hypercritical, since the object of the work is to render the cities of the western coast, and the manners and customs of their inhabitants, familiar to us. That writer, domestic or foreign, who would, as well, as fully, and as truly describe the cities of our Atlantic coast, would render a service to his country, by enlightening its citizens, and to the world, by disabusing it of the errors which ignorance, prejudice, and worse motives have disseminated.

In the work before us, we have the description of Callao, the port of Lima, with an historical notice of the changes it has undergone from earthquakes and war; of the road to Lima from the port, with every thing upon it moveable or immoveable—of the city of Lima, including its foundation, topography, and climate; defence; of distribution of property; population; religious communities with their dwellings; of public buildings and public institutions; the public square, with all the various objects which fill, adorn, or deface it; of the death of Pizarro; of domestic society; Sunday amusements; bull baits; of Christmas festivals; of a visit to *Chorollos*; birth day festivals of saints, &c.; of the power of the clergy; of marriage—clandestine; notice of reli-

gious toleration; notices of various towns on the coast; geographical and political views of Peru; Payta Piura, whalers, and a fish story. This is a general catalogue of this portion of the book. It contains many interesting matters, from which we proceeded to cull such as we think may interest the reader.

Lima, or as it is now occasionally called, "the City of the Free," is on the southern bank of the river Rimac, from which it takes its name; (the L being substituted for the R,) and which separates it from the suburb of San Lorenzo. It is sheltered on the north and east by the hills of Amancaes and San Christoval; the one 2560 feet, the other 1170 feet above the level of the ocean. These are spurs of the Andes, whose great chain runs north and south about twenty leagues east of the city. On the south and west the town is open to the breezes from the Pacific, which cool the air of the summer and disperse the fogs and mists of the winter. The climate is perhaps the most flattering in the world; and the soil and skies have been themes of praise with historians and poets. The valley enjoys an eternal spring; vegetation and fructification are in perpetual progress; the same tree, frequently putting forth blossoms on one branch, whilst it presents matured fruits on another. Wherever water reaches it, the soil, though not deep, is abundantly prolific. The atmosphere is clouded, foggy, and humid, but never dissolves in rain. The country around Lima is highly fertile, and by irrigation yields every variety of fruit and vegetables.

Having once got into the city, our author proceeds to the great square, formerly the Plaza Real, now Plaza Independencia, the scenes of which he places in a delightful dioramic view before us. But we can spare room for slight sketches only.

"Entering the Portal de Botineros, about ten o'clock in the morning, and passing to that of the Eseribanos, many interesting groups and figures present themselves, and what is remarkable, from one end of the year to the other the picture is always the same. All Sundays and feast days are alike; and all working days strikingly resemble each other; except when there is some popular exhibition or religious procession going forward, and then it is more crowded.

"The first figure that called attention was that of a stout negro, in full bottomed, dark green breeches, open at the knee, showing that his linen drawers were embroidered and pointed like a ruffle. Before him stood a table, on which was spread a piece of bayeta—a species of baiza—the long furze of which he was combing with a card, such as is used with us for carding wool and cotton.

"The shopkeepers were seen, when not occupied by customers, seated on the counters, neatly dressed, swinging their legs and smoking cigars; or sometimes a half dozen were listening to the news from an infant gazette, read in a monotonous tone. When a lady entered to purchase, she uncovered her face, though not always, and the shopman generally served her with a cold indifference that argued a great love for *dulce far niente*. This feeling, I am told, has been known to gain such influence at times, that a shopman, rather than move, has denied having goods which were seen upon his shelves! Strangers generally pay doubly for all they buy in Lima. I have known thirty dollars received for an article, of which the price asked was a hundred. About ten o'clock, the shopmen are seen behind their counters, taking breakfast, which usually consists of some stew, bread, a basin of broth, followed by a cup of chocolate and a glass of water.

"The tables along the colonnades present a number of handy-craftsmen of every variety of caste, making silk cords, tassels, gold and silver epaulettes, sword knots, buttons, &c.

"Presently we met a *canónigo*. Like all of his class, he wore a long black cloak, black small clothes and silk stockings, with large shoes and buckles. At a distance his hat resembled a great black cylinder. Close at his heels were two or three boys in black suits, relieved by a blue sash worn over the shoulder, tottering under huge cocked hats, trimmed with feathers. They were collegians. Then came two gaily dressed officers, arm and arm, whiskered and moustached—booted and spurred. Nothing kept their vanity from flying away with them, but the weight of their long metal scabbarded sabres, which clattered after them over the pavement. The organ of self-esteem must be even greater than that of combativeness in the Peruvian army! Next was a *serrano* or Indian from the interior, followed by his wife. He wore a high crowned, broad brimmed straw hat, without a band, and a long poncho of bayeta, falling below the knee. His legs and feet were bare, and judging from the spread of the toes, they had never been acquainted with shoes. A pair of *alforjas*—coarse saddle-bags—hung carelessly over his left shoulder, and his right hand grasped a long staff. His black temple locks hung straight down his cheeks, as was the fashion hundreds of years before the conquest. He was of brawny stature, with a broad copper coloured face, high cheek bones, and a serene countenance. His wife was clad in a coarse woollen petticoat, plaited full round the waist, and short enough to show her bare feet. A young child was slung over her back, in a shawl of blue bayeta. Her hair was combed back from the forehead, and braided in two long tresses, hanging almost to the ground. Curiosity kept the Indian looking over his shoulder, and, in consequence, he ran into the corpulency of a staid judge, with a severe countenance and a large cocked hat. His shirt was folded, ruffled, and starched in a prim style, and a star of brilliants was suspended round his neck by a broad tricolored ribbon. The rencontre was equally unexpected, for the judge was in a most sedate and pensive mood. His moody look changed into a scowl of contemptuous anger; the Indian cowered under it, touched his hat, and passed on. The feelings of the Indian and the European Spaniard are still as uncongenial as oil and water, though, like the first of those two fluids, the Spaniard always maintains his superiority."

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"At sunset the scene changes. All the shops are shut, business is closed for the day, and the plaza is then devoted to pleasure and promenade. Along the *Portal de Escribanos* are tables, where are sold, by candle light, ices and iced drinks of several kinds. *Orchata*—prepared from almonds—and *chicha*, a species of beer made from maize, are common.

"In the centre of the plaza, here and there, are glimmering lights and fires. Men and women are seated round the fresco tables, as they are termed, partaking of the various refreshments. The *sayá y manto* has disappeared, but the ladies still hide their faces, by wearing a shawl over the head. Here an old negress, with long bony arms, shining in grease, with scarce tatters enough to conceal her limbs, squats over a copper pan of boiling lard, in which fritters are cooking. A long stick serves her all the purposes of a fork for turning the cakes, and when she cannot see, it is first dipped into the fat, then into the fire, and is at once converted into a torch. There, another sybil of the complexion and garb, sits up ground, stretching her neck silently over a pan of frittering, crackling fish, while a half dozen negroes are stretched out about her, resting upon an elbow, eating from a gourd plate. The uncertain glare which dapples these groups, gives to them, at first sight, something of that appearance which the imagination attaches to Hades. In another spot sits a bare-headed negro, in big breeches, making *barquillos*. He has three or four irons, like those for waffles, arranged in a bed of hot coals, and a copper pan of batter, by his side. He pours a spoonful on one of the irons, from which he has just removed a *barquillo*, and places it in the fire. Then taking the iron furthest to his left, he opens it, and scrapes round the edges with a knife; he turns the wafer-like cake upon his palm, and rolls it round a stick, which is removed by a slight jerk of the hand, and falls to the ground, leaving the *barquillo* like a sheet of lightly rolled paper. Both hands are now wiped on the full part of his dirty breeches, and the iron is again set in motion. These cakes are made

- very rapidly. They are eaten with ices and chocolate, by those who care not for the mode in which they are made. Still another kind of refreshment is found in the *picante*, which consists of various kinds of butcher's meat, made into a stew, spiced and peppered as hotly as possible. After partaking of it, the throat is flooded with iced *chicha*, to quench the flame which the morsel excites.

"From sunset till eleven and twelve o'clock at night, in the summer season particularly, men and women are strolling from table to table. The women, with their faces hidden under the shawl, perform the part of maskers in the scene. Many curious adventures and anecdotes are related of the feigned *liaisons d'amours*, which the Limanians have sustained, in order to be invited to partake of refreshments at the expense of some uninitiated wight. Women have been known to pretend to the acquaintance of a gentleman accidentally met in the plaza, (and masked as they are, it is impossible to recognise them,) till they have succeeded in taking ices at his expense, then, throwing off the disguise, express their astonishment that he was 'tan inocente'—so simple as not to have detected them. The history of the intrigues and deceptions practised in this plaza, would form a volume of much interest to a curious reader.

"The walking dress of the ladies of Lima, presents a very curious and unique appearance to the stranger who beholds it for the first time. Yet, after a little use, it is rather pleasing than disgusting to the eye, when prettily worn. For several days after my arrival, my chief amusement in the morning, before breakfast, was to stand in the *puertacalle* and observe the ladies in *saya y manto*, as they passed to and from mass. This dress consists of two parts. The *saya*, the lower part, is a silk en petticoat, made in folds or plaits, extending from bottom to top, and of nearly the same breadth above and below. It sits closely to the figure, and being elastic, from the manner in which it is sewed, manifests the contour of the figure, and the whole muscular play of the body and limbs. The *manto* is a hood of crimped silk, cut bias or diagonally, to give it elasticity. The bottom part of it is gathered full by a drawing string, and encircling more than half of the body, sits low enough down to hide the top of the *saya*. This hood, drawn up from behind, over the shoulders and head, and covering the elbows and arms, is folded over the face in such a manner as to conceal all but one eye. One hand is occupied in holding the fold in its place in front, while the other is carried across the breast, bearing sometimes a reticule or pocket handkerchief, and at others, a rosary or cross. When worn open, leaving the face uncovered, as is often the case, the position of the hands is nearly the same. The forefinger rests upon the cheek, and the elbow appears supported by the hand of the other side, giving an air of pensiveness to the whole figure. Being drawn tightly under the elbows, the *manto* is kept tense over the head. With this dress the comb is not always worn. The *saya* is always short enough to display the foot and ankle, which are set off in white silk stockings, and satin slippers, of every color. Silk shawls, of every dye, beautifully embroidered and fringed, fall from the bust in front; while behind they are concealed in the *manto*, forming a bunch on the back, rather injurious to the appearance. The *sayas* are of every color, but the *mantos* are invariably black.

• The interest of this panoramic exhibition is admirably kept up in many other scenes; but we have not room for more. We must let our reader, however, within the Limanian dwellings, and should like much to show them the pictures of a "Morning Visit" and a "Tertúlia" or evening party at Lima, as pendants for those we exhibited at Valparaiso. We can give only the morning visit.

"On Sundays I usually visited a family considered of *haut ton*. The female part consisted of the mother Doña Pauchita and three marriageable daughters. Their house is large. The sala occupies the back of the terraplan, and is furnished with chairs, a rough table, and two long leather backed sofas. A large glass lantern hangs from the centre of the ceiling. This apartment is a common lounge for servants. To the left is a sitting room, the walls of which are covered with crimson damask hangings, supported by gilt cornices, and furnished with tables, a pair of

sofas and chairs. Here the family generally sit when visited by familiar friends. A large glass door with gilded sash opens from the sala into the *cuádra* or parlor, which is perhaps forty by thirty feet, and the ceiling is twenty feet high. Like the sitting room, the walls are tapestried with crimson damask, secured by gilt cornices and moulded surbases. The windows are near the ceiling, and closed by rough inside shutters, which are managed by silk cords terminated by tassels hanging into the room. A Brussels carpet, with a large figure and of gay colors, covers the floor. On the right are two white damask sofas, made of light wood. The chairs correspond. Several small card tables, chairs, and four large mirrors, are placed along the walls. At convenient distances are silver and beautiful China spittoons alternating with each other. A centre table with marble top completes the furniture. Through a glass partition with gilt sash, at the end of the room opposite to the sofa, is seen a dormitory, which is the pride of the family. A high, tented canopy of blue silk with gold fringe, and curtains of the same looped up to the posts, overhang a capacious bed, the counterpane of which is of yellow satin, covered with flowers, embroidered in the appropriate colors. The pillow cases are of fine, tumbled cambric over pink satin. *All the utensils* in this magnificent chamber are of solid silver! Beds which cost a thousand dollars are by no means uncommon now, and before the revolution, two thousand were often expended on this piece of furniture!

"In the first apartment I have attempted to describe, attired in gay silks and lace, their necks and fingers sparkling with brilliants, sit the mother and her daughters, entertaining a half dozen female visitors. Such a flirting of fans, (the Spectator could not have instructed his pupils better in this art)—such a mutual scrutiny of dress—such adjusting of shawls, is not easily described. One thrusts forward the point of her foot—and they have pretty feet—and another looks over her shoulder. Every thing is formal and cold; I have never seen such heartless receptions given to friends in any other place, but this gradually wears off in a few minutes; the conversation then becomes sprightly and gay, sprinkled with flashes of wit and humor. The usual subjects discussed, are the theatre, bull-bait, or Alameda, with a sufficient dash of personal scandal and gossip, to render it piquant. The history of some friend's *accomplishment*, with all the details, is a prolific theme, particularly if it happen to be a little out of the common order, for then all the miraculous cases are brought to mind, and related by the elder ladies. In these discussions, the youngest children take part, and speak quite knowingly of things, which in our country are hidden arcana, only revealed to the initiated. That squeamishness complained of by a late notorious traveller in the United States, is unknown; the portrait drawn of Miss Clarissa and Mr. Smith, could have no original in Lima. Whatever is found in nature, or nature's functions, is not an improper topic for a lady's ear, if discreetly managed. If any thing be said which oversteps the bounds of delicacy, a lady generally exclaims, "*Gua! que lisura!*" but does not blush, nor veil her face with her fan. Indeed, indelicate allusions give a piquancy to conversation which is agreeable to many. Another all absorbing subject is health. It is doleful to listen to the croakings of the old women, when they chronicle their aches and pains, or recommend to their friends some quack remedy, which has produced miraculous effects in their own cases. As self-interest is sometimes touched, the losings and winnings of friends at gaming tables, are heard of with delighted admiration. Literature is out of the question; books were only intended to supply the place of conversation. I have seldom heard a Peruvian lady say she had read any book whatever. I knew a gentleman who loaned a lady a translation of *Ivanhoe*, and asked her, at the end of three months, how she liked it. She replied; "I have not yet opened it—I was reserving it for the long winter nights, when we have no *tertulia!*"

We must now hasten to close this article with some extracts of a graver character.

"The *morale* of Lima society may be gathered from the fact, that females, married or single, who are known to have yielded to amatory intrigues, are received in the fashionable circles."

- "It is very generally acknowledged, that the Limaños exercise an almost unlimited sway over the gentlemen, whether husbands or '*cortejos*'—*cavalieri serventi*. Yet there is a most remarkable inconsistency in the habits of the people, where ladies are concerned. An unmarried lady is never permitted to go out, without being attended by the mother, an old aunt, a married sister, or some *chaperone*; nor is she ever left alone with a gentleman, unless he be an admitted suitor. Now, it has often puzzled me to divine how young ladies thus closely watched, can possibly find an opportunity to listen to the secret communications of their lovers. But it is this very watching which makes them such adepts in intrigue: 'Love laughs at locksmiths.' The *saya y manto* is the talisman which saves them from every difficulty. In that dress neither husbands nor brothers can easily recognise them, and to make the mask still more complete, they sometimes substitute a servant's torn *saya*, which precludes all possibility of discovery; their only danger is in being missed from home.

"This strict *surveillance* is at once removed by matrimony. The married lady enjoys perfect liberty, and seldom fails to make use of her privilege. Intrigues are carried on to a great extent in the fashionable circles; but, I think there is more virtue and morality to be met with in the second ranks.

"The Limaños of the same family have much more respect, if not affection for each other, than is commonly manifested by Americans. The younger brothers and sisters are always obedient to their elders; men established in life often refuse to perform trifling acts, on the ground that they may be disagreeable to their fathers or mothers, and I have seen widows who had returned to the homes of their parents after their husbands' death, quite as scrupulously obedient as children of three or four years old! 'Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land,' is a precept strictly observed. The ties of consanguinity are stronger, and are more widely extended than with us; cousins are almost as near as brothers—in fact, they are quite as affectionately treated and considered. This habit of feeling may be entirely owing to the law of primogeniture, which enhances the consideration of the first born; the republican shift-for-yourself principle, is unfavorable to the cherishing those clanish feelings of propinquity which we meet in ancient families.

"Gambling is the bane of Lima society. Though many laws have been made against it, '*monte al dao*' is played, often to a ruinous extent. Gaming houses are kept secretly in almost every part of the city, which are open throughout the day and night. The very legislators and officers of the police countenance them by their presence. The President's chaplain told me that General La Fuente, the late Vice President, had won \$50,000 during the first year he was in office!"

Unhappily, religion and the priesthood, which are frequently in other countries great correctives and conservatives of morals, have here apparently but little of such effect. Not that the clergy have not influence over society, for their power is still very great; but that their influence is not directed judiciously to these ends, and their lives are sad examples to their flocks.

The Republic of Peru is separated from the territory of Ecuador, on the north by the river Tumbes; on the south it is bounded by Bolivia, the limits of which are unsettled; on the east by Brazil; on the west by the Pacific. The territory is divided into seven departments, viz., Arequipa, Ayacucho, Cusco, Junin, Libertad, Lima, and Puno, whose aggregate population was in 1795, 1,249,723, and which now probably exceeds two millions.

For three hundred years Peru was ruled by a succession of tyrants; and since the revolution, it has been governed by factious military chieftains of unbridled passions, who have sought little else than self aggrandizement. Gamarra, by treachery and

military influence, became President in 1829; and exercised his power in the same spirit as his predecessor. The term of his administration expired on the 20th December, 1833. On the 19th, he sent in his resignation to the national convention, and in an address to the people, declared, that the long wished for day had arrived when he could retire into private life, where he should remain, unless his sword should be required in the service of his country. On the 22d, the convention, which was engaged in reviewing the constitution of 1828, elected Don Luis José Orbegoso provisional president: and continued its sessions daily until the 18th January, 1834, when it was dispersed, at the point of the bayonet, by Gamarra and his satellite Bermudez! A bloody engagement ensued: Gamarra was driven from Lima, and at the latest dates was almost alone in Arequipa; and his wife, who had ably supported him in his ambitious aims, had sailed for Chile.

ART. IV.—*The Writings of George Washington, &c.* By JARED SPARKS. Vols. IV. and V. Boston: 1834.

WE continue our notice of this interesting work with increased satisfaction. The third volume closed with the evacuation of Boston by the British troops, and the removal of the seat of combat to another portion of our country. The present volumes embrace the period of time between the middle of July, 1776, and the 14th of the same month in the year '78; a space pregnant with most important and exciting incidents. The battles of Long Island, Trenton, and Princeton; of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth; the occupation of Philadelphia; the intrigues carried on against Washington by the faction, commonly called "Conway's Cabal;" the capture of General Lee, and other less celebrated events, which occurred during these two years, well entitle them to the denomination of trying and momentous eras. We shall, in our necessarily rapid notice of these books, follow the plan we before adopted, of selecting such portions of the correspondence and the appendix, as we judge most likely to repay attention. A word or two, however, of general remark, before we proceed.

We are of opinion, that these Letters will exalt, in no inconsiderable degree, the *literary* reputation of General Washington. He was not, it is true, a very elegant scholar, or what may be called an accomplished writer; his scholastic attainments were, however, respectable; and his correspondence is plain, vigorous, manly, and clear; never verbose or pedantic. As he was a man of few words in conversation, so, in his letters, he never said

more than enough ; but what he wished to say, he uttered to the point ; and sometimes with a strength approaching to fire of language. In this respect, he was not unlike a distinguished British general, whose fortune it has been, on more than one occasion, to hold the helm of state in England, as he has also led her armies to battle. Indeed, the military characters of the Duke of Wellington and General Washington are by no means dissimilar. The great British captain has the same caution and foresight and steadiness of purpose which marked our revolutionary hero : and the invincible firmness and fortitude, in the midst of extreme difficulties, of the one, were as conspicuous as are those of the other. Both were remarkably cool in the hour of danger and of battle ; fertile of expedients when thrown upon their resources ; and, at the proper time, showed no less of the fire, than of the patient courage of the true soldier. *Our* general consummated a glorious military career, by a civic administration, equally illustrious ; the British warrior has, in his old age, risked his reputation upon the hazard of holding, with a steady hand, the reins of government, at a time when party spirit and principles rage the loudest. “*Nemo beatus ante mortem,*” we may truly repeat—the future of the Duke of Wellington is dark and lowering ; but our Washington is beyond and above the vicissitudes of time. He has reaped his reward.

Washington was a very strict disciplinarian. He was so, not merely with regard to the drilling of his troops, but also to their moral habits and manners, and their deportment generally. Of mere militia, he entertained a very humble estimate ; and his letters to congress are full of pressing solicitations to form an army of regular troops. Of the importance of a proper and careful selection of officers, knowing the influence they necessarily exert upon the character of the whole army, he spoke frequently and earnestly in his communications to the president of congress. The same views he urged in a letter to Patrick Henry, then Governor of Virginia, in October (5th,) 1776. He said, among other things, “One circumstance, in this important business, ought to be cautiously guarded against ; and that is, the soldiers and officers being too nearly on a level. Discipline and subordination add life and vigour to military movements. The person commanded yields but a reluctant obedience to those, who, he conceives, are undeservedly made his superiors. The degrees of rank are frequently transferred from civil life into the departments of the army. The true criterion to judge by, when past services do not enter into the competition, is, to consider *whether the candidate for office has a just pretension to the character of a gentleman, a proper sense of honour, and some reputation to lose.*” But though his temper and habits led him to require a most rigid observance of all regulations, humanity was a

striking trait in his character. He did all in his power to mitigate the horrors of war; and to lighten its load upon the unfortunate prisoners whom fortune threw into his power, and the inoffensive inhabitants who took no active part in the contest. The exhortations which, from time to time, in the shape of general orders, he addressed to his troops, (and which are regularly recorded in the *Orderly Book*,) are fine specimens of manly and spirited addresses to the patriotism and honourable feelings of the soldiery; and evince the upright and pure sentiments which animated the bosom of their commander. They will well bear a comparison with the famous bulletins of Napoleon; and although perhaps no single order may be found, which equals in sublimity the celebrated address of the French leader to his men drawn up for battle under the brow of the everlasting Pyramids, yet the motives which Washington holds up to his troops are as superior in real dignity to those propounded by Bonaparte, as the cause of independence is pre-eminent over the unholy desires of ambition. We have culled a few, as specimens of his style in this species of composition. They were issued in '76.

"*From the Orderly Book, August 1st.*—'It is with great concern, that the General understands that jealousies have arisen among the troops from the different provinces, and reflections are frequently thrown out, which can only tend to irritate each other, and injure the noble cause in which we are engaged, and which we ought to support with one hand and one heart. The General most earnestly entreats the officers and soldiers to consider the consequences; that they can no way assist our enemies more effectually, than by making divisions among ourselves; that the honor and success of the army, and the safety of our bleeding country, depend upon harmony and good agreement with each other; that the provinces are all united to oppose the common enemy, and all distinctions sunk in the name of an American. To make this name honorable, and to preserve the liberty of our country, ought to be our only emulation; and he will be the best soldier and the best patriot, who contributes most to this glorious work, whatever his station, or from whatever part of the continent he may come. Let all distinctions of nations, countries, and provinces, therefore, be lost in the generous contest, who shall behave with the most courage against the enemy, and the most kindness and good humour to each other. If there be any officers or soldiers so lost to virtue and a love of their country, as to continue in such practices after this order, the General assures them, and is authorized by Congress to declare to the whole army, that such persons shall be severely punished and dismissed from the service with disgrace.'

"*From the Orderly Book, August 3d.*—'That ^{opps} ^{ay} ^{opps} ^{ty} of attending public worship, as well as to take some rest after the great fatigue they have gone through, the General in future excuses them from fatigue duty on Sundays, except at the ship-yards, or on special occasions, until further orders. The General is sorry to be informed, that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into fashion; he hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavour to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect, that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly; added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it.'

"*From the Orderly Book, August 23d.*—'The enemy have now landed on Long Island, and the hour is fast approaching, on which the honor and success of this army, and the safety of our bleeding country will depend. Remember, officers and soldiers, that you are freemen, fighting for the blessings of liberty; that slavery will be your portion, and that of your posterity, if you do not acquit yourselves like

men. Remember how your courage and spirit have been despised and traduced by your cruel invaders; though they have found by dear experience at Boston, Charlestown, and other places, what a few brave men, contending in their own land, and in the best of causes, can do against hirelings and mercenaries. Be cool, but determined; do not fire at a distance, but wait for orders from your officers. It is the General's express orders, that if any man attempt to skulk, lie down, or retreat without orders, he be instantly shot down as an example. He hopes no such will be found in this army; but, on the contrary, that every one for himself resolving to conquer or die, and trusting in the smiles of Heaven upon so just a cause, will behave with bravery and resolution. Those, who are distinguished for their gallantry and good conduct, may depend upon being honorably noticed, and suitably rewarded; and if this army will but emulate and imitate their brave countrymen in other parts of America, he has no doubt they will, by a glorious victory, save their country, and acquire to themselves immortal honor."

The battle of Long Island occurred on the 27th August, '76. Washington had his head-quarters in the city of New York, where the main army was posted; and a considerable detachment was encamped at Brooklyn, protected by military works. The British were in great force on Long Island, and had also a large fleet in New York harbour, their object being the gradual expulsion of the Americans from the city, and if possible from the state. General Greene was entrusted with the command of our troops on the Island; he had superintended the erection of the works, and become familiar with the ground. To his illness, the unfortunate issue of the battle is, in great measure, ascribed. Putnam was sent by Washington to supply the vacancy; and he took the command without the previous information as to details, which was so highly necessary. This general, too, from his advanced age, had lost much of the promptitude, energy, and military address, which had marked his early years. Putnam did not advance beyond the lines at Brooklyn; in fact, no individual officer had command in the engagement. Lord Stirling and General Sullivan commanded distinct detachments; and both these officers fell into the hands of the enemy. Owing to this circumstance, no detailed official account of the action was ever furnished to Washington. The disparity of force was very great. The number of our troops who took part in the action was about 5000; the rest of the army, say, 3500 men, remaining within the lines. The British mustered 17,000 regular troops, well supplied with field-pieces and every other military appointment. The result was a natural one; though the Americans behaved with great gallantry. Washington immediately repaired to the scene of action, and the opinion of his council concurring with his own, it was determined to evacuate Long Island. The retreat was performed with great ability, and without loss: and was pronounced by General Greene to be the best effected retreat he ever read or heard of, considering the difficulties.

It is known that our army, shortly afterwards, abandoned the city of New York to the superior force of the enemy, and posted itself upon the Heights of Haerlem. A skirmish ensued between

a detachment of the troops and some of the enemy, who attempted a landing on the shore of the East River, above the city, under cover of the fire of their ships. The cowardly behaviour of some of the brigades is said to have excited Washington in a remarkable manner. The note of Mr. Sparks, alluding to the incident, is as follows :

"The conduct of General Washington on this occasion has been described, as not being marked by his usual self-command. In writing from Harlem Heights to a friend, General Greene said :—'We made a miserable, disorderly retreat from New York, owing to the disorderly conduct of the militia, who ran at the appearance of the enemy's advanced guard. Fellows's and Parsons's brigades ran away from about fifty men, and left his Excellency on the ground within eighty yards of the enemy, so vexed at the infamous conduct of the troops, that he sought death rather than life.'—*MS. Letter, September 17th.* Dr. Gordon relates the incident nearly in the same way, though a little enlarged, and, as he was in camp soon afterwards, he probably derived his information from a correct source. 'The General's attempts to stop the troops were fruitless, though he drew his sword and threatened to run them through, cocked and snapped his pistols. On the appearance of a small party of the enemy, not more than sixty or seventy, their disorder was increased, and they ran off without firing a single shot, and left the General in a hazardous situation, so that his attendants, to extricate him out of it, caught the bridle of his horse, and gave him a different direction.'—Gordon's *History*, Vol. 11. p. 327."

Washington himself describes the occurrence, in his letter to the President of Congress of the 16th September, '76.

"As soon as I heard the firing, I rode with all possible despatch towards the place of landing, when, to my great surprise and mortification, I found the troops that had been posted in the lines, retreating with the utmost precipitation, and those ordered to support them (Parsons's and Fellows's brigades) flying in every direction, and in the greatest confusion, notwithstanding the exertions of their generals to form them. I used every means in my power to rally and get them into some order; but my attempts were fruitless and ineffectual; and on the appearance of a small party of the enemy, not more than sixty or seventy, their disorder increased, and they ran away in the greatest confusion, without firing a single shot."

Washington gradually removed his army from Harlem Heights to White Plains, retreating, though with a bold front, before the far superior force of the enemy. During the whole of this harassing period, he endured great personal labour, being continually on horseback. On the 12th of November, '76, he passed over to Jersey. Here commenced the most trying and critical period of the whole revolutionary war; and at no time were the heroic patience and ardent patriotism of the Commander-in-chief more conspicuous. We shall mention, in a general way, some of the principal causes which rendered the prospects of the contest so very dismal.

All the States were extremely inattentive in levying their quotas of men. Naturally perhaps, each was, also, more careful of her own safety than of her neighbour's, and not over-willing to send troops beyond her own borders. The militia system, which then prevailed, was totally unsuited to the exigency of the crisis. The periods for which the militia was enlisted were very short; and when they expired, no inducement could secure

the longer stay of the men. They would march off, though a battle were hourly expected. Washington made most earnest and frequent endeavours to prevail upon Congress to remedy the evil, by raising troops for the war, and providing for their complete disciplining and training. He, at last, in part succeeded; but it was a long time before the jealousy of a standing army and the fear of military domination were swallowed up in the consciousness of the absolute necessity of a resort to measures which could alone preserve the lives and liberties of the people. The just sense which they entertained of the virtue and patriotism of Washington, above every other officer in the service, no doubt influenced them in the course they adopted, at this critical juncture, of investing him with dictatorial powers. A word upon this hereafter.

We were yet in the first year of the war; and its terrors and hardships had been confined to particular sections of the country. All parts of our land had not yet been made to feel the necessity of active personal exertion, on the part of every individual, in order to overcome the efforts of a foe as mighty as that we then had to combat. This may account for the supineness of many quarters of the land, at the very moment when, as our leaders, and particularly Washington, clearly saw, exertion was the most essential; and when, had it not been for the admirable energy of the Commander-in-chief in the successful attacks at Trenton and Princeton, probably the war might have ended, not long after its inception, with the overthrow of our liberties.

Our troops had been dispirited by defeat; they were raw and inexperienced; they were retreating before a foe vastly superior in numbers and discipline; our treasury was in an embarrassed condition; and we had many individuals within our limits, who looked upon the struggle with indifferent eyes, and many more who openly favoured the enemy. As the war continued, after the first brunt of the contest had been endured, and the chances of a successful issue appeared more probable; the whole country being compelled to the use of arms, and supplying better soldiers from their greater experience in military affairs, our cause, of course, greatly increased in strength; and long before the war ended, the subjugation of America was confessedly a hopeless task. It was not so, however, at the period to which we now allude, the fall and winter of the year '76.

It is interesting to peruse the letters of the General, containing, as they do, his views at the time; we shall, therefore, here present some passages. He wrote to his brother John, from Hackinsac, (Jersey,) where our little army was then encamped, on the 19th of November, 1776.

"It is a matter of great grief and surprise to me to find the different States so slow and inattentive to that essential business of levying their quotas of men. In

ten days from this date, there will not be above two thousand men, if that number, of the fixed established regiments on this side of Hudson's River to oppose Howe's whole army, and very little more on the other to secure the eastern colonies and the important passes leading through the Highlands to Albany, and the country about the Lakes. In short, it is impossible for me, in the compass of a letter, to give you any idea of our situation, of my difficulties, and of the constant perplexities and mortifications I meet with, derived from the unhappy policy of short enlistments, and delaying them too long. Last fall, or winter, before the army, which was then to be raised, was set about, I represented in clear and explicit terms the evils which would arise from short enlistments, the expense which must attend the raising an army every year; the futility of such an army when raised; and, if I had spoken with a prophetic spirit, I could not have foretold the evils with more accuracy than I did. All the year since, I have been pressing Congress to delay no time in engaging men upon such terms as would insure success, telling them that the longer it was delayed the more difficult it would prove. But the measure was not commenced till it was too late to be effected, and then in such a manner, as to bid adieu to every hope of getting an army, from which any services are to be expected; the different States, without regard to the qualifications of an officer, quarrelling about the appointments, and nominating such as are not fit to be shoeblacks, from the local attachments of this or that member of Assembly.

"I am wearied almost to death with the retrograde motion of things, and I solemnly protest, that a pecuniary reward of twenty thousand pounds a year would not induce me to undergo what I do; and after all, perhaps, to lose my character, as it is impossible, under such a variety of distressing circumstances, to conduct matters agreeably to public expectation, or even to the expectation of those who employ me, as they will not make proper allowances for the difficulties their own errors have occasioned.

"I am glad to find by your last letter, that your family are tolerably well recovered from the indisposition they labored under. God grant you all health and happiness. Nothing in this world would contribute so much to mine, as to be once more fixed among you in the peaceable enjoyment of my own vine and fig-tree. Adieu, my dear sir; remember me affectionately to my sister and the children, and give my compliments to those who inquire after your sincerely affectionate brother."

The plan of General Howe, before the palpable evidences of the weakness of our army, had been merely to gain a footing in Jersey, and in the next campaign, to proceed upon a more extensive course of operations. The retreat of the Americans through New Jersey opened to him earlier prospects of triumph; and he prepared to embrace the happy opportunity. The very unexpected success of our army in the battles referred to, completely frustrated his hopes, for a time at least; and induced him to curtail his proposed sphere of action, and to take measures which evinced his expectation of a much more protracted struggle.

The perplexities of Washington were much increased by a circumstance, which was the result of a breach of orders on the part of General Lee. We refer to the capture of that officer by the British. He was in command of a very considerable detachment in the northern part of Jersey; and as the troops were not particularly wanted in that quarter, and especially as it was a matter of urgent necessity that the main army should be strengthened, a junction with him was earnestly desired by Washington. For purposes of his own, he did not keep the commander-in-chief informed of his motions. Mr. Sparks says:

"Congress seemed to be as much in the dark about General Lee's plans and movements as General Washington, and on the 2d of December, they instructed a committee 'to send an express to General Lee, to know where and in what situation he and the army with him are.'—*Secret Journal*, Vol. I. p. 50."

Washington wrote frequently and earnestly to him to procure a union of their forces. On the 10th of December, '76, he says :

"Dear sir—I last night received your favor by Colonel Humpton, and were it not for the weak and feeble state of the force I have, I should highly approve of your hanging on the rear of the enemy, and establishing the post you mention; but when my situation is directly the opposite of what you suppose it to be, and when General Howe is pressing forward with the whole of his army (except the troops that were lately embarked, and a few besides left at New York,) to possess himself of Philadelphia, I cannot but request and entreat you, and this too by the advice of all the general officers with me, to march and join me with your whole force with all possible expedition. The utmost exertions, that can be made, will not be more than sufficient to save Philadelphia. Without the aid of your force, I think there is but little if any prospect of doing it. I refer you to the route, of which Major Hoops would inform you.

"The enemy are now extended along the Delaware at several places. By a prisoner, who was taken last night, I am told, that at Pennington there are two battalions of infantry, three of grenadiers, the Hessian grenadiers, the forty-second of Highlanders, and two others. Their object doubtless is to pass the river above us, or to prevent your joining me. I mention this, that you may avail yourself of the information. Do come on; your arrival may be fortunate, and, if it can be effected without delay, it may be the means of preserving a city, whose loss must prove of the most fatal consequence to the cause of America. Pray exert your influence, and bring with you all the Jersey militia you possibly can. Let them not suppose their State is lost, or in any danger, because the enemy are pushing through it. If you think General St. Clair, or General Maxwell, would be of service to command them, I would send either. I am, &c."

"General Washington wrote again, the next day, to General Lee, pressing him to hasten forward. 'Nothing less,' he observes, 'than our utmost exertions will be sufficient to prevent General Howe from possessing Philadelphia. The force I have is weak and entirely incompetent to that end. I must therefore entreat you to push on, with every possible succour you can bring.'"

Lee disobeyed him; and the result was his capture. We shall extract what Mr. Sparks says upon this head in the appendix.

"The conduct of General Lee, in neglecting to obey the orders of the Commander-in-chief, after they had been earnestly and repeatedly communicated, has drawn upon him the just and unqualified censure of historians. Nor do his letters, written at the time, afford any facts in justification of the course he chose to pursue. On the contrary, they aggravate the offence of disobedience by showing, that he had ulterior designs of his own, which he was disposed to prosecute without the concurrence of the Commander-in-chief. From his letters, in reply to those of General Washington, connected with the issue of events, it will be easy to judge of his motives and anticipations.

"Camp, 24 November, 1776.

"DEAR GENERAL,

"I have received your orders and shall endeavour to put them in execution, but question much whether I shall be able to carry with me any considerable number; not so much from a want of zeal in the men, as from their wretched condition with respect to shoes, stockings, and blankets, which the present bad weather renders more intolerable. I sent Heath orders to transport two thousand men across the river, apprise the General, and wait for further orders; but that great man (as I might have expected) intrenched himself within the letter of his instructions, and refused to part with a single file, though I undertook to replace them with a part of my own. I should march this day with Glover's brigade, but have just received

intelligence that Rogers's corps, a part of the light-horse, and another brigade, lie in so exposed a situation, as to present us the fairest opportunity of carrying them off. If we succeed, it will have a great effect, and amply compensate for two days' delay.

"I am, dear General, yours most sincerely,

"CHARLES LEE."

"In this first letter General Lee's plan is obvious. He intended to cross the river with as large a force as possible, act in a separate command, and fall upon the rear or flank of the enemy, as opportunities might offer. For this purpose he requested General Heath to send two thousand troops over the river. General Heath not only declined complying with the request, but refused to obey an order, alleging that his instructions were explicit, to employ his whole force in defence of the Highlands. (Heath's *Memoirs*, pp. 88-98.) Lee was displeased and vexed at this decision, and undertook to order two regiments away himself, but finally desisted on more mature reflection. General Washington approved the conduct of General Heath, as it was not his intention that any part of the troops under his command should be withdrawn. General Lee had lingered on the east side of the river, with the hope of obtaining the detachment he desired, till he received another letter from General Washington, to which he replied as follows.

"Peckskill, 30 November, 1776.

"DEAR GENERAL,

"I received yours last night, dated the 27th from Newark. You complain of my not being in motion sooner. I do assure you, that I have done all in my power, and shall explain my difficulties when we both have leisure. I did not succeed with Rogers, and merely owing to the timidity or caution of the enemy, who contracted themselves into a compact body very suddenly. I am in hopes I shall be able to render you more service than if I had moved sooner. I think I shall enter the province of Jersey with four thousand firm and willing troops, who will make a very important diversion; had I stirred sooner, I should have only led an inferior number of unwilling.

"The day after to-morrow we shall pass the river, when I should be glad to receive your instructions; but I could wish you would bind me as little as possible; not from any opinion, I do assure you, of my own parts, but from a persuasion that detached generals cannot have too great latitude, unless they are very incompetent indeed. Adieu, my dear Sir,

"Yours, most affectionately,

"CHARLES LEE."

"P. S. I have just been speaking with General Heath, the strictness of whose instructions a good deal distresses me. I could have replaced the force I requested, by men who are able to do stationary duty, but not to make expeditious marches. My numbers will in consequence be fewer than I promised."

"Having thus failed in procuring a reinforcement from General Heath, he passed over the river with his own troops on the 2d and 3d of December, and proceeded slowly on his march."

"Haverstraw, 4 December, 1776.

"DEAR GENERAL,

"I have received your pressing letter, since which, intelligence was sent to me, that you had quitted Brunswick, so that it is impossible to know where I can join you. But, although I should not be able to join you at all, the service which I can render you will, I hope, be full as efficacious. The northern army has already advanced nearer to Morristown than I am. I shall put myself at their head to-morrow. We shall, upon the whole, compose an army of five thousand good troops in spirits. I should imagine, dear General, that it may be of service to communicate this to the troops immediately under your command. It may encourage them, and startle the enemy. In fact their confidence must be risen to a prodigious height, if they pursue you, with so formidable a body hanging on their flank and rear.

"I shall clothe my people at the expense of the Tories, which has a doubly good effect. It puts them in spirits and comfort, and is a correction of the iniquities of the foes of liberty. It is paltry to think of our personal affairs, when the whole is

at stake; but I entreat you to order some of your suite to take out of the way of danger my favourite mare, which is at that Wilson's, three miles beyond Princeton.

"I am, dear General, yours,

"CHARLES LEE."

"Here we perceive, that, so far from complying with the pressing orders of General Washington, he suggests doubts whether he shall be able to join the main army at all, since it has removed from Brunswick, and there was an uncertainty where it could be found. The whole tenor of the letter indicates a purpose to act separately, not only with his own troops, but with those coming from the northward, of which he was about to take the command, as the oldest major-general, although Washington had given him no such instructions, but on the contrary expected those troops to march forward and join him as soon as possible."

"Chatham, 8 December, 1776.

"DEAR GENERAL,

"Major Hoops has just delivered to me your Excellency's letter. I am extremely shocked to hear that your force is so inadequate to the necessity of your situation, as I had been taught to think you had been considerably reinforced. Your last letters proposing a plan of surprises and forced marches convinced me, that there was no danger of your being obliged to pass the Delaware; in consequence of which proposals, I have put myself in a position the most convenient to co-operate with you, by attacking their rear. I cannot persuade myself, that Philadelphia is their object at present, as it is almost certain that their whole troops lately embarked have directed their course to the eastern provinces; for Spencer writes me word, that half of them have passed the Sound, and the other half turned the southwestern end of Long Island and steered eastward. I detached Colonel Varnum and Monsieur Malmédy to take the direction of the Rhode Island troops, who are without even the figure of a general. It will be difficult I am afraid to join you, but cannot I do you more service by attacking their rear? I shall look about me to-morrow, and inform you further.

"I am, dear General, yours,

"CHARLES LEE."

"The following note was addressed to General Washington, and is in the handwriting of General Lee, although he speaks of himself in the third person."

"Morristown, 11 December, 1776.

"We have three thousand men here at present, but they are so ill shod, that we have been obliged to halt these two days for want of shoes. Seven regiments of Gates's corps are on their march, but where they actually are is not certain. General Lee has sent two officers this day, one to inform him where the Delaware can be crossed above Trenton, the other to examine the road towards Burlington. As General Lee thinks he can, without great risk, cross the great Brunswick postroad, and by a forced night's march make his way to the ferry below Burlington, boats should be sent up from Philadelphia to receive him; but this scheme he only proposes, if the head of the enemy's column actually pass the river. The militia in this part of the province seem sanguine. If they could be sure of an army remaining amongst them, I believe they would raise a very considerable number."

"This was the last communication received by General Washington from General Lee. It would seem as if his idea of a junction was more distant than ever, for he talks of a project of moving towards Burlington, directly across the cordon of the enemy from Brunswick to Trenton; a project entirely at variance with all the views of the Commander-in-chief. General Lee was captured on the morning of the 13th, two days after the above note was written. What would have been his future movements must now be left to conjecture. He passed the night of the 12th, with a small guard, at a house called White's Tavern, near Baskenridge, and about three miles from the main body of his troops. A Tory had watched his motions, and given intelligence to Colonel Harcourt, who commanded a patrolling party of the enemy then in that neighbourhood, and who came suddenly upon General Lee, seized him, and carried him off a prisoner to Brunswick. Wilkinson was present and witnessed this adventure, and has described it in his *Memoirs*, Vol. I. pp. 102-103."

In a letter to his brother, dated December 18th, Washington thus describes the situation of affairs.

"I have no doubt but General Howe will still make an attempt upon Philadelphia this winter. I foresee nothing to oppose him a fortnight hence, as the time of all the troops, except those of Virginia, now reduced almost to nothing, and Smallwood's regiment of Marylanders, equally as low, will expire before the end of that time. In a word, my dear sir, if every nerve is not strained to recruit the new army with all possible expedition, I think the game is pretty nearly up, owing, in a great measure, to the insidious arts of the enemy, and disaffection of the colonies before mentioned, but principally to the ruinous policy of short enlistments, and placing too great a dependence on the militia, the evil consequences of which were foretold fifteen months ago, with a spirit almost prophetic. Before you receive this letter, you will undoubtedly have heard of the captivity of General Lee. This is an additional misfortune, and the more vexatious, as it was by his own folly and imprudence, and without a view to effect any good, that he was taken. As he went to lodge three miles out of his own camp, and within twenty of the enemy, a rascally Tory rode in the night to give notice of it to the enemy, who sent a party of light-horse that seized him, and carried him off, with every mark of triumph and indignity.

"You can form no idea of the perplexity of my situation. No man, I believe, ever had a greater choice of difficulties, and less means to extricate himself from them. However, under a full persuasion of the justice of our cause, I cannot entertain an idea that it will finally sink, though it may remain for some time under a cloud."

The motives of General Lee, it is not hard to divine. No suspicion can rest upon him of any traitorous designs. It is known, that he was, prior to his entry into the American service, an officer in the British army. There was no wish, therefore, upon his part, to fall into the enemy's hands; in fact, it was the worst possible chance that could befall him, as there was a serious intention upon their part of hanging or shooting him as a deserter from their service. The threats of most severe retaliation made by Washington and the congress, coupled with the conviction, that, having resigned his half pay before joining us, Lee was no longer connected with the British army, alone saved his life. His conduct is, therefore, attributable to different motives. The fact is, that Lee was a self-willed, obstinate, and ambitious man; of very considerable military genius and acquirements; who was anxious to be at the head of affairs, and uneasy in a subordinate situation. He was desirous to strike some blow, in a separate command, which should give him, by its éclat, special repute, particularly at a time when our affairs appeared in so critical a state. He was disappointed; and though Washington interested himself very much, both to procure his release and to make his condition as a prisoner comfortable, Lee had not magnanimity enough to forget his mortification, but allowed his temper to manifest itself subsequently at the battle of Monmouth, in a way unfortunate for himself and injurious to our cause. He was mistaken in the man with whom he had to deal; he miscalculated the decision and the energy of his commander.

It was during the trying season we have mentioned, that Wash-

ington determined to strike a blow, which might defeat the plans of the invaders, and infuse some spirit into his disheartened fellow citizens. That he had formed a plan some time before the attack at Trenton, and only waited a favourable opportunity to put it into execution, is apparent from his correspondence. In a letter to Governor Trumbull, of the 14th of December, he says:

"Your situation at the eastward is alarming; and I wish it were in my power to afford you that assistance which is requisite. You must be sensible that it is impossible for me to detach any part of my small army, when I have an enemy far superior in numbers to oppose. But I have immediately countermanded the march of General Heath's division, which was coming down from Peekskill. It is ordered to return again to that place, and hold itself ready to move as occasion may require. General Lee's division is so necessary to support this part of the army, that without its assistance we must inevitably be overpowered, and Philadelphia lost. I have ordered General Arnold, who was on his way down from Ticonderoga, immediately to repair to New London, or wherever his presence will be most necessary. The troops, who came down with him and General Gates, are already, from the advices I have received, so far advanced towards this army, that to countermand them now would be losing the small remainder of their services entirely, as the time of their enlistment would expire before they could possibly reach you; whereas, by coming on they may, in conjunction with my present force, and that under General Lee, enable us to attempt a stroke upon the forces of the enemy, who lie a good deal scattered, and to all appearance in a state of security. A lucky blow in this quarter would be fatal to them, and would most certainly rouse the spirits of the people, which are quite sunk by our late misfortunes.

"In the interval between the dissolution of the old and the enlistment of the new army, we must put our dependence on the public spirit and virtue of the people, who, I am sorry to say, have manifested but too small a regard to their rights and liberties in the States of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, the citizens of Philadelphia excepted. But I hope such a spirit still exists among your people, as will convince the bold invaders, that, although they may by a superior naval force take possession of your seaport towns, yet, that they cannot penetrate and overrun your country with impunity."

On the 23d of December, '76, he wrote from the camp above Trenton Falls to two of his officers:

"DEAR SIR,

"The bearer is sent down to know whether your plan was attempted last night, and, if not, to inform you, that Christmas-day at night, one hour before day, is the time fixed upon for our attempt on Trenton. For Heaven's sake, keep this to yourself, as the discovery of it may prove fatal to us; our numbers, sorry am I to say, being less than I had any conception of; but necessity, dire necessity, will, may must, justify an attack. Prepare, and, in concert with Griffin, attack as many of their posts as you possibly can with a prospect of success; the more we can attack at the same instant, the more confusion we shall spread, and the greater good will result from it. If I had not been fully convinced before of the enemy's designs, I have now ample testimony of their intentions to attack Philadelphia, so soon as the ice will afford the means of conveyance.

"As the colonels of the Continental regiments might kick up some dust about command, unless Cadwalader is considered by them in the light of a brigadier, which I wish him to be, I desired General Gates, who is unwell, and applied for leave to go to Philadelphia, to endeavour, if his health would permit him, to call and stay two or three days at Bristol in his way. I shall not be particular; we could not ripen matters for an attack, before the time mentioned in the first part of this letter; so much out of sorts, and so much in want of every thing, are the troops under Sullivan. The letter herewith sent, forward on to Philadelphia; I could wish

it to be in time for the southern post's departure, which will be, I believe, by eleven o'clock to-morrow.

"I am, dear sir, &c.

"P. S. I have ordered our men to be provided with three days' provisions, ready cooked, with which and their blankets they are to march; for if we are successful, which Heaven grant, and the circumstances favour, we may push on. I shall direct every ferry and ford to be well guarded, and not a soul suffered to pass without an officer's going down with the permit. Do the same with you."

During the night of the 25th, and the morning of the 26th of December, his enterprise was accomplished. Its beneficial effects can hardly be realized at the present day. It infused animation into the almost expiring energies of many of our countrymen, and produced dismay in the breasts of the invaders. Washington's own modest account of the affair we shall transcribe. It is contained in a letter to the President of Congress, under date of December 27, 1776.

"Sir,

"I have the pleasure of congratulating you upon the success of an enterprise, which I had formed against a detachment of the enemy, lying in Trenton, and which was executed yesterday morning. The evening of the 25th I ordered the troops intended for this service to parade back of McKonkey's Ferry, that they might begin to pass us soon as it grew dark, imagining we should be able to throw them all over, with the necessary artillery, by twelve o'clock, and that we might easily arrive at Trenton by five in the morning, the distance being about nine miles. But the quantity of ice, made that night, impeded the passage of the boats so much, that it was three o'clock before the artillery could all be got over; and near four, before the troops took up their line of march. This made me despair of surprising the town, as I well knew we could not reach it before the day was fairly broke. But as I was certain there was no making a retreat without being discovered and harassed on repassing the river, I determined to push on at all events. I formed my detachment into two divisions, one to march by the lower or river road, the other by the upper or Pennington road. As the divisions had nearly the same distance to march, I ordered each of them, immediately upon forcing the out-guards, to push directly into the town, that they might charge the enemy before they had time to form.

"The upper division arrived at the enemy's advanced post exactly at eight o'clock; and in three minutes after, I found, from the fire on the lower road, that that division had also got up. The out-guards made but small opposition, though, for their numbers, they behaved very well, keeping up a constant retreating fire from behind houses. We presently saw their main body formed; but, from their motions, they seemed undetermined how to act. Being hard pressed by our troops, who had already got possession of their artillery, they attempted to file off by a road on their right, leading to Princeton. But, perceiving their intention, I threw a body of troops in their way, which immediately checked them. Finding from our disposition that they were surrounded, and that they must inevitably be cut to pieces if they made any further resistance, they agreed to lay down their arms. The number that submitted in this manner was twenty-three officers and eight hundred and eighty-six men. Colonel Rahl, the commanding officer, and seven others, were found wounded in the town. I do not exactly know how many were killed; but I fancy not above twenty or thirty, as they never made any regular stand. Our loss is very trifling indeed, only two officers and one or two privates wounded.

"I find that the detachment of the enemy consisted of the three Hessian regiments of Anspach, Knipphausen, and Rahl, amounting to about fifteen hundred men, and a troop of British light-horse; but, immediately upon the beginning of the attack, all those, who were not killed or taken, pushed directly down the road towards Bordentown. These would likewise have fallen into our hands, could my plan have been completely carried into execution. General Ewing was to have crossed before day at Trenton Ferry, and taken possession of the bridge leading out of town; but

the quantity of ice was so great, that, though he did every thing in his power to effect it, he could not get over. This difficulty also hindered General Cadwalader from crossing with the Pennsylvania militia from Bristol. He got part of his foot over; but, finding it impossible to embark his artillery, he was obliged to desist. I am fully confident, that, could the troops under Generals Ewing and Cadwalader have passed the river, I should have been able with their assistance to drive the enemy from all their posts below Trenton. But the numbers I had with me being inferior to theirs below me, and a strong battalion of light infantry being at Princeton above me, I thought it most prudent to return the same evening with the prisoners and the artillery we had taken. We found no stores of any consequence in the town.

"In justice to the officers and men, I must add, that their behaviour upon this occasion reflects the highest honor upon them. The difficulty of passing the river in a very severe night, and their march through a violent storm of snow and hail, did not in the least abate their ardor; but, when they came to the charge, each seemed to vie with the other in pressing forward; and were I to give a preference to any particular corps, I should do great injustice to the others. Colonel Baylor, my first aid-de-camp, will have the honor of delivering this to you; and from him you may be made acquainted with many other particulars. His spirited behaviour upon every occasion requires me to recommend him to your particular notice. I have the honor to be, &c."

Mr. Sparks corrects an error into which the author of the *Life of Robert Morris* has fallen; and as his exposition of the incident is interesting, we give it to our readers.

"The writer of the *Life of Robert Morris*, contained in the fifth volume of the *Biography of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence*, has committed a remarkable mistake in regard to the agency of that distinguished patriot in the battle of Trenton. After describing the manner in which Mr. Morris obtained a sum of money in specie, which General Washington had pressed him to supply for the purpose of procuring intelligence of the situation and designs of the enemy, the writer adds, that it 'enabled General Washington to gain the signal victory over the hiring Hessians at Trenton, which not only diminished the numerical force of the enemy, but had the necessary and important results of animating the spirit of patriotism, and checking the hopes and predictions of our enemies.' Such was the instrumentality of Robert Morris in the victory of Trenton; and it may be truly remarked, that, although his own brows were made more with the laurels of the warrior, it was his hand, which crowned the heroes who triumphed on that day. This statement is more rhetorical than accurate. The money was not sent, nor applied for, till *four days after* the battle of Trenton, as will appear by the date of the following letter."

"Philadelphia, 30 December, 1776.

"SIR,

"I have just received your favor of this day, and sent to General Putnam to detain the express, until I collected the hard money you want, which you may depend shall be sent in one specie or other with this letter, and a list thereof shall be enclosed herein.

"I had long since parted with very considerable sums of hard money to Congress; and therefore must collect from others, and, as matters now stand, it is no easy thing. I mean to borrow silver, and promise payment in gold, and will then collect the gold in the best manner I can. Whilst on this subject, let me inform you that there is upwards of twenty thousand dollars in silver at Tienderoga. They have no particular use for it, and I think you might as well send a party to bring it away, and lodge it in a safe place convenient for any purposes for which it may hereafter be wanted. Whatever I can do, shall be done for the good of the service.

"I am, dear sir, &c.

"ROBERT MORRIS."

"By the list enclosed, the money sent was specified to be four hundred and ten

Spanish dollars, two English crowns, half a French crown, and ten English shillings and a half.

"The above error, in regard to the time of furnishing the supply, though it introduces confusion into history, does not diminish the value of the act on the part of Mr. Morris; and this is greatly enhanced by another circumstance of a similar kind, but of more weighty importance, which immediately followed. It will be remembered, that the period of service of nearly all the eastern troops expired on the last day of the year. Washington had then just recrossed the Delaware a second time. He prevailed on those troops to remain six weeks longer, by promising to each soldier a bounty of ten dollars. The military chest was not in a condition to permit him to fulfil this promise. On the 31st of December he stated the particulars in a letter to Robert Morris, who replied the next morning:—

"I was honored with your favor of yesterday, by Mr. Howell, late last night; and, ever solicitous to comply with your requisitions, I am up very early this morning to despatch a supply of fifty thousand dollars to your Excellency. You will receive that sum with this letter; but it will not be got away so early as I could wish, for none concerned in this movement except myself are up. I shall rouse them immediately. It gives me great pleasure, that you have engaged the troops to continue; and if further occasional supplies of money are necessary, you may depend on my exertions, either in a public or private capacity.—*MS. Letter, January 1st, 1777.*"

"Such instances of the patriotism and zeal of Robert Morris were not uncommon. Others of a like nature often occurred during the war, and on more than one occasion his private purse and credit were employed to relieve the public exigencies, with a liberality and nobleness of spirit, which must for ever entitle him to the gratitude of his countrymen, and to the praise of every friend of liberty."

About the period of the battle of Trenton, Congress became sensible of the absolute necessity of taking decisive measures for the salvation of the country. Forgetting, for a time, their jealousy of power, they created the commander-in-chief *Dictator*, in the complete Roman sense of the term; and to no more temperate and patriotic hands could those vast powers have been entrusted. Washington used them with all the jealous caution which he would have exercised in watching them in the possession of another; indeed, the more he was clothed with authority, the less disposed seemed he to its exercise, except in urgent cases. He was the least likely of all men who ever lived, to "play fantastic tricks before high Heaven."

The resolve of Congress was in these words:—

"December 27th, 1776. This Congress, having maturely considered the present crisis, and having perfect reliance on the wisdom, vigor, and uprightness of General Washington, do hereby

"Resolve, That General Washington shall be, and he is hereby, vested with full, ample, and complete powers to raise and collect together, in the most speedy and effectual manner, from any or all of these United States, sixteen battalions of infantry, in addition to those already voted by Congress; to appoint officers for the said battalions of infantry; to raise, officer, and equip three thousand light-horse, three regiments of artillery, and a corps of engineers, and to establish their pay; to apply to any of the States for such aid of the militia as he shall judge necessary; to form such magazines of provisions, and in such places, as he shall think proper; to displace and appoint all officers under the rank of brigadier-general, and to fill up all vacancies in every other department in the American army; to take, wherever he may be, whatever he may want for the use of the army, if the inhabitants will not sell it, allowing a reasonable price for the same; to arrest and confine persons who refuse to take the Continental currency, or are otherwise disaffected to the

American cause; and return to the States, of which they are citizens, their names, and the nature of their offences, together with the witnesses to prove them.

"That the foregoing powers be vested in General Washington, for and during the term of six months from the date hereof, unless sooner determined by Congress."

A sort of apologetic circular was sent to the governor of each state, worded as follows:—

"Baltimore, 30 December, 1776.

"Sir,

"Ever attentive to the security of civil liberty, Congress would not have consented to the vesting of such powers in the military department, as those which the enclosed resolves convey to the Continental Commander-in-chief; if the situation of public affairs did not require at this crisis a decision and vigor, which distance and numbers deny to assemblies far removed from each other, and from the immediate seat of war.

"The strength and progress of the enemy, joined to prospects of considerable reinforcements, have rendered it not only necessary that the American forces should be augmented beyond what Congress had heretofore designed, but that they should be brought into the field with all possible expedition. These considerations induce Congress to request in the most earnest manner, that the fullest influence of your State may be exerted to aid such levies as the General shall direct, in consequence of the powers now given him; and that your quota of battalions, formerly fixed, may be completed and ordered to head-quarters with all the despatch that an ardent desire to secure the public happiness can dictate.

"I have the honor to be, &c.

"JOHN HANCOCK, *President*."

Mr. Sparks well remarks:—

"To no one, who has been conspicuous in history, could the words of Ennius, as quoted by Cicero in illustration of the character of Fabius Maximus, be more appropriately applied than to Washington.

"Unus qui nobis cunctando restituit rem;

Non ponebat enim rumores ante salutem;

Ergo magisque magisque viri nunc gloria claret."

"The resolves of Congress, conferring the above powers, were transmitted to Washington by the committee, who remained in Philadelphia when the Congress adjourned to Baltimore, namely, Robert Morris, Clymer, and Walton. In their letter they said:—'We find by these resolves, that your Excellency's hands will be strengthened with very ample powers; and a new reformation of the army seems to have its origin therein. Happy it is for this country, that the General of their forces can safely be entrusted with the most unlimited power, and no other personal security, liberty, nor property, be in the least degree endangered thereby.'—*MS. Letter, December 31st.*"

The attack and surprise of the enemy at Princeton occurred on the morning of the 3d January, '77, at sunrise, and was one of the most daring as it was one of the most successful contests during the war. The particulars are furnished in the General's letters to Congress.

Some interesting facts and letters in regard to General Arnold are also presented in these volumes. They are curious, on account of the subsequent conduct of this man; and although the dislike entertained towards him by the majority in Congress was afterwards proved to be well founded, yet it may have arisen from the same feeling of jealousy respecting superior military

abilities, which we know that body felt towards several who gave no grounds for injurious suspicions. One thing is certain, that admiration of his talents and a sense of the superior value of his services, were not confined to Washington. The slight put upon him by Congress, in passing him over in their list of appointments of majors-general, on the 19th of February, '77, (which, no doubt, embittered his mind in a high degree,) was much lamented by General Washington, and incurred also the unqualified disapproval of some of the first men in Congress. The commander in chief wrote to him on the occasion. (March 3, '77.)

"DEAR SIR,

"I must recall your attention to what I have before said on the subject of your intended attack. You must be sensible, that the most serious ill consequences may and would probably result from it, in case of failure; and prudence dictates, that it should be cautiously examined in all its points before it is attempted. Unless your strength and circumstances be such, that you can reasonably promise yourself a *moral certainty* of succeeding, I would have you by all means relinquish the undertaking, and confine yourself, in the main, to a defensive opposition. We have lately had several promotions to the rank of major-general, and I am at a loss whether you have had a preceding appointment, as the newspapers announce, or whether you have been omitted through some mistake. Should the latter be the case, I beg you will not take any hasty steps in consequence of it, but allow proper time for recollection, which I flatter myself will remedy any error that may have been made. My endeavours to that end shall not be wanting, as I am, with great respect, dear sir, yours, &c"

Arnold answered—

"I am greatly obliged to your Excellency, for interesting yourself so much in my behalf in respect to my appointment, which I have had no advice of, and know not by what means it was announced in the papers. I believe none but the printer has a mistake to rectify. Congress undoubtedly have a right of promoting those, whom, from their abilities, and their long and arduous services, they esteem most deserving. Their promoting junior officers to the rank of major-generals, I view as a very civil way of requesting my resignation, as unqualified for the office I hold. My commission was conferred unsolicited, and received with pleasure only as a means of serving my country. With equal pleasure I resign it, when I can no longer serve my country with honor. The person, who, void of the nice feelings of honor, will tamely condescend to give up his right, and retain a commission at the expense of his reputation, I hold as a disgrace to the army, and unworthy of the glorious cause in which we are engaged. When I entered the service of my country, my character was unimpeached. I have sacrificed my interest, ease, and happiness in her cause. It is rather a misfortune, than a fault, that my exertions have not been crowned with success. I am conscious of the rectitude of my intentions. In justice, therefore, to my own character, and for the satisfaction of my friends, I must request a court of inquiry into my conduct; and, though I sensibly feel the ingratitude of my countrymen, yet every personal injury shall be buried in my zeal for the safety and happiness of my country, in whose cause I have repeatedly fought and bled, and am ready at all times to risk my life. I shall cautiously avoid any hasty step (in consequence of the appointments which have taken place), that may tend to the injury of my country."

—*Letter, dated at Providence, March 11th.*

Again, "In my last I intimated to your Excellency the impossibility of my remaining in a disagreeable situation in the army. My being superseded must be viewed as an implicit impeachment of my character. I therefore requested a court of inquiry into my conduct. I believe the time is now at hand, when I can leave this department without any damage to the public interest. When that is the case,

I will wait on your Excellency, not doubting my request will be granted, and that I shall be able to acquit myself of every charge, which malice or envy can bring against me."—*March 26th.*

He was deterred from persisting in his demand of a court of inquiry, by the following letter from Washington.

"Morristown, 3 April, 1777.

"DEAR SIR,

"It is needless for me to say much upon a subject, which must undoubtedly give you a good deal of uneasiness. I confess I was surprised when I did not see your name in the list of major-generals, and was so fully of opinion, that there was some mistake in the matter, that, as you may recollect, I desired you not to take any hasty step, before the intention of Congress was fully known. The point does not now admit of a doubt, and is of so delicate a nature, that I will not even undertake to advise. Your own feelings must be your guide. As no particular charge is alleged against you, I do not see upon what ground you can demand a court of inquiry. Besides, public bodies are not amenable for their actions. They place and displace at pleasure; and all the satisfaction an individual can obtain, when he is overlooked, is, if innocent, a consciousness that he has not deserved such treatment for his honest exertions. Your determination not to quit your present command, while any danger to the public might ensue from your leaving it, deserves my thanks, and justly entitles you to the thanks of your country.

"General Greene, who has lately been at Philadelphia, took occasion to inquire upon what principle the Congress proceeded in their late promotion of general officers. He was informed, that the members from each State seemed to insist upon having a proportion of general officers, adequate to the number of men which they furnish, and that, as Connecticut had already two major-generals, it was their full share. I confess this is a strange mode of reasoning; but it may serve to show you, that the promotion, which was due to your seniority, was not overlooked for want of merit in you.

"I am, dear sir, yours, &c."

Arnold's subsequent bravery and conduct, in an attack by the British at Danbury, Connecticut, influenced Congress so powerfully, that, as Mr. Sparks says—

"Immediately after receiving the intelligence of Arnold's brave conduct at Danbury, Congress promoted him to the appointment of major-general, although, owing to his having been superseded on the 19th of February, he now ranked below several officers, whom he had commanded. A few days afterwards, Congress likewise resolved, 'That the quarter-master-general be directed to procure a horse, and present the same, properly caparisoned, to Major-General Arnold, in the name of this Congress, as a token of their approbation of his gallant conduct in the action against the enemy in their late enterprise to Danbury, in which General Arnold had one horse shot under him, and another wounded.'—*Journals, May 20th.*"

Congress, for a time, nevertheless, refused to restore him to the rank he had lost by being previously omitted in the list of appointments. The editor again says—

"Arnold was unsuccessful in applying to Congress for the restoration of his rank. His enemies in that assembly seem to have been more numerous than his friends, though they were compelled by the public voice to render at least a show of justice to his acts of extraordinary bravery and military conduct. Richard Henry Lee wrote in Congress to Mr. Jefferson, May 20th, as follows. 'One plan, now in frequent use, is to assassinate the characters of the friends of America, in every place, and by every means. At this moment they are now reading in Congress an audacious attempt of this kind against the brave General Arnold.'—*Life of R. H. Lee, Vol. II. p. 38.*"

We have devoted so much space to the contents of the fourth volume, that we can give but a brief sketch of the remaining book; its pages will be found as worthy of attentive notice as the other. Notwithstanding so much has been written of late, in regard to Lafayette, even the reader of the comprehensive orations of Messrs. Adams and Everett will peruse with interest the note upon that distinguished individual by Mr. Sparks, in the appendix to the fifth volume. The original letters of Lafayette possess great interest.

We must also dismiss, as too long for particular notice, the "Conway Cabal." All the letters that have been preserved and could be found upon the topic, are presented in this work. It is, of course, of interest now, only as one among many proofs of the severe trials which our illustrious chief endured in the revolutionary contest; and an instance, also, of the deep blindness to which party spirit and private ambition can reduce even men distinguished as were Mifflin and Gates—we may add, too, a Rush and a Lee. Fortunate, indeed, was the failure of the attempt to eject Washington from the station he occupied. We will not say, that, in such an event, the revolution would not actually have been accomplished; but we do not hesitate to assert, that protracted, long beyond a seven years' war, would have been the struggle, and its end might have witnessed the direful strife of contending military chieftains for the mastery of their country. God preserved our leader from the bullets of the enemy, and from the foul treachery of the dark cabal.

It is known, that after leaving the Jerseys and New York, the enemy, pursuing their intention of capturing Philadelphia, came round by sea, and landed a few miles below the head of Elk, in the State of Maryland. The battle of Brandywine, which was fought to preserve the capital of Pennsylvania, occurred on the 11th of September, 1777. In that fight, though indeed the British troops were in every respect our superiors, it must be confessed that the enemy outmanœuvred us. It has been generally supposed, that the battle was lost by the fault of General Sullivan; Mr. Sparks successfully vindicates his military character, inasmuch as that officer was deceived by false intelligence. Both Congress and Washington, after inquiry, exculpated him. The occupation of Philadelphia soon followed, but by the constant energy and foresight of the American commander, the enemy gained little more than the honour of the capture of that great city.

About the attack upon the British at Germantown, on the 4th of October, of the same year, we shall say a word, as, independently of the evidence it furnished of the daring courage, yet prudent arrangements of Washington, it would, but for an entirely accidental circumstance, have proved the most important in its

- results of any single battle during the war, and might, in fact, have ended the contest. The victory vanished when just about to be grasped.

The cause of the failure of the plan of the Americans was the intervention of an unusually heavy fog, which completely hid the different divisions of our troops from each other; and struck a sudden panic into the militia of our army, at the very moment when the British were preparing for a full retreat. This circumstance is dwelt upon in all the communications of the officers upon the subject. Washington says in his letter to the President of Congress, 5th October, '77—

"We marched about seven o'clock the preceding evening, and General Sullivan's advanced party, drawn from Conway's brigade, attacked their picket at Mount Airy, or Mr. Allen's house, about sunrise the next morning, which presently gave way; and his main body, consisting of the right wing, following soon, engaged the light infantry and other troops encamped near the picket, which they forced from their ground. Leaving their baggage, they retreated a considerable distance, having previously thrown a party into Mr. Chew's house, who were in a situation not to be easily forced, and had it in their power, from the windows, to give us no small annoyance, and in a great measure to obstruct our advance.

"The attack from our left column, under General Greene, began about three quarters of an hour after that from the right, and was for some time equally successful. But I cannot enter upon the particulars of what happened in that quarter, as I am not yet informed of them with sufficient certainty and precision. The morning was extremely foggy, which prevented our improving the advantages we gained, so well as we should otherwise have done. This circumstance, by concealing from us the true situation of the enemy, obliged us to act with more caution and less expedition than we could have wished; and gave the enemy time to recover from the effects of our first impression; and, what was still more unfortunate, it served to keep our different parties in ignorance of each other's movements and hinder their acting in concert. It also occasioned them to mistake one another for the enemy, which I believe more than any thing else contributed to the misfortune that ensued. In the midst of the most promising appearances, when every thing gave the most flattering hopes of victory, the troops began suddenly to retreat, and entirely left the field, in spite of every effort that could be made to rally them."

Again, on the 18th, to his brother :

"Philadelphia County, 18 October, 1777.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"When my last to you was dated I know not; for truly I can say, that my whole time is so much engrossed, that I have scarcely a moment, but sleeping ones, for relaxation, or to indulge myself in writing to a friend. The anxiety you have been under, on account of this army, I can easily conceive. Would to God there had been less cause for it; or that our situation at present was such as to promise much. The enemy crossed the Schuylkill (which, by the by, above the Falls is as easily crossed in any place as Potomac Run, Aquia, or any other broad, shallow water) rather by stratagem; though I do not know, that it was in our power to prevent it, as their manœuvres made it necessary for us to attend to our stores, which lay at Reading, towards which they seemed bending their course, and the loss of which must have proved our ruin. After they had crossed, we took the first favourable opportunity of attacking them.

"This was attempted by a night's march of fourteen miles to surprise them, which we effectually did, so far as to reach their guards before they had notice of our coming; and if it had not been for a thick fog, which rendered it so dark at times that we were not able to distinguish friend from foe at the distance of thirty yards, we should, I believe, have made a decisive and glorious day of it. But Providence designed it otherwise; for after we had driven the enemy a mile or two, after they

were in the utmost confusion and flying before us in most places, after we were upon the point, as it appeared to every body, of grasping a complete victory, our own troops took fright and fled with precipitation and disorder. How to account for this, I know not; unless, as I before observed, the fog represented their own friends to them for a reinforcement of the enemy, as we attacked in different quarters at the same time, and were about closing the wings of our army when this happened. One thing, indeed, contributed not a little to our misfortune, and that was a want of ammunition on the right wing, which began the engagement, and in the course of two hours and forty minutes, which time it lasted, had, many of them, expended the forty rounds, that they took into the field. After the engagement we removed to a place about twenty miles from the enemy, to collect our forces together, to take care of our wounded, get furnished with necessaries again, and be in a better posture, either for offensive or defensive operations. We are now advancing towards the enemy again, being at this time within twelve miles of them."

The important results of this battle are alluded to, in the following extract from Mr. Sparks's note.

"When General Washington's letter to Congress, describing the battle, was read, a resolution was unanimously adopted, 'That the thanks of Congress be given to General Washington, for his wise and well-concerted attack upon the enemy's army near Germantown, on the 11th instant, and to the officers and soldiers of the army for their brave exertions on that occasion; Congress being well satisfied, that the best designs and boldest efforts may sometimes fail by unforeseen incidents, trusting that, on future occasions, the valor and virtue of the army will, by the blessing of Heaven, be crowned with complete and deserved success.'—*Journals*, October 8th.

"Although this battle was a failure in a military view, yet, politically considered, it was eminently important. At the first interview between Count Vergennes and the American Commissioners on the subject of a treaty of alliance, December 12th, 1777, the minister, after complimenting them on the prosperous state of affairs in America, and conversing for some time on the situation of the two armies, said, 'that nothing had struck him so much as General Washington's attacking and giving battle to General Howe's army; that to bring an army, raised within a year, to this, promised every thing.'—*Life of Arthur Lee*, Vol. I. p. 360. It has been usually supposed, that Burgoyne's defeat was the turning point with the French; but the above fact, related by one of the commissioners who was present, is a proof that the operations of General Washington's army had their due weight in the scale."

The treaty with France, concluded in February 1778, was considered as securing our independence, which had already been put in a fair train of accomplishment. It may be interesting just now to recur to the feelings of the country towards our then ally, and the sense that was entertained of the value of her aid. Mr. Sparks says in a note to p. 357, vol. 5.

"There were fears at this time, that the country, confiding in the aid and prowess of France, now pledged to sustain American Independence, would remit the necessary exertions for carrying on the war. The favorable result of the contest was now considered as beyond a doubt. Even Washington said, in a letter to General Putnam, of the same date as the above, 'I hope that the fair, and, I may say, *certain* prospect of success will not induce us to relax.' Robert Morris also, in a letter to General Washington, thus wrote. 'When I congratulate your Excellency on the great good news lately received from France, you will not expect me to express my feelings. Were I in your company, my countenance might show, but my pen cannot describe them. Most sincerely do I give you joy. Our independence is undoubtedly secured; our country must be free.'—*May 9th*."

Washington issued the following order to the army—

"From the *Orderly Book*, May 6th.—It having pleased the Almighty Ruler of the Universe to defend the cause of the United American States, and finally to raise us

up a powerful friend among the princes of the earth, to establish our liberty and independency upon a lasting foundation; it becomes us to set apart a day for gratefully acknowledging the divine goodness, and celebrating the important event, which we owe to his divine interposition. The several brigades are to be assembled for this purpose at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, when their chaplains will communicate the intelligence contained in the Postscript of the Pennsylvania Gazette of the 2d instant, and offer up thanksgiving, and deliver a discourse suitable to the occasion. At half after ten o'clock a cannon will be fired, which is to be a signal for the men to be under arms; the brigade-inspectors will then inspect their dress and arms and form the battalions according to the instructions given them, and announce to the commanding officers of the brigade that the battalions are formed.

"The commanders of brigades will then appoint the field-officers to the battalions, after which each battalion will be ordered to load and ground their arms. At half past eleven a second cannon will be fired as a signal for the march, upon which the several brigades will begin their march by wheeling to the right by platoons, and proceed by the nearest way to the left of their ground by the new position; this will be pointed out by the brigade-inspectors. A third signal will then be given, on which there will be a discharge of thirteen cannon; after which a running fire of the infantry will begin on the right of Woodford's, and continue throughout the front line; it will then be taken up on the left of the second line and continue to the right. Upon a signal given, the whole army will huzza, *Long live the King of France*; the artillery then begins again and fires thirteen rounds; this will be succeeded by a second general discharge of the musketry in a running fire, and huzza, *Long live the friendly European Powers*. The last discharge of thirteen pieces of artillery will be given, followed by a general running fire, and huzza, *The American States*."

The editor continues—

"The following is an extract from a letter, written by an officer who was present. 'Last Wednesday was set apart as a day of general rejoicing, when we had a *feu de joie* conducted with the greatest order and regularity. The army made a most brilliant appearance; after which his Excellency dined in public, with all the officers of his army, attended with a band of music. I never was present where there was such unfigured and perfect joy, as was discovered in every countenance. The entertainment was concluded with a number of patriotic toasts, attended with huzzas. When the General took his leave, there was a universal clap, with loud huzzas, which continued till he had proceeded a quarter of a mile, during which time there were a thousand hats tossed in the air. His Excellency turned round with his retinue, and huzzaced several times.'—*Valley Forge, May 9th.*"

The enemy evacuated Philadelphia on the 18th of June, '78, and retreated through the Jerseys. Washington followed with the intention of attacking them. The battle of Monmouth took place on the 28th of the same month. This was one of the best arranged attacks upon the British during the whole war, and, but for the extraordinary behaviour of General Lee, would have been one of the most successful. We shall make copious extracts concerning this officer's conduct.

Lee was a singular man. His letters are very amusing. He wrote, in April, to Washington—

"You must know, that it has long been the object of my studies how to form an army in the most simple manner possible. I once wrote a treatise, though I did not publish it, for the use of the militia of England. By reading Machiavel's *Institutions*, and Marshal Saxe, I have taken it into my head, that I understand it better than almost any man living. In short, I am mounting on a hobby-horse of my own training, and it runs away with me. Indeed I am so infatuated with it, that I cannot forbear boasting its excellences on all occasions to friends and enemies. You must excuse me, therefore, if I could not forbear recommending the beast to some members of Congress."—*MS Letter, April 13th.*

Mr. Sparks relates the following anecdote:

"Soon after General Lee rejoined the army at Valley Forge, a curious incident occurred. By an order of Congress, General Washington was required to administer the oath of allegiance to the general officers. The major-generals stood around Washington, and took hold of a Bible together according to the usual custom; but, just as he began to administer the oath, Lee deliberately withdrew his hand twice. This movement was so singular, and was performed in so odd a manner, that the officers smiled, and Washington inquired the meaning of his hesitancy. Lee replied, 'As to King George, I am ready enough to absolve myself from all allegiance to him, but I have some scruples about the Prince of Wales.' The strangeness of this reply was such, that the officers burst into a broad laugh, and even Washington could not refrain from a smile. The ceremony was of course interrupted. It was renewed as soon as a compasure was restored proper for the solemnity of the occasion, and Lee took the oath with the other officers. Connected with the subsequent conduct of General Lee, this incident was thought by some, who were acquainted with it, to have a deeper meaning than at first appeared, and to indicate a less ardent and fixed patriotism towards the United States, than was consistent with the rank and professions of the second officer in the command of the American forces."

It having been determined in a council of war to attack the enemy, and Lee disapproving of the measure—the account by Mr. S. proceeds—

"From General Lee's rank the advanced detachment fell under his command, although he was totally opposed to the measure adopted. Lafayette went to Washington, reminded him of this embarrassment, and offered to take command of the attacking division. Washington said, that such an arrangement would be entirely agreeable to him, but that it could not be effected without the previous consent of General Lee. When Lafayette applied to Lee, he very readily assented, saying that he disapproved of the plans of the Commander-in-chief, that he was sure they would fail, and that he was willing to be relieved from any responsibility in carrying them into execution. Lafayette immediately took command of his division, and marched towards the enemy. After reflecting upon the matter, Lee wrote to General Washington as follows.

GENERAL LEE TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.

"Camp, at Kingston, 25 June, 1778.

"DEAR GENERAL,

"When I first assented to the Marquis de Lafayette's taking the command of the present detachment, I confess I viewed it in a very different light from that in which I view it at present. I considered it as a more proper business of a young, volunteering general, than of the second in command in the army; but I find it is considered in a different manner. They say that a corps consisting of six thousand men, the greater part chosen, is undoubtedly the most honorable command next to the commander-in-chief; that my ceding it would of course have an odd appearance. I must intreat, therefore, after making a thousand apologies for the trouble my rash assent has occasioned you, that, if this detachment does march, I may have the command of it. So far personally; but, to speak as an officer, I do not think that this detachment ought to march at all, until at least the head of the enemy's right column has passed Cranberry; then, if it is necessary to march the whole army, I cannot see any impropriety in the Marquis's commanding this detachment, or a greater, as an advanced guard of the army; but if this detachment, with Maxwell's corps, Scott's, Morgan's, and Jackson's, is to be considered as a separate, chosen, active corps, and put under the Marquis's command until the enemy leave the Jerseys, both myself and Lord Stirling will be disgraced. I am, dear General, yours, &c.

"CHARLES LEE."

"As Washington had already given the command to the Marquis, it could not with propriety be withdrawn without his consent. Lee applied to him for the purpose, but the Marquis said he could not without great reluctance give up the command; that it had been yielded to him freely, and he was particularly desirous of

retaining it. This was on the second day before the battle, and there was a prospect that the enemy would be overtaken during the day. After Lee had urged the point, and appealed to the generosity and magnanimity of the Marquis, the latter at length agreed that if he did not come up with the enemy so as to make an attack that day, he would then resign the command. Lee had already been detached with a smaller division, but was instructed not to interfere with the Marquis, if he had concerted any definite plan of attacking the enemy. The day passed over without coming to an action, and late at night Lafayette wrote a note to Lee resigning the command. The result, in regard to General Lee, is well known. The battle took place the next day, in the midst of which Lee retreated, contrary to the expectations of the Commander-in-chief, and in such a manner as to threaten the most serious consequences to the army. He was met by Washington while retreating, and was addressed by him in a tone of reprimand and censure, which wounded the pride of Lee, and gave rise to the following correspondence.

GENERAL LEE TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.

"Camp, English Town, 1 July [29 June?], 1778.

"Sir,

"From the knowledge I have of your Excellency's character, I must conclude that nothing but the misinformation of some very stupid, or misrepresentation of some very wicked person, could have occasioned your making use of so very singular expressions as you did on my coming up to the ground where you had taken post. They implied that I was guilty, either of disobedience of orders, want of conduct, or want of courage. Your Excellency will therefore infinitely oblige me, by letting me know on which of these three articles you ground your charge, that I may prepare for my justification, which I have the happiness to be confident I can do to the army, to the Congress, to America, and to the world in general. Your Excellency must give me leave to observe, that neither yourself, nor those about your person, could, from your situation, be in the least judges of the merits or demerits of our manœuvres; and, to speak with a becoming pride, I can assert that to these manœuvres the success of the day was entirely owing. I can boldly say, that had we remained on the first ground, or had we advanced, or had the retreat been conducted in a manner different from what it was, this whole army and the interests of America would have risked being sacrificed. I ever had, and hope ever shall have, the greatest respect and veneration for General Washington. I think him endowed with many great and good qualities; but in this instance I must pronounce that he has been guilty of an act of cruel injustice towards a man, who certainly has some pretensions to the regard of every servant of this country. And I think, sir, I have a right to demand some reparation for the injury committed; and, unless I can obtain it, I must, in justice to myself, when this campaign is closed, which I believe will close the war, retire from a service at the head of which is placed a man capable of offering such injuries. But at the same time, in justice to you, I must repeat, that I from my soul believe, that it was not a motion of your own breast, but instigated by some of those dirty carwigs, who will for ever insinuate themselves near persons in high office; for I really am convinced, that when General Washington acts from himself, no man in his army will have reason to complain of injustice or indecorum. I am, sir, and hope I ever shall have reason to continue, your most sincerely devoted humble servant.

"CHARLES LEE."

GENERAL WASHINGTON TO GENERAL LEE.

"Head-Quarters, English Town, 30 June, 1778.

"Sir,

"I received your letter (dated, through mistake, the 1st of July), expressed, as I conceive, in terms highly improper. I am not conscious of having made use of any very singular expressions at the time of meeting you, as you intimate. What I recollect to have said was dictated by duty, and warranted by the occasion. As soon as circumstances will permit, you shall have an opportunity of justifying yourself to the army, to Congress, to America, and to the world in general, or of convincing them that you were guilty of a breach of orders, and of misbehaviour before the enemy, on the 28th instant, in not attacking them as you had been directed, and in

making an unnecessary, disorderly, and shameful retreat. I am, sir, your most obedient servant.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

GENERAL LEE TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.

"Camp, 28 [30?] June, 1778.*

"SIR,

"I beg your Excellency's pardon for the inaccuracy in misdating my letter. You cannot afford me greater pleasure than in giving me the opportunity of showing to America the sufficiency of her respective servants. I trust that temporary power of office, and the tinsel dignity attending it, will not be able, by all the mists they can raise, to offuscate the bright rays of truth. In the mean time your Excellency can have no objection to my retiring from the army. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant.

"CHARLES LEE."

GENERAL LEE TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.

"Camp, 30 June, 1778.

"SIR,

"Since I had the honor of addressing my letter by Colonel Fitzgerald to your Excellency, I have reflected on both your situation and mine, and beg leave to observe, that it will be for our mutual convenience that a court of inquiry should be immediately ordered; but I could wish that it might be a court-martial; for, if the affair is drawn into length, it may be difficult to collect the necessary evidences, and perhaps might bring on a paper war betwixt the adherents to both parties, which may occasion some disagreeable feuds on the continent; for all are not my friends, nor all your admirers. I must entreat therefore, from your love of justice, that you will immediately exhibit your charge, and that on the first halt I may be brought to a trial; and am, sir, your most obedient humble servant.

"CHARLES LEE."

GENERAL WASHINGTON TO GENERAL LEE.

"Head-Quarters, English Town, 30 June, 1778.

"SIR,

"Your letter by Colonel Fitzgerald, and also one of this date, have been duly received. I have sent Colonel Scammell, the Adjutant-General, to put you in arrest, who will deliver you a copy of the charges on which you will be tried. I am, sir, your most obedient servant.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

CHARGES AGAINST GENERAL LEE.

"*First*: Disobedience of orders in not attacking the enemy on the 28th of June, agreeably to repeated instructions.

"*Secondly*: Misbehaviour before the enemy on the same day, by making an unnecessary, disorderly, and shameful retreat.

"*Thirdly*: Disrespect to the Commander-in-chief, in two letters, dated the 1st of July and 28th of June."

"The court-martial was convened on the 4th of July, consisting of one major-general, four brigadiers, and eight colonels. Lord Stirling was president. The court sat, from time to time, till the 12th of August, when they declared their opinion, that General Lee was guilty of all the charges, and sentenced him to be suspended from any command in the armies of the United States, for the term of twelve months. The testimony at the trial was extremely full, and it exhibits a minute detail of the operations in the battle of Monmouth. Congress approved the sentence of the court-

* "This letter, in the original, is dated June 28th, which is evidently a mistake, because that was the day of the battle; and moreover it must have been written after the preceding one from General Washington, to which it is an answer. Hence both of General Lee's offensive letters were erroneously dated."

martial, by a vote of thirteen in the affirmative and seven in the negative, and ordered the *Proceedings* of the court to be published."

Washington's delicacy was strongly exemplified in his communications to Congress upon the subject; and that body entertained the highest sense of his conduct in the battle. President Laurens wrote to him—

"I arrived here on Thursday last, but hitherto have not collected a sufficient number of States to form a Congress; consequently I have received no commands. Your Excellency will therefore be pleased to accept this as the address of an individual, intended to assure you, sir, of my hearty congratulations with my countrymen, on the success of the American arms under your immediate command at the battle of Monmouth, and more particularly of my own happiness in the additional glory achieved by you in retrieving the honor of these States in the moment of an alarming dilemma. It is not my design to attempt encomiums. I am as unequal to the task as the act is unnecessary. Love and respect for your Excellency are impressed on the heart of every grateful American, and your name will be revered by posterity. Our acknowledgments are especially due to Heaven for the preservation of your person, necessarily exposed for the salvation of America to the most imminent danger on the late occasion.—*MS. Letter, July 7th.*"

In our observations upon the first two volumes of this publication, we made a remark upon the question of the authorship of the papers bearing Washington's name. We find in the fifth volume a note of Mr. Sparks, which bears upon the point, and which we shall extract. There can be but little doubt of the correctness of this gentleman's reasoning and conclusions. He is speaking of a report to Congress on the general organization and management of the army.

"In the *Life of Alexander Hamilton*, Vol. I. p. 174, it is said of this paper, that 'it is manifestly the work of Colonel Hamilton.' This inference is drawn from the circumstance, that a draft exists in his handwriting. But it was, in fact, the work of many hands. There are few points in the paper itself, which are not contained or intimated in some of the communications of the general officers. As one of General Washington's aids, it was natural that Colonel Hamilton should be employed to arrange and condense the materials into the proper form of a report, especially as no one connected with the General's family was better qualified to execute the task, both from his knowledge of the subject and his ability. This is the only sense in which it can be considered as his work. Indeed, whoever is accustomed to consult the manuscripts of public documents, will often be led into error, if he ascribes the *authorship* of every paper to the person in whose handwriting it may be found. This remark has particular force, when applied to the important papers to which Washington affixed his name. They were always the results of patient thought and investigation on his own part, aided by such light as he could collect from others, in whose intelligence and judgment he could confide. Whatever pen he may have employed to embody these results, it may be laid down as a rule, to which there is no exception, that the writer aimed to express as clearly and compactly as he could, what he knew to be the sentiments of Washington. The fact alone can account for the extraordinary uniformity in style, modes of expression, and turns of thought, which prevail throughout the immense body of Washington's letters, from his earliest youth to the end of his life. It will seldom be accurate to say, in regard to any of his papers, that the person, in whose handwriting they may be found, was their *author*; nor indeed is it believed, that there is in history an instance of a public man, who was, in the genuine sense of the term, more emphatically the *author* of the papers, which received the sanction of his name."

We cannot conclude our review of these letters without no-

ting the vein of piety which so many of them exhibit. A lowly dependence upon God was a feature of Washington's character, that claims our instant respect; and which, while we so justly accord to him the appellation of *great*, amply justifies the nobler addition of *good*.

ART. V.—*A Sketch of Chinese History, Ancient and Modern: comprising a retrospect of the Foreign Intercourse and Trade with China. Illustrated by a new and corrected Map of the Empire.* BY THE REV. CHARLES GUTZLAFF, now, and for many years past, resident in that Country. 2 vols. pp. 312 and 380. New York. John P. Haven: 1834.

THE Celestial Empire, as its inhabitants proudly style it, has long excited the interest of the European race. The earliest profane historians had heard of a civilized people beyond the countries inhabited by the wandering tribes of Scythia, more just than the rest of the human race; and it is no stretch of imagination to conceive that this people, to whom the early Greeks, hearing of them from nations residing in the north, ascribed a position under the poles, were the Chinese, who even then had adopted the lofty code of morals which they still teach, if they do not practise.

In later times, at the close of the dark ages of Europe, a family of Venetian merchants, the Polos, penetrated into this remote region, and returning loaded with wealth, excited the imagination of poets, and roused the enterprise of navigators, with visions of the riches and power of the Empire of Cathay, and its vast and populous capital Cambalu. Such visions played before the eyes of Columbus, when he launched his bark into an unexplored ocean; and he died under the persuasion that instead of having given a new world to the inhabitants of Europe, he had penetrated to some of the remote provinces of the fabulous empires of China and Japan.

When de Gama had shown the way from the Atlantic to the ocean of India, Portuguese, Spaniards, Dutch and English in succession, visited the seaports of China. Here they found a civilization and useful arts in many respects more advanced than their own; and when we consider of what materials the earlier expeditions were composed, how rude and ignorant were the crews of the vessels by which these navigations were accomplished, how fierce and lawless even the most accomplished of their officers, we have no reason to wonder that they were stig-

matized by the enlightened part of the Chinese as barbarians; a term of reproach, that, in spite of the advances since made in European civilization, is still applied to all strangers who visit the empire.

The superiority which the Chinese arrogate to themselves, if not founded on the existing state of things, is well supported upon recollections of the past. When Thebes and Nineveh were the boast of the western nations, the progenitors of the Chinese were not behind the Egyptian and Assyrian empires in civilization. When the Latin eagle reached its remotest eyrie in the mountains of Armenia, Chinese armies manœuvred on the eastern shores of the Caspian; and when Attila thundered at the gates of Rome, he led hordes expelled from the neighbourhood of the great wall, by the address of Chinese diplomacy.

The inventions on which modern nations pride themselves, are of separate and remote origin in China; the magnetic needle directed armies and caravans, in the deserts of Central Asia, and pointed out the course of junks from Canton to the Persian Gulf, while European navigators had no more certain guide than the stars; the walls of the cities of Persia and Bucharia, yielded to the force of Chinese gunpowder, when the most formidable weapon of Europe was the bow. Paper was abundantly manufactured in China, when the monks of Italy were erasing the precious writings of the ancients in order to obtain materials on which to inscribe the legends of saints; the writings of Confucius were multiplied by the art of printing ages before Faust was accused of magic; and paper money, on which the administration of "the most enlightened nation upon earth" is now engaged in *experimenting*, was issued at Pekin to pay the armies which occupied Bagdad and overthrew the throne of the Caliphs.

In the regions which extend from the Caspian and Persian Gulf westward to the Atlantic ocean, civilization and the arts have been constantly fluctuating and changing their seats. Thebes, Jerusalem, Nineveh, Babylon, Persepolis, Athens, Alexandria, Rome, Constantinople, Bagdad, and Cordova, have in succession stood first, as seats of learning and science. Each in its turn lost its superiority by violence, and much of the improvement previously obtained was lost at each convulsion. Yet upon the whole, the progress of the human mind has been onwards, and in the intervals of repose more was generally gained than had been lost in the preceding catastrophe. The annals of China present a very different history. A small tribe composed but of a few families, attained at an early date a degree of refinement, probably unequalled by any contemporary nation. Partly by arms and partly by the arts of peace, the neighbouring barbarians were united and amalgamated with them, until a degree

of wealth and power was attained, which excited the cupidity or alarmed the jealousy of the rude and savage nations of the North of Asia. With these, for more than thirty centuries, Chinese civilization has maintained a constant and triumphant contest; when threatened with invasion, policy has turned the arms of one tribe against another, or united enemies with the body of the nation; when actually conquered by arms, the triumph of the conquerors has been changed into a defeat, and the new rulers have yielded to the unaltering laws of the Celestial Empire.

The evidence of all history shows that different races possess different capacities for intellectual improvement. That which gave birth to the Empire of China, must have been favoured in this respect in a very high degree. The continual mixture with Mongolian, Turkish and Tongusian blood, appears to have limited this capacity; or perhaps the successive additions made to the nation have been dazzled by the superiority of the original Chinese to such a degree as to conceive their arts, their literature, and their science, incapable of further improvement. To whichever of these causes we may ascribe the result, it is not the less remarkable that ages have elapsed since any advance has been made in these directions. The arts of China are directed by the same receipts which Marco Polo saw in use: her modern literature aspires to no other merit than that of a close imitation of ancient models, and science has degenerated into servile adherence to the rules of bygone times. Two enlightened conquerors, Kublai Khan and Khang-Hi, not only adopted all which they admired in the subjugated nation, but would willingly have engrafted upon it, the one the learning of the Arabs, the other the sciences of modern Europe, but the inertia of Chinese mind was not to be moved by their endeavours, and their successors were speedily wrapped in that dream of fancied superiority, which rejects the introduction of every thing foreign.

China proper is itself a large and extensive country, possessed of a fertile soil, and such variety of climate as adapts it to the most valuable productions of temperate climates, and admits, in the south, of the cultivation of the fruits of the tropics. Situated under the same parallels with our own middle and southern states, occupying like them the eastern shore of a great continent, there is an analogy in temperature and vicissitudes of season that is very remarkable. But while our country is thinly covered by an active moving population, which seeks new outlets for its increase in the fertile regions of the west, China, bounded by barren deserts or sterile mountains, has been for ages compelled to provide for the settlement and support of its redundant population, in the artificial increase of the resources of its own soil. Thus morasses have been reclaimed, mountains cut into terraces,

and the suburbs of cities constructed upon boats. By such means, and the exercise of strict frugality, China suffices to support a population unequalled by any other country: taking the official census as a basis, our author rates it at 367 millions. The accuracy of this he has himself tested by the examination of small separate districts, in all of which he has found the census of the government in defect rather than in excess. Another Chinese authority quoted by Remusat, makes the population no more than 140 millions, but this is acknowledged to be wrong.

The Chinese are usually stated by writers on natural history to belong to the Mongol or yellow variety of the human race. But if we even admit the correctness of the mode of classification, the Chinese do not strictly belong to it, as a body. In the southern provinces, indeed, exposure to the sun and air has darkened the colour of the labouring classes, and in every part the peculiar obliquity of the eyes may be remarked: but in the northern districts, the people are as fair as Europeans of the same latitude, and high born females exhibit as brilliant a complexion as the natives of Spain or France. In addition, the facial angle would place many Chinese in the Caucasian race.

If we were to believe the Chinese themselves, and the European writers who have relied upon the authority of Chinese writers, we should infer that a complete history had existed in official records from 2207 years before our era, and that they had then even a knowledge of the length of the year, founded upon astronomical observation. The origin of the empire is carried up to Foh-hi, several centuries farther back, and posterior to whom happened an inundation which we cannot avoid considering the same as the deluge of Noah. These pretensions to antiquity cannot be supported. The Chinese account for the meagreness of their ancient annals by the destruction of the books and records by Chi-Hoang-Ti, an emperor of the Tsin dynasty, in the year 213 B. C. But he preserved the genealogy of his own family, and the writings of the religious sect of which he was a follower. In a succeeding dynasty, the historic books of Confucius were written down from the recollection of an aged follower of his doctrine, and subsequently a copy was found, which had escaped the catastrophe. To judge from internal evidence, a part at least of this work is a moral fiction, intended to point out by example the character of a good prince, and when it is probably historical, it by no means warrants the superstructure which has been reared upon it. Thus of seventeen emperors, which the modern compilers of annals reckon in the third or Hea dynasty, when authentic history is said to begin, no more than three are mentioned by Confucius, while he who is now called the founder of the dynasty, appears only in the subordinate character of minister.

The earliest regular historian of the Chinese empire, Se-ma-tsien, published his work about ninety-seven years before Christ, and does not venture to fix any date with certainty previous to 841 B. C., under the dynasty of the Tchcou. Those historians, however, who are now generally followed—for nearly all intermediate writers are rejected as schismatics in religion—flourished under the two dynasties of the Song, which governed China from 960 A. D. to 1278 A. D.; and they are the first who attempt to fix dates more early than those admitted by Se-ma-tsien. In spite of all deductions, however, China possesses what no other nation can boast, a regular series of published official annals, continuing without interruption from the reign of Chi-Hoang-Ti, more than two hundred years before our era, to the end of the Ming dynasty in 1644, A. D. From that date to the present time, the events which have occurred are familiar to Europeans, although the compilations of the official historians are scaled up until such time as a change of dynasty shall occur. For at least 250 years farther back than the reign of Chi-Hoang-Ti, the dates of the accession of emperors may be considered as certain, probable for about four hundred years more, while the general current of events and the names of sovereigns may be received as authentic from the advent of the Tchcou dynasty, said to be in 1112 B. C. Our views of the anterior state of China must be drawn rather from the application of criticism to the annals which are now received, than from any belief in the annals themselves.

The progenitors of the Chinese were not the first settlers of the country their descendants now inhabit, but were preceded by a race of savages, some remains of which are still to be found in the mountains, particularly of the western parts. This second swarm made its appearance in the north western part of China proper, the mountains of which region are still revered by the Chinese as the theatre of their mythology. The founders of the empire were composed of a hundred families, each governed by a patriarchal authority, and perfectly equal in power and privileges. This equality still exists in theory among all the Chinese, and although from time immemorial the nation has been subject to a sway, patriarchal in principle, but despotic in effect, this sway does not rest upon the principle of legitimacy or of divine right, but is solely determined by possession, the emperor *de facto* being universally recognised as emperor *de jure*. The same state of equality in the eye of the law continues to the present day. Theoretically speaking, every office is open to every native; rank, however high, never descends to the children of the possessor, and the attainment of high dignities by one of obscure birth, ennobles not his children but his progenitors. The imperial dignity is alone hereditary, yet allegiance to the reigning family is not indefeasible, and at the present day, even loyal

subjects regard the signs of the times as pointing to a change of dynasty.

The families which founded the Chinese empire, brought with them, or speedily acquired, a system of writing different from that employed by any other people, but which has, by their colonies, conquests, and the influence of their civilization, been widely extended in Asia. This was at first limited to the representation of natural objects, and was indeed no more than the rude method employed by the Indians of our country, who can form an imperfect memorial of events in pictured representations. This method reached in Mexico a high degree of perfection, but never acquired on our continent the properties of a written language.

It is the advantage of a system like that of the Chinese, that it records its own history, and we can not only ascertain even at the present moment the original pictured signs on which the written language was founded, but may make well determined inquiries into the state of civilization of the people by whom the signs were used, and the extent of its mental cultivation. The original signs were the images of natural objects, not delineated with skill, or coloured in imitation of nature, but of such rude character as might be traced by children, or by the earliest attempts at the pictorial art. So far from the figures having been brought to a more close verisimilitude by the progress of the art, every step to the perfection of the writing rendered them less and less like the objects they were intended to represent. Still their original form, and the successive steps by which they have acquired their present conformation, are matter almost of authentic history. The symbols have been not only altered in shape, but have been combined in the most complex manner, but the number of primitive images has never varied,* and it is rigorously true, that with the small number of signs invented by their barbarous ancestors, the modern Chinese are able to satisfy the forms of expressions demanded by an advanced state of civilization.

The number of the original symbols is about two hundred.* Of these, the visible heavens had furnished seven, namely, the sky, the sun, the moon, stars, clouds, rain, and vapours. Traces of religious belief exist in the representation of a victim offered in sacrifice; and the principle of evil is figured in the form of the head of a demon. Natural inanimate objects furnish seventeen primitive symbols; the art of building, eleven, drawn from the rudest and earliest forms of architecture, but for *palace, tower, garden, temple, city, or fortification*, no original character is to be found. Twenty-three characters have relation to man, and point out his actions, and his social and domestic relations. In

* *Revue des Mélanges Asiatiques.*

these, *king, man of letters, general, soldier*, are not comprised, but we find the representation of a *slave* and a *sorcerer*.

The parts of the human body, which have original symbols, are twenty-seven in number; no more than two of these are internal. Dress gives rise to six characters; these are adapted to the very earliest step in civilization, and only satisfy the native sense of decency. Of ornaments, there is only a chain of string beads, like those used by savages; nor is there any thing to recall to mind *precious stones, instruments of music, money, glass, or porcelain*; neither do we find *gold* among these characters, although it must have been known at a very remote date, as the rivers and streams of China yield it in a native state.

The names of furniture, domestic utensils, arms, and tools, amount in number to no more than thirty-five. Among these are *vases* of wood and clay, *tables, benches, and chests*; of arms, *arrows, bows, axes, lances, and halberds*; these, however, give no indication of a knowledge of the metals, and even to the present day the character which designates an axe is combined with the image of a stone, marking the material from which it was first constructed. Of agricultural instruments no more than three are designated, a rude sort of *hoe*, a measure for grain, and a vessel for storing it.

Five domestic animals have names; the *dog*, the *hog*, the *sheep*, the *ox*, and the *horse*, and seven wild quadrupeds. Although eleven characters belong to the class of birds, no more than two of these are specific. No more than two symbols relate to fish, the one to those of a long, the other to those of a round figure; and seven suffice for all the animals of an inferior order. Among these is one for shells, which has become the root of all the terms which relate to wealth and to commerce; whence we may infer, that they were the earliest medium of exchange, as in the rude nations of Africa.

The vegetable kingdom is comprised in twenty-six characters, most of which are generic. Among the specific terms are *rice* and *millet*, but neither barley nor wheat; *garlic* and the *gourd* are the principal esculent vegetables, and the *bamboo*, so important in the domestic economy of the Chinese, has its symbol. But for the mulberry, the paper tree, the tea plant, and the lac, no simple character is to be found.

To judge, from this list of characters, of the state of the people which employed them, we should infer, that at the time they came into conventional use, the Chinese had ideas of religion demanding expiation by sacrifice, and a superstitious dread of an evil agent, but no idea of intellectual faculties, or even of moral obligation; that they had not cultivated astronomic observation, even of the rudest kind, or acquired any method of dividing time; were not collected in cities, had not erected fortifications,

nor united to worship in temples; that they had no notion of the relations and orders of civil society; were clothed in the rudest vestments, devoid of almost any ornament; that their domestic furniture did not extend beyond a few rude moveables and coarse vessels of wood and earthenware; that war was an object of primary attention, engrossing the whole male population, but that their arms were only such as savages still manufacture without the aid of the metals; that a few animals had attracted their attention, of which some are what are now domesticated; and that the beginning of agriculture was marked only by a knowledge of two species of the cereal gramina.

The people which made use of these signs, could not have had a higher degree of cultivation than the inhabitants of the islands of the Pacific, but even in this rude state they had conceived the idea of a written language. It does not at first sight appear easy to imagine how, in the rude traces first drawn, and which in use deviated more and more from the original, a wolf was to be distinguished from a dog or a fox, or one variety of tree from another. It is still more difficult to imagine how the pictures of physical objects could be made to express human passions, abstract ideas, and the operations of the human mind. These two obstacles have however yielded to the genius of the inventors of the Chinese written language. The names of natural objects were represented each by a combination of two symbols, one of which was generic, and taken from the animal, the tree, or the plant assumed as the type; the other indicated the peculiarities of formation, the habits of life in animals, or the use to which the object was applicable.

Abstract ideas were represented in a still more ingenious manner.* Thus, for *anger*, the symbol of a heart was joined to that of a slave; for *seduction*, that of a woman with that of a net; a hand holding the character of *middle* represents an *historian*, whose duty it is to incline to neither side; the figures of two men face to face, signified to *salute*, if back to back, to *separate*, if one behind the other, to *follow*. With a want of gallantry that even in their highest civilization they still manifest, all faults, vices, and moral defects are referred to the character *woman*. No doubt they compensate this rudeness in some degree, by deriving from the same source expressions for the ideas of *beauty*, *grace*, *maternal tenderness*, but still their written language attests to the present day the existence of the prejudices of a barbarian people.

The impression most generally received is, that the Chinese language is purely monosyllabic. This is true perhaps in respect to its roots, but is far from being the fact in its actual state. The

* Remusat *Mélanges Asiatiques*.

written characters are indeed syllabic, and thus it has probably happened that the particles which express the relations of one or more, of agent, possession, and object in nouns, and of time in verbs, have not melted into the original word, and formed declensions and conjugations, as in the Western languages. Still, by the use of such particles, inseparable without an alteration of the sense, the language becomes truly polysyllabic, and might be subjected to the rules of inflexion. This may be best illustrated by examples, and we shall quote from Remusat, the mode in which a noun might be declined, and the translation of the Lord's Prayer.

NOM.	<i>jin, jinye,</i>	man, the man.
GEN.	<i>jintchi, jinti,</i>	of man.
DAT.	<i>injin,</i>	to man.
VOC.	<i>yajin, jino,</i>	O! man.
ABL.	<i>injin,</i>	from man.
REL.	<i>jintche, or jin-yitche,</i>	the man who.

The accusative is marked by placing the word after the verb, which governs it, and the genitive by putting the word governed before that which governs, as we do in English.

	<i>Thiantchu</i>		<i>King.</i>	
	Domini		Oratio.	
<i>Tsai</i>	<i>thian</i>	<i>otung</i>	<i>foutche,</i>	
Ines	cælo	noster	pater,	
<i>oteng</i>	<i>youan</i>	<i>cul</i>	<i>ming</i>	
nos	cupimus	tuum	nomen	
<i>kianching,</i>	<i>cul</i>	<i>koué</i>	<i>linke</i>	
sanctificari,	tuum	regnum	advenire,	
<i>cul</i>	<i>tchi</i>	<i>tchhinghing</i>	<i>iu ti</i>	
tuum	voluntatem	fieri	in terra	
<i>jou</i>	<i>iu</i>	<i>thianyan ;</i>	<i>otung</i>	<i>wung</i>
sicut	in	cælo ;	nos	speramus
<i>cul</i>	<i>kinji</i>	<i>iu</i>	'o	'o
te	hodie	daturum	nobis	nostrum
<i>jyoung</i>	<i>liang,</i>	<i>cul</i>	<i>mian</i>	
quotidianum	panem	et	dimissurum	
'o	<i>tchai,</i>	<i>jou</i>	'o	<i>ye</i>
nostra	debita	ut	nos	etiam
<i>mian</i>	<i>fou</i>	'o	<i>tchai'tche.</i>	
dimittimus	debentibus	nobis	debita.	
<i>Yeou</i>	<i>pou</i>	'o	<i>hinhian</i>	<i>iuyeoukan</i>
Et	non	nos	inducas	tentationi,
<i>naï</i>	<i>khieou</i>	'o	<i>iouyoungon.</i>	
sed	libera	nos	malo.	

Remusat remarks with truth, that it would be difficult to point out the real difference between Chinese words rendered polysyllabic by the composition or addition of grammatical forms, and the terms of other languages, which, for the most part, owe their increased length to the same causes. What, then, says he, will become of that pretended family of monosyllabic languages, in which certain systematic philologists have endeavoured to include the Chinese, the Japanese, and the tongues of India beyond the Ganges?

The principal dialect of China has also a great number of words which are in fact dissyllables. These are sometimes formed by the reduplication of a syllabic word, by which it may be distinguished from itself when used alone, and will thus be susceptible of two different meanings. But there is a more extensive class formed of two different syllables, each of which has, among its meanings, in the dictionaries, the same meaning as the compound word, yet is never used in that sense, either in writing or conversation, unless when thus combined.

It will be obvious, then, in order to express the relations of case in nouns, and time or person in verbs, some part of the characters must have become purely phonetic; nor have we been able to learn from any authority, the principle upon which this has been done. The impression has been so strong that the language of China is wholly addressed to the eyes, that those persons best versed in it, and who actually employ its characters, as simply phonetic, do not seem aware of the use they are making of them. That the Chinese characters must be read phonetically, and do not merely address themselves to the eyes, seems to have been first remarked by a distinguished philologist of the city of Philadelphia; yet the practice founded upon this principle is familiar, both in the usages of the Chinese themselves, and of those who have cultivated their language. Thus, in writing the names of foreign nations, the Chinese have chosen from their own symbols, syllabic characters, whose sounds approach most nearly to those of the several syllables of the name in question. The Turks (*Toungzou*), are styled *Thou-kiou*; Kaschemir, *Kia-chi-me-lo*; the Tadjeks, *Tiao-tchi*; Cophene, *Ki-pin*; the *Asses*, *A-si*; the Asiatic, *An-thsai*; the Getes, *Ye-tha*, &c.

To take more modern instances: Morrison in the Introduction to his Grammar, after stating that there are two kinds of writing, one which represents sounds, the other the sense, illustrates the latter by the practice of Egypt, which he writes by means of four Chinese syllabic characters, *Yi-tchi-pi-to*, and says that the former has been employed by the people of *Lo-ma* (Rome), *Fa-lan-si* (France), *Mi-li-kian* (America), and *Pou-eul-tou-khi* (Portugal). Farther, in order to express the sounds of the English alphabet, he takes Chinese syllabic characters,

having the sounds *ya, pi, si, ti, yi, fou, tihi*, &c. It is obvious that had not the use of these symbols as expressive of mere sound been sanctioned by usage, he could not have conveyed to the people whom he was addressing, the slightest idea of the subject of which he was treating. We should infer that the signs for the particles expressing the relations of nouns, and time in verbs, are borrowed from the symbols designating words of the same sound, and that they are employed without any reference to their original acceptation; that, while literary Chinese use an immense number of characters, in each of which may be traced the progress of intellect by which they derived their signification, the unlearned, by symbols little more numerous than the syllables which, single or united, make up the language, may express in intelligible form all the ideas for which he has occasion. For all the purposes of commerce and traffic, it may have become phonetic merely, while in works of literature, the direct or figurative origin of the symbols must be regarded in their application to the eye, although they also call up the idea of sounds to be directed to the ear. Chinese poetry therefore must and does possess one additional source of excellence; it not only addresses the ear by its rhythm, and measured cadence, and the mind by figures of words or of thought, but calls upon the eye to judge of its merit by the adaptation of its characters to its subject, and to the sense of the sounds of which it is composed. Hence it is, that while to speak Chinese is not attended with much greater difficulty than any other foreign language, to write it with elegance is difficult of attainment, and is an acquirement possessed by few even of the native population. A learned Jesuit estimates at two thousand the number of characters necessary to be known; this would probably suffice for writing the language in its modern form, and even with elegance. Our author speaks of fourteen thousand as the number of letters. Remusat, on the other hand, maintains, that in order to become familiar with Chinese literature, it is necessary to have a dictionary of thirty-five thousand characters, and that each of these has undergone various alterations, which require to be noted until it is traced back to its origin; so that to read the literature of different ages, not less than one hundred and fifty thousand forms must be studied. In the words of our author—

"Nothing has puzzled the learned world, in Europe, so much as the Chinese language. To express so many ideas as arise in the mind of man, by 1445 intonated monosyllables—to substitute a distinct character for a simple alphabet, seems undoubtedly a gigantic effort of human genius. But the Chinese have effected what we might have deemed impossible. They have 487 distinct monosyllables, which they increase to the above stated number of sounds by five different intonations. This however is only applicable to the Mandarin dialect; every province, every district, has its peculiar *patois*, in which the number of sounds and intonations varies. Wherever mistake might arise from the similarity of sounds, they combine two monosyllables, which thus express one idea. Yet, notwithstanding all these helps,

great ambiguity remains, and even the natives must often have recourse to writing, in order to make themselves understood, as it requires a well accustomed ear to catch all the ideas when fluently expressed.

"Strictly speaking, the Chinese language has no grammar, the mutual relation of words is pointed out by their respective positions. Gender, number, cases, tenses, moods, &c. are expressed by particles, which either precede or follow the verb. But this arrangement differs so widely from ours, that a literal translation from English into Chinese is perfectly unintelligible. The Chinese language has more peculiarities than perhaps any other known. Its syntax is very artificially arranged, a good style measures the sentence to produce a rhythmus, which is exceedingly pleasing to the Chinese ear. Terse phrases, continual antitheses, not unlike the productions of some French writers, are considered the highest beauties. The Chinese prize a pointed expression more highly than a well conceived thought."

According to the highest modern authority,* the difficulties attending the study of the Chinese language are not so appalling as would appear from the text of our author. The celebrated Ricci, who founded the Catholic mission in China, was able, after no long residence, to compose treatises in the language of the Empire, which are still held in esteem by the Chinese literati, for purity of style and elegance of diction. He was, however, situated in a highly favourable position, at the seat of government, and in communication of the most familiar kind, with the most learned of the higher orders. In Canton, so far from finding any aid, all means of communication with persons of education are cut off, while the popular dialect is essentially different from that in which classical works are written. As to the difficulty arising from the number of characters; this disappears when it is considered that they are reducible to about two hundred primitive forms, whence they are formed by composition according to rules, which, if not invariable, are less anomalous than those which are to be found in the derivatives of languages of the most philosophical structure. Of these rules, one is so extensive in its application as to include one-third of all the characters. By it the symbol is made up of two parts, one of which designates the sound, the other the sense; and, in fact, becomes a compound of a pictorial representation, and a character of a syllabic alphabet.

The Chinese method of writing has been adopted by many neighbouring nations, and has become the mode of recording thought of one-third of the whole human race. The classical books of the Chinese literati, are also received as such wherever the system of writing has been carried. Hence has arisen the mistaken notion, that a book written in Chinese was at once intelligible to all those who used the method of writing, and that it was fitted, from its very principle, for an universal language, addressed to the eye and not to the ear. This opinion is, however, erroneous. The classical books are studied by the

* Remusat *Mélanges Asiatiques*.

Chinese themselves, in their original form, as a dead language, but are now reprinted in modern characters, which are in point of fact translations. The same is the case, but in a more marked degree, in Japan, Corea, and Tonquin; in these countries the literati study the Chinese classics as we do Greek and Latin, and thus acquire the power of reading even modern books, but they do not use the same characters when they express ideas in their own language. If they were to read a Chinese book aloud, it would be in Chinese, unless where there is no other difference in language than that of mere pronunciation. The same is the case in the separate provinces of China itself; there is in each a different dialect: in some they approach so near as to amount to no more than a difference of pronunciation; in others, they demand the employment of different phonetic symbols.

The literature of China is extremely rich. This nation, more numerous than all those of Europe united, has been for many centuries devoted to the study of the belles lettres, history, and philosophy. Its government has been in fact for all that time a literary aristocracy; the most petty magistrate obtains his place by a literary struggle, and the emperor himself takes pride in authorship. To show the amount of works considered by themselves as worthy of notice, we may cite the fact, that the predecessor of the present emperor directed the publication of a selection of the best authors, and that the edition comprised 180,000 volumes. Such editions are published from time to time, in order to supply the waste from constant use, and are executed by a number of writers, engravers, and printers, embodied and officered like a regular army.

Chinese literature comprises; the *king*, or classical works, with their interpreters and commentators; the philosophers of the second order, with the writings of the two heterodox sects, the Tao-pse and the worshippers of Buddha; general and special histories, and works of geography; poems and romances; treatises on mathematics, astronomy, and natural history. The last class is not numerous, but the department of natural history is well supplied by the voluminous labours of the geographers. These enter fully into the description of the productions of the provinces of the empire, and include topography, hydrography; accounts of monuments, antiquities, and natural curiosities; describe processes employed in the arts and in agriculture; exhibit the statistics, state of industry, population, local history, biography, and bibliography of the district they treat of.

Works of history are also extremely rich and abundant. From the few which have been read by Europeans, facts of great importance, not only in relation to China itself, and of adjacent countries, but which bear upon the general history of the human race, and account for inroads which have changed the face of

Europe, have been developed. It is only necessary to quote in proof of this, the history of the Huns, by De Guignes, and the more recent researches of Klaproth.

Our author has shed no new light upon the history of China. Every thing which he states, except in relation to the last half century, had been of familiar knowledge from the labours of the Jesuits. Nor has he attempted to philosophize, and exhibit the political state and relations of the empire at the time of the respective sovereigns, of whose reigns he gives an outline. We have drawn more satisfactory information from the labours of Klaproth.*

Our first accurate knowledge of the state of China is at the accession of Wou-wang, the first emperor of the dynasty Teheou. He, it is said, altered the previous form of government, and established a feudal system, composed of the states of the emperor himself, and of a number of petty kingdoms and principalities. The earliest seat of the power of this dynasty was in the province of Chen-si, the most remote to the north west; but about 500 B. C., the kingdom of Teheou, the appanage of the imperial line, extended from the Hoang-ho to the Kiang, and was surrounded by the other states, with the exception of the principality of *Thsay*, which was enveloped by the imperial domain. The provinces of Fou-kien, Quang-tong, and Quang-se, comprising the whole southern coast of the present empire, were possessed by barbarous tribes, who resisted the power of the Chinese. Chen-si was occupied by the kingdom of Thsin or Chin, and Chan-si by that of Tsin. These were the regions first known to Europeans by report, and it was from them that silk was first obtained by the western nations. Their name has hence given rise to that by which the country is known by foreigners, although not now acknowledged or known to the natives.

The imperial authority did not possess sufficient strength to restrain the encroachments of its vassals upon each other, or even upon its own domain. And thus about 320 B. C., the imperial territory of Teheou was diminished to a small district, bordering on the Hoang-Ho, while two great powers were formed; one in the north, by the reduction of the kingdom of Tsin, under that of Thsin; the other in the south, by the extension of the kingdom of Tsou. At the time when dissensions between the petty princes were at their height, flourished Confucius, (Con-fou-tse,) the founder of the prevailing philosophy and religion of China.

* Confucius was the only son of his mother. She was descended from the famous Yeu family, and outlived her husband twenty-one years. Even when a boy, he was serious, and did not spend his days in idle play. At the age of fifteen, he applied

himself successfully to the study of ancient records, which, at that time, were only to be met engraved on bamboo.

"Desirous of turning his acquired knowledge to some advantage, he made good government the principal object of his solicitude; visited the different princes, and endeavoured to prevail upon them to establish a wise and peaceful administration in their respective territories. His wisdom and birth recommended him to the patronage of kings; he was anxious to apply his theory to practical government, but had to learn by sad experience that his designs were frequently thwarted. After many changes and disappointments, he became minister in his native country, Loo, (*Lou*), when fifty-five years of age. By his influence and prudent measures, the state of the kingdom underwent a thorough change within the space of three years. But the king of Tse, envious of the flourishing state of the Loo country, and fearing lest his rival, the king of Loo, might become too powerful, sent some dancing girls to the court, who captivated the senses of the king of Loo; and Confucius, after many vain remonstrances upon the danger of introducing these seductive females at court, quitted his situation. After having tried at different courts to get employment, in order to render the people happy, he came to Chin, (*Tshin*), where he lived in great misery. From thence he returned again to Loo, but not to office. His great fame had attracted for him about three thousand disciples, but only ten were honoured with his intimacy. To them he taught the art of becoming virtuous, to discourse well, to understand the principles of good government, and to express elegantly, by writing, the ideas of the mind.

"In a vicious age he became an object of scorn to many, who hated his rigid principles. He was even once in danger of being killed, but betrayed no fear. He was a man of very commanding aspect, tall and well proportioned; in his manners very decorous, kind to his inferiors, and temperate in his habits; so that his disciples, by his sole look, were inspired with reverence. In his leisure hours, he composed a part of the four classics, reduced the Yih-king* to a system, compiled the Shoo-king,† and Chiu-tsen,‡ and gave a ceremonial code to his countrymen in the Læ-ke.§ There are, besides, two other works, which treat upon filial piety, ascribed to him, viz. the Heou-king and the Læou-heo."

* * * * *

"The Shoo-king is a collection of old traditions, which Confucius put in order, to give them the shape of a history. To teach moral lessons appears to be the great aim of this work. We find long speeches, which neither tradition, nor even records would have preserved. They are, moreover, so similar in character, that we suspect Confucius to be the author of them all, though he adapted the leading points to the circumstances of the times. Some parts are utterly unintelligible, others are written with a pleasing concinnity, but none can be called elegant. This is the only Chinese work wherein the doctrine of a Supreme Being is taught. Even the word 'heaven' seems, in the acceptance of the ancient Chinese, to have been synonymous with God; but we will not define their ideas which themselves never did. This much is certain, that their posterity understand invariably the material heaven, and laugh at the idea of a spiritual being the god above all. We may consider this work as the source of all Chinese learning. All the institutions of the country, the rudiments of their science, their moral philosophy, wisdom, prudence, political economy, and astronomy, are contained in *nucleo* in this work; even music finds its place. It is the great text book upon which all Chinese writers have commented, and forms the invariable rule for governing the nations in all ages."

We must say that we have always doubted whether former missionaries, or Mr. Gutzlaff in the present case, have duly appreciated the religious views of the Chinese. The indisposition manifested by this nation to listen to their doctrines, may readily have been confounded by zealous men with an actual want of all religious feeling. That this want is far from existing, is evident from the great prevalence of the religion of Buddha,

* Yi-king.

† Chou-king.

‡ Tchieu-thsieon.

§ Li-ki.

one marked tenet of which is the existence of the soul in the manner of metempsychosis; the religion Tao-tse admits the worship of idols and demons; and when we find in the very text book of the religion of the instructed, that the existence of a Supreme Being is taught, that the ineffable name Jehovah was not unknown to the progenitors of the nation, that sacrifices are offered to heaven, and that the ancestors of illustrious families are deified, we cannot but infer that religious feeling, and a belief in the existence of beings superior to man, must not only be prevalent, but produce its natural effect upon the morals of the people.

"The doctrines of Confucius have all a practical tendency,—there is scarcely any thing but common sense; no speculation, no search after knowledge not of immediate practical usefulness. The mind of Confucius is not, however, greatly refined; he courts honour and emolument, but all with the best intention, that of doing good. His knowledge of human nature is very limited; he considers man as naturally virtuous—'To make a whole nation virtuous is as easy as to turn the finger in the palm of the hand; you have only to show a good example and all the world will follow it.' How far this coincided with his own experience we cannot say, for among all his disciples he had 'only one who was truly virtuous, and he died early.' Notwithstanding his good example, the world remained in a depraved state, and not one kingdom was thoroughly reclaimed from vice. The sage himself was liable to moral defects, and nevertheless views the original bent of his mind as decidedly virtuous.

"We may find the test of his system in its having kept so many millions for so many centuries together. No human institution has stood so long, has found so many admirers and followers. If we have to regulate our opinion upon this subject according to the influence exerted upon the Chinese nation, it will be favourable. We only lament that a people, not yielding to any other in Asia the palm of superiority, has become formal, and a mere slave to antiquated custom. Improvement has for many centuries ceased; the Chinese have ceased to think, and become gross in their appetite; sincerity is extinct in every breast, their heart is hardened against religious impressions, they are a nation who maintain the form of virtue, but hate to practise it. But we will not ascribe these bad effects to Confucius."

A contemporary of Confucius founded the heretical sect of Tao-tse, and these divided China, until the introduction of the religion of Buddha. The enlightened Chinese of the present day view them all with tolerance, and have a proverb that the three are no more than one.

To return to our historical sketch. In the year 255 B. C., the imperial line of Tcheou was destroyed, and the prince of Tshin obtained the supremacy. His son and successor assumed the imperial dignity in 249 B. C. But many of the feudal kingdoms resisted his sway, and were not wholly subdued until the grandson, the celebrated Chi-Hoang-Ti, ascended the throne. Not content with causing his supremacy to be acknowledged, he dethroned their rulers, and thus probably for the first time united China into an undivided empire. The southern barbarians of Quang-tong and Quang-Se were rendered dependent, the south western tribes incorporated with the empire, and his sway finally extended over the whole of China Proper.

Up to the date of his reign, the northern provinces of China had been exposed to the incursions of a barbarous race, occupying a great part of the present Chinese Tartary. These were driven from the frontiers by Chi-Hoang-Ti, and, to prevent their future inroads, he completed and united into one great line of fortification, the separate and imperfect bulwarks commenced by some of his predecessors; thus forming the great wall of China. This work exists in good preservation at the present day, attesting, on the one hand, the power of Chi-Hoang-Ti, and the resources of his empire; on the other, the formidable character of the Hiong-nou, and the greatness of the fear they caused to the Chinese. It is in this nation that De Guignes sees the progenitors of the Huns, and he is followed by our author. Klaproth, on the other hand, considers it as a Turkish race, which, after a temporary decline under the influence of Chinese policy, reappeared in the same regions, under the name of Thou-kiou.

The feudal tenures which had formed the basis of the government of the Tcheou, maintained a strong hold in the breasts of the great families, and were sustained by reference to the ancient books and records. Irritated by a continual opposition to his government, growing out of this source, the emperor ordered most of the existing works of history to be burnt, and particularly those of Confucius. The latter have, however, been in a great degree recovered, and, as the writings of the sect Tao-tse were exempted, we are under the impression that the value of the writings lost has been exaggerated. Up to this time, writing consisted in tracing the characters with a style upon slips of bamboo—a laborious and imperfect process. But the reign of Chi-Hoang-Ti is marked, not only by the destruction of the ancient books, but by an improvement by which new ones could be produced with less labour. A general of this emperor discovered the mode of manufacturing paper from the bark of a tree, and invented ink and the pencil. The change in the materials produced a change in the form of the letters, which lost their purely pictorial character, and assumed one better suited to rapid delineation.

The power of the Tsin dynasty was of short duration; in the reign of the son of Chi-Hoang-Ti, rebellions took place in all directions, and eight independent kingdoms arose. These were short lived, and yielded in 202 B. C. to the arms of an individual of obscure origin, who founded the dynasty of Han. In the earlier reigns of this dynasty the Hiong-nou again became troublesome; and not only made incursions into China, but conquered or expelled the neighbouring barbarians from their possessions. Among these were the Yue-tchi, known to the Roman historians as the Massagetes. These originally inhabited the mountains on the north western frontier of China. In 165 B. C., they were

attacked by the Hiong-nou, chased to the west, and established themselves on the north bank of the Oxus. Thirty years afterwards, the Chinese adopted the refined policy of seeking this nation in its new and distant seats, and combining with it in alliance against the common enemy. The ambassador sent on this mission fell twice into the hands of the Hiong-nou, and was thirteen years absent. His return, however, brought satisfactory information, and an army was despatched to join the Yue-tchi, in an attack upon the left wing of the Hiong-nou; for this nation, essentially military and nomadic, encamped in the form of an army advancing to the south; the right wing threatening the shores of the Yellow Sea, the left those of Lake Aral. This expedition first made the productions of China known to the western world, and gave birth to the silk trade. In pursuance of the same policy, the dynasty of Han took advantage of dispute for the succession between two princes of the Hiong-nou, and by aiding the weaker party, divided their formidable enemies into two hostile bands; the western branch, precipitated by its rivals upon the nations inhabiting the banks of the Volga, caused those movements which threw nation after nation upon the Roman empire; and whether, with De Guignes, we admit them to have been the Huns, or with Klaproth believe that they did no more than drive the Finnish tribes from their original seats upon the Volga, we cannot but see, in these commotions in the vicinity of the great wall of China, the causes of those revolutions which changed the face of western Europe.

The power of the Han dynasty was not without its reverses. internal commotions occasionally lessened the external influence of the empire; the eastern Hiong-nou resumed their incursions, the western allies and subjects seceded from their faith. But in its turn, the influence of China again became paramount. It was under the emperors Ming-ti and Tchang-ti, that the power of China reached its widest extent. Their general, Pan-theao, not only recovered all that had been lost by their predecessors, but in an expedition to the west, reduced more than fifty petty kingdoms, and carried the arms of China to the shores of the Caspian. In this position, (A. D. 102), he entertained the magnificent project of attacking the Roman empire, then in the zenith of its power; and his plan was not so visionary as might at first appear, when we consider, that he could have directed against it the united force of the barbarous tribes to whose successive and separate attacks it afterwards yielded.

The dynasty of Han retained from this period a preponderating influence in the affairs of central Asia; but much of this was lost at its fall. On the destruction of this dynasty, (A. D. 226), China was divided into three separate kingdoms; that of Goei on the north; of Chou-Han in the middle; and of Ou in the

south. The first of these still retained some relations with the former subjects of China, and was in alliance with the people of Bucharica.

China was again reunited into a single empire in A. D. 280. A general of the Goei reduced the empire of Chou-Han, and by the influence of his military glory, possessed himself of all the authority of his master. His son constrained the nominal emperor to surrender to him the title as well as the authority, and then subdued the kingdom of Ou.

The new monarch founded the dynasty known as that of Tsin. His reign was prosperous. Not only was nearly the whole of China subject to his sway, but the southern Hiong-nou acknowledged him as their sovereign. The latter had now abandoned their savage mode of life, and adopted the manners and civilization of the Chinese. Among their chiefs was one who claimed descent from the family of Han. This connexion probably arose from the habitual policy of the Chinese emperors, to give their daughters in marriage to the kings of tributary countries. Be this as it may, he succeeded in forming a separate kingdom in the north, and took the Tsin emperor prisoner. The latter family was, however, maintained in the collateral line, although ruling over dominions diminished in extent, and is ranked by the Chinese historians as the imperial dynasty until A. D. 419. This family, like that of Goei, was dethroned by one of its own successful generals, who founded the dynasty of Soung. The princes of the latter race were not able to extend their power over the whole of the present China. Great troubles and dissensions arose; finally, the Soung became sovereigns of all the country south of the Hoang Ho, and the greater part of the north obeyed the rule of the later Goei. This family, although probably connected in the female line with the former dynasty of the same name, was of barbarous descent, belonging to a nation often met with in Chinese history, under the name of Sian-pi, and different from the Turks, the Monguls, or the Mantchous. Under the Tsin they had overrun the province of Chan-si, and obtained from the emperor the recognition of their authority as tributary kings; this allegiance they refused to transfer to the Soung. The rule of the Goei lasted until A. D. 550, when the last of the family was dethroned by his prime minister. The family of Soung retained the throne in the south until 479, when it yielded to the dynasty of Tshi. The latter was short lived, retaining its authority no longer than A. D. 501.

During the division of the Chinese empire, a new power had arisen in the north. The northern branch of the Hiong-nou had joined a tribe supposed by Klaproth to be of the same race with themselves, and the nation thus formed had assumed the name of Turks, rendered by the Chinese Thou-kiou. The year A. D.

565, is taken by Klaproth as the epoch of their greatest power. At this time, their rule extended from the Pacific to the Volga, comprising the whole of the ancient tributaries and allies of China, with the barbarous race of the Tongouses, the Leanpi, the Cingours, and Monguls. At the same epoch, China was weak and divided. The family of the Goei was replaced by that of Pethsi in the north east. The west formed a kingdom known as that of Heou-Tcheou, the south was subject to the Tchhin, while on the north bank of the Kiang was a small territory, ruled by descendants of the imperial dynasty of Liang. The imperial dignity is ascribed by our author to the Liang up to A. D. 555; that of Tchhin succeeds, and extends to A. D. 583. Their rule, however, was contemporaneous over the parts we have mentioned, and neither at any time possessed the whole of China.

China was again united under one head in 589 by Wen-ti, the founder of the dynasty of Soui. He ranks among the greatest of the princes who ever occupied the imperial throne. The protector of knowledge, he did not hesitate to disperse the idlers, who under pretence of study were supported at the public expense; the library founded by the princes of Heou-Tcheou was increased by him; the ancient institutions were restored, and he did not disdain to introduce new ones from foreign countries. Among these, seduced by the example of India, he attempted the establishment of castes, but was luckily unsuccessful. He was victorious over the Turks and the king of Corea.

His son Yang-ti followed in the steps of his father. The kingdom of Tonquin which had acknowledged the Tchhin as its master, was again rendered tributary; Siam conquered and reduced to a state of vassalage. Incited by the recollection of the ancient glories of the family of Han, he renewed his relations with the western countries, and received the homage of twenty-nine kings of Middle Asia. These glories were however so costly as to excite the dissatisfaction of his people, who rose and deposed him. Two of his grandsons bore the imperial title without power, and in the last of them terminated (A. D. 618) the race of Soui.

The succeeding dynasty is known as that of Thang. At the moment of its accession the empire of the Turks fell to pieces by internal dissensions. The second monarch of the family of Thang took advantage of this, and became the sovereign of territories even more extensive than are now possessed by the Mantchou sovereigns. The barbarians on the shores of the ocean, as far as Kamtschatka, acknowledged his supremacy; the northern limit of his possessions extended into the present domain of Russia in Asia, and did not stop until it reached the Oural mountains; the Sea of Aral formed his western boundary, and the Oxus divided his dominions from those of the Sassanides

in Persia. Under this emperor (Wen-wou-ti) Christianity was first preached in China.

The dynasty of Thang retained possession of the throne until A. D. 907; but its power and the extent of its dominions was gradually diminished, in spite of occasional vigorous efforts. In A. D. 679, we find a powerful empire existing in Thibet, which had possessed itself of the Chinese military governments of Bucharia. The Turkish empire of Hoci-he had been formed out of the Tartar provinces, and the eastern barbarians had ceased to send tribute. The Turkish and Thibetan empires continued to extend themselves at the expense of the territories of the Thang, and a kingdom of the name of Phou-ho was founded to the north of Corea.

In A. D. 755 the dynasty of the Thang had nearly come to an end. A Turkish refugee in China obtained the confidence of the emperor, and was appointed governor of all the provinces north of the Hoang-ho. When established in this imposing position, he called in his countrymen and the Khitans, who now make their first appearance, and raised the standard of revolt. For a time his arms were successful; he possessed himself of the capital and assumed the imperial title, but at length fell before the united arms of the allies and feudatories of the empire who crowded to the defence of their *suzerain*.

In A. D. 790 the Thibetans were defeated on the side of China, but more than redeemed their loss on the north and west. The Chinese lost in consequence their territories in Central Asia, and all communication with their western allies; the empire was reduced to little more than China proper. The power of the Turkish Hoci-he declined with that of the Thang, and gave way, about A. D. 817, to that of the Kinghiz; who however do not appear to have rendered themselves formidable to China, and obtained for their sovereign the title of Khan from the emperor whose superiority was thus acknowledged.

Thibet also showed signs of weakness; and that of the Thang became so manifest in A. D. 862, that the king of Tonquin ventured to assert independence.

The last reigns of the dynasty of Thang were inglorious; immersed in luxury, and almost prisoners in the hands of their eunuchs, they feebly supported the weight of their sceptre.

Four dynasties of short duration are counted between A. D. 907 and 960. Although ranked by historians as successive occupants of the imperial throne, none of them ruled over the whole of China; nor did their united domains occupy its entire territory. The northern provinces were reduced by the Khitans, and no less than twelve petty kingdoms arose in the remainder.

The Khitans were a Tongousian race which suddenly rose to

power in A. D. 907; conquering the northern provinces of China, they fixed the seat of their empire in Peking itself, and for a time disposed of the throne of the petty kingdoms, and named the possessor of the imperial title. It is to this people that we are to ascribe the adoption of the name of Cathay, by European writers of the middle ages, for the whole of China. Their empire lasted for two centuries.

The separate kingdoms of the south were united again by the founder of the dynasty of Soung, but he did not regain the northern provinces. China was still farther lessened in extent when the Kin, a cognate race to the Khitans, had destroyed the empire of the latter. The monarchs of the Kin, known as Altoun Khans, conquered every part of the country north of the Hoang-ho, and exercised the same authority over the nations of the north that had been possessed by the Khitans.

Among the subjects of the Kin, were the Monguls, a tribe which had been little noticed, and had retained, sometimes independent, and sometimes as vassals, the banks of the Lake Baikal. At last the celebrated Genghis, or Tsenngin, was born among them. The history of his rise is well known; in 1234 he destroyed the empire of the Kin, and reduced the dominions of their monarch to a small district on the coast of China; proceeding in his career, he conquered every part of Asia which had owned the sway of the Thang, except the south of China; to this extensive empire he added the northern part of Persia, the countries between the Caspian and Lake Aral, nor did he rest until his armies had penetrated into Europe, to the frontiers of Hungary and the Danube on the south, and to the gates of Moscow on the north. His grandson Kublai Khan completed the conquest of China, putting an end, in A. D. 1279, to the dynasty of Soung. Under his reign the Mongul influence reached its greatest extent, and he was acknowledged as chief by monarchs of his own house, each at the head of a mighty empire. His own immediate rule knew no northern boundary, and besides the provinces of China proper and the tributary kingdoms, which had at any previous time owned the sway of that empire, comprised Thibet, Bengal, and the present Birman empire. Central Asia, as far as the sea of Aral, with the Punjab, was ruled by the descendants of Zagatai, one of the sons of Genghis. Persia in its widest extent to the confines of Syria, and the greater part of Asia Minor, formed the dominions of Houlakou the brother of Kublai. The empire of Kaptehak extended from the confines of Zagatai to Lithuania, Hungary and the Danube; the grand Dukes of Russia were subject to it, and no part of Muscovy retained its freedom except the republic of Novogorod. In Siberia the Mongul Khanat of Siberia was founded.

The armies of Genghis and his successors were recruited from

the Turkish race, and thus although the rulers, throughout this vast extent, were Monguls, the people whom they seated in the place of those destroyed by the unsparing character of their warfare, were Pagans of the same family with the Turks, who had already made themselves formidable as followers of Mahomet.

Kublai speedily conformed to the customs of China, and became the founder of the imperial dynasty of Yuen, which reigned in China until A. D. 1368.

"The empire of China was never so great as during his reign; his authority being acknowledged from the Frozen Sea, almost to the Straits of Malacca. With the exception of Hindostan, Arabia, and the western parts of Asia, all the Mongul princes, as far as the Dnieper, declared themselves his vassals, and brought regularly their tribute. Never was an empire, and never was there perhaps a conqueror greater than Kublai.

"Born a barbarian, he was, at his death, the most civilized prince of his time. Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon, are inferior to him. Wherever his empire extended, the introduction of a benevolent government was the consequence. He did not wish to reign solely over the body of his subjects, but he understood how to control spirits—the greatest of all arts. We are not blind to his faults; he was an insatiable conqueror, and spilt the blood of millions for the sake of gratifying his passion. We consider him as an instrument used by the Lord of Hosts to bring the most distant nations in contact, and to curb the fury of his savage countrymen. The canals in China speak more in praise of his greatness than all the statues erected in honour of great heroes; but with him the glory of the Mongul dynasty departed."

An instrument Kublai undoubtedly was in the hands of an all-wise Providence, for important and inscrutable ends. But these ends seem to have been rather those of merited punishment, than such as our author indicates. The civilization of the human race suffered a more dreadful shock in the conquests of Genghis and his successors, than by the ravages of all the other scourges, who have from time to time been the instruments of divine wrath. Persia and Asia Minor have not to this day recovered from the desolation caused by the arms of Houlakou; the northern shores of the Black Sea lost all traces of the civilization of the Greeks, and the nascent improvement of the Muscovites was checked. China alone, of all the countries to which the arms of the Monguls penetrated, fails to show at the present remote epoch, the traces of the destructive torrent.

The successive dynasties of China present an almost unvaried picture; founded by talents of the highest order, raising their possessors from obscurity to supreme power, they are maintained in their original strength, or even extended in influence, by princes educated in the stormy times that gave them birth. No sooner has peace and quiet submission to their power been attained, than luxury and indolence arise; degenerating from father to son, the sovereigns become too weak to sway the sceptre of their vast dominions, and yield to ambitious ministers, to foreign invasion, or to rebellious subjects. Such however has been, and ever must be the history of despotisms. The dynasty of

Yuen was no exception, and fell before the influence of internal commotions. The last emperor of this race, although inferior in activity and energy to his predecessors, had notwithstanding the same inclination to execute works of public utility which distinguished his great ancestor Kublai. The Hoang-ho, confined by dykes, became year after year more and more dangerous to the countries adjacent to its bed; to obviate the evils which this river threatened, a project was adopted to excavate a new bed for its waters. To execute this great work, the usual means of despotic governments, enormous taxes, and forced levies of labourers, were called into action. But the power necessary to compel the collection of the one, and the peaceable assemblage of the other, which had so well aided Kublai, when he united and extended the partial artificial navigations into one great and continuous canal, no longer existed in the hands of his successor. The warlike energies of the Monguls were extinct, not only in the sovereign, but in his armies. The Tartars, long quietly settled in stationary camps, were no longer superior to the native Chinese, and being inferior in numbers, were, by a general insurrection, driven out of all the country south of the Hoang Ho. At this time the son of a poor labourer, who had embraced the profession of a Conge, became disgusted with the monastic life, and entered the ranks of his countrymen as a common soldier. Rising rapidly by his talents and bravery, he soon acquired sufficient influence to aspire to independence, made himself master first of a small city not far from Nankin, and finally of that metropolis itself. Here he established a regular and orderly government upon the principles taught by Confucius, while the other leaders indulged their followers in every species of military license. He thus attached to himself the enormous and influential class of the literati throughout the whole empire. By their aid as much as by his military talent, he united under his authority the whole of the revolted provinces, at the head of the forces of which he marched against the Mongul emperor, and drove him beyond the great wall. The deliverance of his countrymen from the long tyranny of the descendants of Genghis being thus effected, he assumed the imperial title in A. D. 1368, and gave to his dynasty the name of Ming.

The foundation of this dynasty was contemporaneous with the power of Timour, and that conqueror was at the time of his death engaged in preparations for the invasion of China. It is useless to speculate upon what might have been the consequence of this attempt; whether the victorious armies of the Tartar prince would have reinstated the barbarian rule over China, or whether the re-awakened energies of the latter would have enabled it to resist the forces which had triumphed over Bajazet.

The founder of the Ming dynasty never attained an equal ex-

tent of dominion with many of the former dynasties. To the south indeed he rendered Tonquin, Cochin China and Cambodga, tributary; but on the north, neither he nor any of his race succeeded in driving the Monguls beyond the height of land which separates the tributaries of the Hoang-ho from those of Lake Baikal. The eastern Tartar provinces not only threw off the Mongul yoke, but made themselves wholly independent, and here arose the power to which the Ming were finally to yield. A rude and barbarous race had, from the earliest times, possessed the coast north of Corea; thence had proceeded in succession the powerful races of the Khitans and Kin. Reduced by the Monguls, they had become a part of the empire of the Yuen, and their peculiar language and habits had been confined to even narrower limits than their original seats. Up to this period they had been so rude as to possess neither records nor annals; even their very traditions going back but a few generations. We have therefore no means of judging whether the present sovereigns of China are descended from the emperors of Cathay, or the celebrated Khans of the Golden Horde; but their language alone suffices to show them a cognate race. On the accession of the Ming, a portion of the Monguls who had occupied China, and probably some of their Chinese partisans, took refuge in the region of the Tongouses. To them they communicated letters and the useful arts. The native tribes and the new comers were united into one kingdom, that of the Mantchous. While the Ming princes declined in power, under the influence of wars of succession, intestine commotions, foreign invasions, and still more by luxury; the Mantchous continued steadily to extend their influence, until they had subjected most of the tribes of the Monguls, rendered Corea feudatory, and imposed a tribute upon China itself.

The Ming dynasty fell a victim to internal commotions; the power of the emperors having become feeble, bands of robbers were formed, which grew to such power as to prevent the exercise of government, and finally to lead to a regular partition of the empire among eight of their most powerful chiefs. One of these finally was admitted by treachery into Peking, when the emperor, after putting to death nearly all his family, committed suicide. A faithful general, unable by his own power to obtain vengeance for the misfortunes of his master, called in the Mantchous as allies.

The empire fell for a series of years into great confusion. The Mantchous proclaimed one of their own princes emperor at Peking. The mandarins at Nankin conferred the same title upon a prince of Ming. Another prince of this race was in possession of the province of Chi-kiang, and, although he refused the imperial title, would not submit to the authority of the Mantchou

regency. These were in succession reduced by the arms of the Tartars. A branch of the Ming family was still left in the southern provinces, which, in the distracted state of things, had become the prey of pirates. The head of this branch took arms to protect the country from pillage, and at the same time to free it from the Tartar yoke. The Mantchous now adopted the policy of conciliating the pirates, on the leader of whom they conferred high rank, and inveigled him to Peking, where, after his services were no longer useful, he was put to death. The Chinese prince was driven from Fou-kien, and put an end to his own life. Quang-tong and Quang-se now alone remained in the hands of native Chinese authorities. These, instead of uniting against the common enemy, each proclaimed a separate emperor of the race of Ming. In consequence of this division, Quang-tong, with its capital, Canton, was speedily reduced by the Tartars; but as the emperor who ruled in Quang-se maintained a brave struggle for the rights of his family, Quang-tong revolted and joined him. This last hope of the race of Ming, was, however, destined to destruction. For a time, indeed, it not only maintained itself, but extended its power over Fou-kien and some of the central provinces; the pirates, now entitled to rank as a nation, from their possessions and regular government, united with the emperor of Canton against the Tartars; and the latter, avowing himself a Christian, sought aid from the European visitors of that emporium. But all did not avail; in 1650 Canton fell, and the emperor, driven from his dominions, sought refuge in the kingdom of Pegu. Being subsequently invited to China, to head an insurrection, he was seized by the traitor who had induced him to the attempt, and strangled. The sole resistance to the Mantchou power was now reduced to the fleet commanded by the celebrated Coxinga, and the islands occupied by him. Elevated by circumstances, from the leader of a body of pirates, to the rank of ally of his legitimate sovereign, he not only maintained his authority during life, but transmitted it to his son. So formidable did he for a time become, that the Tartar government commanded the devastation of the seacoasts of the empire, and the retreat of their inhabitants to the interior. In 1661, the first Mantchou emperor died, and left his throne to Khang-hi, the greatest prince of this line, and the consolidator of the power of this dynasty. This monarch was a child at the time of his accession, and the government was for a time exercised by a regency; but, at the age of thirteen, Khang-hi himself assumed the reins of administration. His first act was to decide between the conflicting systems of astronomy, taught by the Jesuits and by the Chinese. His sagacity and intelligence enabled him to appreciate the superiority of the European methods, and while he never ceased to oppose, and occasionally persecuted the Chris-

tian religion, he placed a missionary at the head of the tribunal of mathematics.

During the weakness of a regency, the same general who had first invited the Mantchous into China, and had afterwards enticed the last Ming prince from Pegu, rendered himself all but nominally independent in his government of Yun-nan. The energetic Khang-hi, not content with holding the son of this officer as a hostage, invited the father to court. Fearing that his destruction was intended, he prepared to revolt, and concerted with his son an insurrection among the populace of Pekin. The latter attempt was frustrated; yet he not only raised the Chinese standard in his own government, but was joined by the southern maritime provinces, and the successor of Coxinga, who ruled in Formosa. This alliance was but short lived, the maritime provinces were speedily reduced, and Yun-nan and Formosa alone resisted. At this moment a more formidable enemy arose. The Monguls, after their expulsion from China, had for a time maintained their imperial line, and a general government, but had finally split into several hordes. One of these, the Eluths or Elets, had become subject to Galdan, a chief of humble birth but great talents, better known by his title of Contaisch. After reducing all his neighbours, and obtaining the support of the Dalai Lama, he undertook to unite to his dominions the Mongul tribe of the Kalkas, who retained possession of the countries immediately north of China. Fearing the formidable power which such an union would have created, Khang-hi adroitly supported the Kalkas in their resistance, without engaging in direct hostilities with the Contaisch. Having thus given employment to this dangerous neighbour, he applied himself to compose the dissensions of China itself, and succeeded in subjugating all the provinces which retained a vestige of independence, as well as the successor of Coxinga, and his island of Formosa. He now, in opposition to the remonstrances of his Chinese subjects, passed into Tartary with an army, and, after two successful campaigns, utterly destroyed the power of the Contaisch. This struggle was not for a portion of territory, but for the existence of his dynasty; for there can be no doubt, that had the Contaisch succeeded in uniting under his authority the whole of the Mongul tribes, the Mantchous, unpopular in China itself, could not have maintained themselves in that country. The independence of the Eluths, was not however destroyed until the reign of Kien-long, the second in descent from Khang-hi, under whom the empire assumed its present extent, which is as great as under Tchang-ti of the dynasty of Han; for, if it does not reach the Caspian, it includes provinces in the north-east, now well peopled and civilized, which in former days rejected the yoke of China.

China, secluded as it may seem to have been from the rest of the world, has, notwithstanding, received from other countries many things which its inhabitants are now unwilling to acknowledge. Some of the ten tribes of Israel, after their captivity, penetrated into China, and we are mistaken if we do not see in the simple belief of Confucius in a single heavenly power, the fruits of converse with the possessors of a revealed religion. The followers of Lao-Tsen have doctrines which indicate more clearly a connexion with the Israelites; they ascribe the creation of the world to a triune being, to whom they give the name Jehovah. However debased from their original high source, may be the doctrines and practices of this sect, this word alone would suffice to point out whence they were derived. In other respects this school presents many points in conformity with those of Plato and Pythagoras; so much so indeed as to induce to the belief that they have been derived from a common head.

Christianity, it has been supposed, was preached in China at an early date. It has even been asserted, that the apostle Thomas penetrated thither by the way of India. Of this fact, however, Chinese annals give no indication; but an ancient inscription has been discovered at Li-an-fou, by which it appears, that a native of the Roman empire, of the name, as written by the Chinese, of O-lo-pen, founded a church in that city A. D. 635, which was in a flourishing state in A. D. 781. No relics of this doctrine seem to have been retained when the next missionary reached China. This was John de Montecorvino, who received his authority from Pope Nicholas IV. in 1288, reached Khan Balikh or Cambalu, the present Pekin, then the capital of the Khitans or Cathay, and was so successful, that in A. D. 1314, Pope Clement V. erected an archiepiscopal seat in his favour; and sent out suffragan bishops to continue the order of succession. Although all intercourse with Rome was speedily cut off, we have reason to believe that Christianity made some progress in China, and exercised great influence among the Tartars, counting among its proselytes even some of the princes of the family of Zenghis Khan. The western branches of this race, however, became converts to the faith of Mahomet, and formed with the Turks an impassable barrier to Christianity, while the descendants of Kublai Khan adopted the Chinese habits, and with them the doctrines of Confucius. Kublai Khan himself was not averse to the doctrines of Christianity, and through the Polos, expressed a wish that missionaries might be sent him. They, however, never reached their destination.

In the present age, it appears strange that a doctrine so pure as Christianity, and bearing such evidence of a divine original, should ever have been lost in places where it had once prevailed. We may, however, account for this, so far as human reason can

he consulted, by the state of the Christian world at the time. This was dark and ignorant in the extreme. Faith rested upon tradition and authority, not upon the study of the evidences of religion. Missionaries brought up in the churches of Europe might teach a sound doctrine, and inculcate correct moral duties, but they could not assign reasons for belief, and give their converts arms by which to convince their opponents; far less could they see in the Jehovah of the followers of Lao-tson, and in the heaven of Confucius, the acknowledgment of the same divinity themselves adored, and say to those opposing sects, in the language of St. Paul to the Athenians, "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you." For ourselves, we do not doubt, that the same means which the early Christians employed to convert Jews, and even pagans, namely, a reference to the authorities received by themselves, are the only ones which human policy can point out for the conversion of the Chinese; and human means are all that can now be depended upon, for the age of miracles is on all hands admitted to be past.

Yet, if no traces remain in the east, of a pure Christian doctrine derived from early apostolic missions, the ceremonies and pomp which the union of the church with the government of the Roman empire under Constantine, engrafted upon the simplicity of its first ages, produced their effect upon the senses of the eastern nations, and have been imitated in the worship of the priests of Buddha, while the hierarchy of the Latin, Greek, and Armenian churches, has its representative and copy in the court of the Dalai Lama. Even the doctrine of an incarnate deity, which is so prevalent in Eastern countries, seems to be the debased progeny of a purer faith, of which all that is valuable or sacred has been lost, and in Japan a sect exists, which worships a god incarnate of a virgin.

The discovery of the passage of the Cape of Good Hope opened a new access to the Chinese empire. The Jesuits were the first to avail themselves of it. That illustrious body, founded in Europe for sectarian purposes, saw a nobler field of enterprise in the conversion of the heathen. While, like faithful soldiers of the papal power, they bore a large share of the contest between it and the reformation in Europe, they limited their exertions only by the bounds of the habitable globe. The east and the west alike saw their pious labours. It is to them that the aborigines of America owe the only permanently successful efforts for their conversion; and they were equally useful in China. If we have to accuse them of merging the real interests of the Christian church in the desire to increase the temporal influence of their own body, we can yet fully appreciate the entire absence of personal motives, and the unwearied zeal they exhibited. Francis Xavier, the saint of this powerful corporation, died upon the

frontiers of China, over which he cast his eyes like Moses over the promised land he was not permitted to enter. It would swell our article to a volume, were we to notice the labours and exertions of his successors. Ricci, and Schall, and Verbiest, and Boym, and Intercetta, and Noel, and Fouquet, are but a small portion of those who earned the esteem of unbelieving Chinese, by their talents, learning, and virtues, while they made proselytes of many by their eloquence and zeal.

The Jesuits seem to have adopted in its true sense the instructions of the church at Jerusalem.* The national habits and customs, if not idolatrous or immoral, they tolerated and allowed. Customs engrafted upon Christianity, from the Mosaic law, or the civil code of the Romans, they found no warrant for insisting upon. Thus, while they exacted the acknowledgment of belief, by partaking of the sacraments, and uniting in the forms of public worship, at conventional hours, on the first day of the week, and on days of fast and festival, they did not prescribe the entire devotion of any of them to religion after the manner of the Sabbath of the Jews; and while they refused to their converts a union with more than a single wife, it does not seem that they made it a condition of reception into the church, that new proselytes should repudiate the wives with which they had previously been united by the sanction of the Chinese laws. In particular, they tolerated the reverence paid by the Chinese to the memory of their ancestors, contenting themselves with a caveat against its being rendered in an idolatrous spirit.

The fasts of the Catholic church formed no obstacle in a nation whose principal food is vegetable, and the doctrine of the intercession of saints was consistent with the habits and belief of the population, who were accustomed to pay even higher honours to Confucius and their own progenitors. Thus, while the Jesuits respected the prejudices of their proselytes in matters not repugnant to the moral law, they were not impeded in their efforts by those rites and traditionary articles of belief in which the Latin differs from other Christian churches.

Another portion of the Catholic church was actuated by a more fiery and less enlightened zeal. The Dominicans seem to have envied the Jesuits their successes in China, and attacked their practice with virulence. The matter was referred to Pope Clement XI., who decided against the Jesuits. This led to contests in China between the two parties, and excited the attention of the government. The Christian religion was disgraced by the quarrels of its preachers, and the tranquillity of the empire threatened by the riots of their partisans. The emperor, Khang-hi, took the summary mode of banishing the leaders of the contend-

* Acts xv.

ing opinions to Tartary, and issued an edict, that no missionary should enter China without subscribing a promise to preach the same doctrines as Ricci. With this tumult the glories of the missions of China terminated, and the church founded by the Jesuits has from that time continued to decline.

"Let us now view the Roman Catholic church, in its most prosperous state. There were in Kiang-nan province more than 100 churches, and 100,000 converts. The Portuguese possessed several houses at Pekin, and had also built a separate house for the females, who, according to Chinese prejudice, were not permitted to mix promiscuously in the assemblies of the men, but who nevertheless possessed such a zeal for the holy church, that they had given away their jewels in order to adorn its altars!"

"There were more than seventy French Jesuit missionaries in the different provinces of the empire. Those at Pekin, baptized, in 1696, about 630 adults, besides a great number of infants, who were daily exposed in the streets of Pekin. Those who were permitted to share the imperial friendship, lived in a room adjacent to the apartments which the emperor himself occupied. They were closely watched, and shut up during the whole day—the only persons they saw were some eunuchs and servants; their lives were subject to great fatigues; however, they lived under the genial influence of heaven's son, and this was fully adequate to reconcile them to all privations. To give the missionaries an opportunity of becoming popular, the emperor appointed them to distribute rice, during the time of scarcity. But the services they rendered the prince were more than sufficient to repay his patronage. The greatest and most lasting service was a survey of the whole empire, the fruit of many years incessant labours, which engaged the most talented among the missionaries. The author has had an opportunity of examining their maps of Fou-kien, and Che-kiang, and he found them extremely correct. But if the coast, and the situation, and the shape of small islands, coincide with their maps, how much more will their delineation of the provinces of the interior, vie in accuracy with any survey made during the last century."

Khang-hi appreciated the literary and scientific skill of the missionaries, and probably confided in his own power and talents to prevent their becoming dangerous. His severest act against them was only a punishment of their own disputes, and intended to preserve tranquillity among their followers. In the reign of his successor, the conquests made by Europeans in India excited the fears of a prince less confident in his own energies; the propagation of Christianity was prohibited; the Chinese proselytes were commanded to abjure their faith; and all the missionaries who had not received permission to reside, were sent to Canton. A further oppression, amounting to persecution, followed. The churches of Fou-kien, amounting to three hundred, were pulled down or converted into idol temples; and even the members of the imperial family who had become converts, were not spared. The hostility of the government to the Christian faith, long continued, and has only relaxed under the present emperor. As late as 1807, under his predecessor, fifteen persons, most of whom held offices under the government, were delivered over to the tribunals to be punished for professing Christianity.

Our author professes to know but little of the state of the Ca-

tholics in China; we are therefore compelled to have recourse to another authority.*

The mission of Lse-Tchhouan comprehends the province of that name, and those of Yun-nan and Kouei-Tcheou. The first of these had, in 1814, when the persecution which caused the death of the Catholic bishop arose, counted nearly 60,000 proselytes. Yun-nan contained 2,500, and Kouei-Tcheou about 1,600. In the diocese of Pekin are about 40,000 Christians; 33,000 in that of Nankin, and only 7,000 in that of Macao, which comprehends the provinces of Quang-Tong and Quang-Se. In the rest of China the numbers amount to about 60,000. Thus there are nearly 200,000 persons in China professing the Catholic faith.

The Catholic church proceeds in its attempts at conversion, upon principles different from those employed by Protestants. The scriptures are not placed in the hands of the converts in their own language, but abstracts of faith and forms of devotion are employed in stead. Of these, the most important which have been drawn up in the Chinese language, are the *Thian-tchu-chi-yi*, or "True doctrine of God," drawn up by Ricci, and a *Harmony of the Gospels*. The former of these is highly praised not only by the missionaries, but by the Chinese themselves, who read it as a model of style in their own language. So great is its reputation, that it is included in the selection of classical works formed by direction of the emperor Kien-long, and this at a time when Christianity was most unpopular in China. The *Harmony of the Gospels* not only contains a *Life of Christ*, compiled from the four evangelists, but also the *Acts of the Apostles*, and most of the epistles of Paul. These appear to be intended for general use, but in addition, the missionaries have translated the whole of the New Testament into Chinese, a work which is only to be found in Europe in the library of the College of the Propaganda at Rome. This work, it is reasonable to believe, must be in the hands of those Chinese who have been associated with the Catholic missionaries in the labours of their ministry. We cannot, therefore, assent to the following passage of Gutzlaff.

"The Roman Catholic missionaries had spent more than two centuries in China, and among them there were many who understood the Chinese language thoroughly, and wrote elegantly. They have published the lives of their saints, their scholastic divinity, and other works, but never ventured upon translating the oracles of God, and making them intelligible to so many millions. If they were preachers of the gospel, and apostolical missionaries, why did they not make known the gospel, and the apostolical doctrines? If they were champions of the saints and the pope, why did they not declare themselves such in China, and prevent the gross error of calling popery the gospel? When they were once asked by the pope himself to translate one gospel, as a mere specimen of Chinese literature, they pleaded the absolute impossibility of such an undertaking, and nevertheless, could find words and phrases to translate the abstruse Thomas Aquinas."

Were these charges true, we should join with Gutzlaff in blaming the course of the Catholic missionaries; but from what we have stated, it is clear that they are not, and Gutzlaff had the means of knowing that they were unfounded. He himself states that Dr. Morrison carried with him to China "The Harmony of the Four Gospels," in the Chinese language, obtained from the British museum. The slightest inquiry would have taught him that this was the work of a Catholic missionary, being the very one of which we have already spoken. We do not venture to decide here, in a discussion purely literary, upon the merits of the different methods pursued by Catholic and Protestant missionaries; the one holding back the scriptures until the reason is prepared for their reception, the other distributing them to all comers, without comment. It is enough for us, as laymen, to say that while both have shown the most praiseworthy zeal, and the Catholics undergone the pains of martyrdom, both have been wanting in Christian charity to those whom they ought to have viewed as their fellow-labourers. We shall not quote here the vexations experienced by the first Protestants who visited China, arising from the false light in which they were represented by the Catholic missionaries; it has received its retribution in the charges of Mr. Gutzlaff.

While the Catholics had for centuries been propagating their modification of the Christian doctrine in China, the Protestants were wholly idle. It was not until 1807 that the London Missionary Society chose Dr. Morrison to proceed to Canton. After spending four years there, he became familiar with the language; and finding, as Gutzlaff states, that a copy of the Acts of the Apostles which he had brought out with him was intelligible, caused it to be printed. We presume that this must have been the same translation which forms a part of "The Harmony of the Gospels." He next translated the Gospel of St. Luke, and continued his labours until he had published a complete version of the whole New Testament. In 1813 he received a valuable aid to his labours in the person of Mr. Milne. Under their joint auspices, a seminary was established at Malacca for the education of persons of Chinese descent, who abound there. The students in this institution have amounted to twenty-six at one time. "Many of these lads have been usefully employed in life; one of them has gone to Peking as translator of Western languages to the tribunal of rites; others have been employed in instructing their fellow countrymen, or as writers in commercial houses."

The first Chinese convert of the Protestant mission was not admitted to baptism until 1815. A Chinese of the name of Afa was baptized in 1817, at Malacca, and is now the minister of a congregation in Canton, but this only reckons ten native converts.

Our author has not made mention of the farther labours of Morrison and Milne. We have again been compelled to have recourse to another authority.* From this we learn that these indefatigable men have completed a version of the whole of the Old Testament, as well as of the New, and that it has been actually printed. We also obtain a more full account of the English missions from the same source, and have only to regret that it is not as recent as we could desire. In 1824 the missionaries of the London society had five stations—Canton, Malacca, Pinang, Batavia, and Sincapore. These were directed by nine missionaries, six in China, and three in the Malay stations. There were twelve schools, one in China, one at Batavia, and three at Malacca for the Chinese, the other seven being for the Malays. The Gospel was preached in three Chinese dialects, that of the Kiang-nan, or the Mandarinic, that of Canton, and that of Fou-kien.

While Milne and Morrison were thus employed, a parallel labour was undertaken at Serampore. Here the whole of the Bible was translated into Chinese under the auspices of Marsham. We thus have two versions, and the copies are now multiplied by the aid of the funds of the British Bible Society. More recently, American missionaries have reached Canton, and the aid they have afforded those of England is gratefully acknowledged by Gutzlaff.

It is impossible to speak in too high terms of the zeal and labours of these Protestant missionaries. The version of the sacred volume into a language read by so many millions, and known to the learned portion of so many more, is perhaps the greatest service that could have been rendered to the Christian cause. It is therefore with regret that we have to state that the utility of this very translation is likely to be much diminished by sectarian feelings on the part of the translators themselves. Ricci, who was the first who ventured to treat of Christian doctrine in the Chinese tongue, having maturely weighed the sense of the Chinese terms, and consulted the most learned of the nation, decided to name the deity Thian-tehu, “the Lord of Heaven,” while he found for our Saviour the phonetic homophone of Yi-tsen, meaning “only son;” using the last in connexion with the first, the name became “The only Son of the Lord of Heaven.” These epithets have become the conventional address of the prayers of more than two hundred thousand Chinese Christians. Morrison and Marsham, whether by concert or accidental coincidence, have agreed in rejecting these appropriate and expressive terms. They have thus voluntarily separated themselves from all the converts made by Catholic missionaries, to whom

* Remusat.

their labours can be of no use, and beside whom their proselytes will appear as worshippers of a different deity. We quote the reasons assigned by Milne for this course, which we must say are in a spirit very different from that which we should think ought to govern a Christian missionary; so much so indeed, that, *mutatis mutandis*. the reproach laid upon the Catholics by Gutzlaff, might be justly applied to him.

"Admitting that Catholics and Protestants acknowledge the same God, still their respective views of all that concerns doctrines, ceremonies, and worship, are so exceedingly different, that it might perhaps be convenient to choose a term different from that employed by the Catholics. The confusion of the two sects, whose faith and practice differ in so great a number of essential points, would have been the natural consequence of the use of this word, a compromise with which neither party would have been flattered, and which might have given rise to many inconveniences, as no one can doubt who considers the actual state of China."

On this Remusat remarks—

"So, it is in order to avoid being confounded with the disciples of our missionaries that those of the Protestant communion have abandoned a received term, admitted in China, known by the whole world, and generally understood in its true sense; have replaced it by a word vague, equivocal, new, and which, by their own acknowledgment, has never, in the most noble of its acceptations, signified *God*, but only *Spirit*. It is to distinguish themselves from Christians who have preceded them in the preaching of the Gospel, that they have voluntarily abandoned the road which was opened to them, and changed the language to which a great nation had been accustomed to listen. They have incurred the risk of rendering unintelligible all those passages of the Bible in which the true God is named; have exposed to attack the essence of Christianity in the very texts which are its foundation, and that for fear of being taken for Catholics, not in teaching the peculiar dogmas of that church, but in expressing those primitive truths, a knowledge of which is the bond of all Christian communions."

The narrative we have given teaches us the melancholy truth, that all Christian sects are still far behind the spirit of their divine Master. Even in civilized Europe, persecutions for conscience sake are not wholly at an end, while all that a preponderating sect allows is toleration. In our country alone, do religious sects stand upon the footing of equality, each peaceably following its own interpretation of the sacred volume, while what that may be is not inquired into when the rights of persons, property, or of a share in the administration, are in question. We do not venture to say that a disposition to persecution has not occasionally manifested itself, or that attempts have not been made to make peculiar tenets a part of the national law. But such attempts have been frustrated, and sects with us exercise their appropriate influence in stimulating the dormant zeal of their rivals, until those whom mere pride of party may at first have called into action, become inspired with a true spirit of religion. For such a wise purpose, we do not doubt, was the sacred volume left free to human interpretation, so that while no question could remain in regard to the moral law, the study of doctrine, always unexhausted and always new, might remain to stimulate inquiry, until

faith should terminate in knowledge, when time should be no more. If in a civilized and Christian country, it is the duty of a man to avow the interpretation of Scripture he may have adopted from conviction, precisely as it is that of a citizen to support that party whose principles of government he prefers, the same is not the case when he accepts a mission to a pagan country. There distinction of sect ought to be at once forgotten. In such a position no man has a right to say, I am of Paul, I am of Cephas, I am a Catholic, I am a Lutheran; but, leaving all sectarian views, he should avow himself the servant of Christ alone. Or if such compliance with the advice of the great Apostle of the Gentiles be too great a trial for Christianity in its present militant state, let him at least tolerate the opinions of others when maintained in sincerity, and aid rather than oppose their apostolic labours.

While we are writing, the news of the death of Morrison have reached us. He has fulfilled his appointed course, and gone to receive his reward. His labours and exertions give him a high rank among the preachers of the Christian faith, and although we have not ventured to pass without remark the one great error in judgment he committed, we with pleasure unite in the just praises which he has merited. That the whole of the sacred volume is now accessible to nearly four hundred millions of the human race, by the greater part of whom even its existence was before unknown, will for ages render his name venerable among the sincere professors of the Christian religion; and the time must come when party distinctions will cease in the universal church, and he will divide with Ricci the honours due to an apostle of regions more vast and more populous than those embraced in the mission of Him of the Gentiles.

The last part of the work of Gutzlaff is devoted to a history of the commerce of foreign nations with China. His accounts are evidently tinged with the peculiar feeling of the English factory, and it would be interesting to compare it with such a history as might be drawn up by a native Chinese. It is very obvious that the trade of the British Company has been exposed to difficulties which have impeded the operations of no other nation; and we may suspect that the importance which the chiefs of the Factory have assumed, grounded upon their being the representatives of a sovereign Company, united to the jealousy which the Chinese must naturally entertain of so powerful and grasping a neighbour, have been more efficient in disturbing their commerce, than the cunning duplicity or extortion with which the merchants and Mandarins of Canton are charged.

The Portuguese led the way to China, as they did to all other

parts of India, and are the only nation which obtained a foot-hold in the empire. This they still retain in the little city of Macao, which, although nominally a possession of Portugal, and bearing its flag, is in fact a republic inhabited by the descendants of Portuguese, and owning the sovereignty of the Chinese empire. This republic has certain privileges in its trade, but these are restricted to a particular set of vessels, which cannot be replaced, but which, when worn out, may be rebuilt by permission of the Chinese authorities, for which a heavy sum is demanded. The Portuguese having fallen behind other nations in the art of navigation, even this privileged commerce is of little value; but Macao derives much profit from the law which prevents any foreigners from spending a whole continuous year in Canton, and prohibits the entrance of females into the empire. Hence merchants resident in China, are compelled to have establishments in Macao, in which they may leave their families, and to which they retire annually for a short time.

The trade of the Dutch, who followed the Portuguese, was impeded for a time by the opposition of the latter, and still more by the false description which was given of them by the missionaries in Peking. Failing in opening a trade on the continent, they established themselves in Formosa, and founded a flourishing settlement on that island. This was wrested from them by Coxinga, who bore for a time the title of King of Formosa. This hostile act rendered the Dutch the allies of the Manchous, and they made joint efforts upon the island, which were, however, repulsed. This connexion, however, opened the ports of Canton and Fou-kien to the Dutch, which they finally voluntarily confined to the former.

The English first became known to the Chinese by an attempt made in 1619, to force the entrance of the Canton river, and although victorious, they did not succeed in opening a trade. In 1644, and in 1664, ships were sent to Macao; but in consequence of the distracted state of China, the enterprises were not attended with profit. Finally, a factory was established at Emouy (Amoy) then a possession of the King of Formosa; the trade was carried on to advantage, until the power of the Manchous became predominant, when exactions arose that caused the factory to be closed. In 1685, all the ports of China were opened to foreigners, and on this occasion the English first succeeded in trading at Canton. To this port, their trade has, since 1734, been wholly confined, and in several instances been on the point of total interruption; but the Chinese authorities on the one hand, and the servants of the company on the other, have seen that mutual loss must attend its extinction, and after much bravado on each side, things have returned to their former channel. The grand subject of dispute has been the refusal of the English to become subject

to the laws of China, particularly in respect to homicide. Now it must be evident that such refusal on the part of the visitors of any European nation, would put an end to all intercourse, and would, if sustained by force, lead to war. It is of no avail to say that the laws of China are unjust; the persons who visit the empire are aware of them, and have no right to complain when they fall within their scope. The instances of aggression and violence on the part of foreigners have been so marked as fully to justify the policy of the law, which requires that the person by whom a Chinese has been slain, shall be delivered up; and so far from its being a just subject of reproach, that a provision for the family of the party killed has been in some cases accepted as an atonement, it is only a proof that humanity has been permitted to mitigate the stern dictates of policy.

The most curious transactions which have arisen from the intercourse of the British Company with China, are the two embassies of Lords Macartney and Amherst. The Company, although sovereign in territories adjacent to those which acknowledge themselves vassals of China, and thus capable of treating upon terms at least as advantageous as those under which the sovereigns of Birmanah or of Japan approach the Chinese government, chose to bring in to their aid the diplomacy of Britain itself, and procured a representative of their sovereign to be sent to Peking. The directors in London were probably ignorant of the construction put by the Chinese upon such a mission; but the same excuse cannot be made for their servants of the Canton factory, who could not be ignorant of the features of Chinese policy. It has been their practice from time immemorial to consider ambassadors merely as persons sent to acknowledge or renew the fealty of their governments to the Celestial empire, and they are paraded through the cities and provinces of the empire as tribute-bearers, which epithet is inscribed on the flags of the vessels in which they are conveyed upon the canals, and the banners which precede their march by land. This degrading ceremony was never omitted except on one occasion—that of a Portuguese embassy, and even on this occasion the imperial decree which authorized the omission of the epithet, asserted the fact that they came as bearers of tribute, although they did not like to be so called. In the consequence of these embassies, the Chinese annals of Kien Long will state, that under his reign the King of Great Britain acknowledged himself as the vassal of that emperor; and those of his successor, that the acknowledgment of allegiance was renewed. As all persons acquainted with the practice of the Chinese government must have been aware that such would be the official record, and that no act to render it improbable would be committed by the Chinese, or allowed on the part of the embassy, the refusal to perform the ceremony of knocking the head nine times,

was empty and unavailing. The curious part of this history is that the Chinese annals contain the detail of the performance of this act of vassalage by Lord Macartney, and on the visit of Lord Amherst, the record was cited to him as a precedent; still further, the present emperor himself, who was old enough at the time to be a competent witness, expressly declared that he had seen the prostration with his own eyes. The whole order of the reception of a foreign embassy in China, is prescribed by a written code; the number of interviews, the time of his stay, and the official personages with whom he shall have intercourse. Among these prescribed forms, none is more insisted upon than the *kheou-theou*. Even a Russian ambassador, who had believed that he had obtained exemption, was dragged with a sort of good humoured force, which was so well arranged that he could not resist, and made to knock his head before the yellow tablet. Were it not then, that all the companions of Lord Macartney are unanimous in stating that he succeeded in avoiding the obnoxious ceremony, we should have doubted that he could have been permitted to see the emperor, without performing it. Strong as is this unanimous declaration, an European who was at Peking at the time, has contradicted it, and insinuations to the same effect have been thrown out even by English writers. Can it be, that Lord Macartney, in his zeal for his ancient employers, the East India Directors, performed an act, which, as the representative of his sovereign, he was ashamed to acknowledge? The Chinese, in their discussions with Lord Amherst, appealed to Sir George Staunton, who had as a boy accompanied his father in the former embassy, and he, although the emperor had not yet committed himself, declined to answer. Had this occurred, after the emperor had stated the fact from his own recollections, we could easily see that it would have been improper for him to contradict it; but had he been conscious that Lord Macartney's declarations were true, we do not see how he could have felt any hesitation in replying.

The whole history of these two embassies is such as to cover their projectors with ridicule. If the British had any cause of grievance, the squadron which conveyed either of the missions to the Yellow Sea would have been the most efficient diplomats. But the Company would have run the risk of having their trade interrupted, and therefore advised a temporizing course, in which, by flattering the pride of the Chinese, they hoped to gain their point. The result has merely confirmed them in their notions of national importance, and the chance of treating upon terms of equality is rendered more distant than ever.

We may also ascribe many of the exactions to which the commerce of foreigners in general has been subjected, to the position of the English Company. Possessed of a monopoly, it has only

to raise its prices a small amount, and all new duties and expenses will be covered; nor can the consumers find a remedy except in abandoning the use of the article. It has therefore been more expedient to submit to exaction than to resist. They have also, by paying higher prices than those nations whose merchants must vie with each other can venture to give, secured the choice of all the productions of China, so that the second qualities are alone to be purchased by other merchants, until the demands of the English Company are supplied. The trade of Great Britain to China is now thrown open, and this event must produce a change which will affect that of all other nations. As individuals will be able to transact their business more economically than the Company has ever done, we may presume on a greatly increased consumption of such of the products of China as are admitted into Great Britain. The smuggling trade, although in part owing to the high duties exacted by the British government, has also been encouraged by the monopoly; this will be diminished, and a greater amount of British tonnage will be employed, to the injury of the trade of the north of Europe. We may also infer, that the exactions of the local authorities will be lessened. The East India Company has never condescended to a clandestine trade, but individual merchants will resort to it whenever the profits will more than counterbalance the risk; and as the government of Canton as well as the imperial treasury derive no small revenue from the legal trade, and are not strong enough to suppress that which is illegal, they will soon discover the only sure mode of preventing the latter, namely, to render it the least profitable.

The trade of the Indian possessions of Great Britain with China has long been open to individual merchants, and has increased to an enormous amount. The value of the articles imported into China by the private traders, has so far exceeded those exported, as to have rendered it unnecessary for the Company for many years to ship any specie. It has also had a similar effect upon our own trade, for bills upon London have had a ready and profitable sale, and even notes of the Bank of the United States can be negotiated in Canton.

The most remarkable feature in the trade between the British possessions and China, is, that the article which exceeds sixfold in value all the rest, is one expressly prohibited by the Chinese laws, namely, opium. This has had for some years past an average sale to the extent of twelve millions of dollars. The vessels which import it discharge it outside of the port, and the boats in the service of the custom house itself are the principal vehicles for its introduction. Such is the avidity with which it is sought, that no edict, however severe in its penalties, has the slightest effect in lessening the consumption; the authorities, unable to

carry the law into effect, now share in the profits of its breach; and it is said, that the Emperor himself, while uttering edicts of the most stern character against the pernicious drug, is in private a slave to its seductions.

By the latest accounts from Canton we perceive that a British commissioner has been appointed for the purpose of superintending the trade with China. The local authorities have refused to recognise him, and disapprove of his residence; so much so as to have forbidden Chinese to serve him as servants, and withdrawn his *comprador*. The latter is a most important personage, since through him alone supplies of provisions can be obtained; so that to refuse a *comprador* is about equivalent to the Roman form of exile, which forbade the supply of fire and water. Other nations have consuls and commercial agents, but have wisely abstained from asking their recognition by the Chinese government; and we doubt not that the British will be compelled in like manner to acquiesce, or to abandon their trade. Indeed, the same Canton paper which contains the account of the uncivil reception of Lord Napier, contains also an intimation, that English merchants may find it convenient to trade under some other flag.

The trade of the United States with China is the latest in its origin of any, but is now second in extent to that of England alone, and in 1833, fell short of that of the East India Company only about one-ninth. During this year, no more than \$682,500 in specie were carried to Canton in American vessels; \$4,772,500 were provided for by bills of exchange; while about \$3,000,000 were transmitted in merchandise. Of the merchandise, some important items are the products of American industry: among these are sandal wood, cut in the islands of the Pacific; biche-de-mer, collected in the Indian Archipelago; the furs of our western territories, and in 1831, upwards of 100,000 pieces of cotton goods made in the United States. On other articles large profits are earned, as on the opium of Smyrna, the quicksilver of Asia, and the furs of Canada and of the North West Coast. This trade has upon the whole been the most profitable in proportion to its extent of any branch of our foreign commerce, and has been the principal source of some of the largest fortunes to our merchants. It has not indeed been without its reverses, and on one occasion an attempt of a single house to drive all competitors from the trade, produced a wide extent of ruin, in which itself was finally involved; but so far as the country in general is concerned, it has added in no small degree to our national wealth. One of the earliest voyages made from the United States to China, is worthy of being mentioned from its boldness. Captain Stuart Dean, immediately after the close of the revolutionary war, fitted out a North River sloop, of eighty tons burthen, and accompa-

nied by a few spirits equally adventurous with himself, reached the ports of China, and returned in safety.

The voyage of the *Alliance* is mentioned by Gutzlaff as forming an era in the navigation of the Indian Seas. This vessel, built as a frigate, was purchased for this trade in 1787. Leaving Philadelphia at a season when the monsoon was adverse, she performed the circuit of New Holland and the Philippine Islands, nor did she cast anchor until she reached Whampoa. Before this voyage, it had been considered impracticable to reach China without stopping several times for provisions and water. The outward bound European ships touched at Madeira or Teneriffe, at the Cape of Good Hope, and at Batavia. Five or six months were thus frequently consumed even in the direct passage. Since that epoch, American vessels, unless diverted by some object of profit, have rarely touched at any intermediate port; the direct passage has been frequently performed in less than three months; and one vessel has accomplished the eastern passage in one hundred and five days.

Several attempts have been made of late years to open a trade with ports of China other than Canton. The Spaniards of Manila still have the privilege of sending ships to the principal port of Fou-kien; and this flag has been used by some of the English residents. Armed vessels under the British flag have also made coasting voyages, extending as far as the country of the Mantchous. If some of these have been unsuccessful, enough has been done to show that this is not attended with an absolute impossibility, and that the demand for many articles which now reach the distant provinces loaded with the profits of the Canton merchants, and a heavy freight, is such as will cause them to be purchased in spite of any prohibitive measures the government can adopt. We only wonder that American merchants have not been engaged in such enterprises, particularly as it seems well understood that the fears of the British East India Company have opposed obstacles to the use of that flag.

We have met with some difficulty in the comparison of Gutzlaff with other authorities, and even in the first perusal of his work, in consequence of the different systems of spelling Chinese words adopted by the different authors. He has attempted throughout to apply the English orthography, and we conceive has not been successful, in consequence of difficulties inherent in the structure of our tongue. Derived from many different languages, it has retained, with slight alterations, the original spelling, and although the vowel sounds have been altered to suit English organs, the articulations are often unaltered. Doubts may frequently occur as to the power of the consonants, and if the vowels are less uncertain, they are so different in their use from that ascribed to them in other languages, and from what

is sometimes given to them by ourselves in words of foreign origin, that we consider their application as even more objectionable than that of the consonants. The Chinese themselves having no literal characters, we cannot resort to them for information on this head. Our principal authorities, in respect to Chinese names, are the Jesuits; these have generally used the French alphabet, and it is attended with less uncertainty in its application than the English. It is however deficient in the power of expressing some sounds which are frequent in Chinese; we have therefore sometimes wished to adopt the English *w*, *qu*, and *sh*, instead of *ou*, *kou*, and *ch*; the second alteration we have made in the names of the provinces Quang-tong and Quang-se. It is much to be wished that some conventional mode of spelling languages, which have no alphabet of their own, might be adopted by general consent; or that it should be agreed to refer to the authorities of earliest date. An alphabet of this sort, founded upon the Roman, has been proposed by Volney, and he has shown that it is perfectly adapted to the Arabic, which differs in its usual sounds from any European language, quite as much as the Chinese does. Until some such system be adopted, we shall still find ourselves puzzled to learn that *khan*, *caron* and *cham*, *bashaw*, *pacha*, and *peishwah*, *Khang-hi*, and *Kaung-he*, *She-whung-te*, *Chi-Hoang-ti*, are respectively no more than variable spellings of the same sounds.

To conclude; although we are compelled to say that we experienced disappointment in the perusal of so much of this work, as treats of the history of China anterior to the accession of the present dynasty, we have in all other respects been highly gratified. More particularly have we been pleased with the history of the commerce of foreign nations with this empire, and enlightened by the details of their trade, collected with great pains from authentic sources. Did the work contain no more than this, it would be invaluable in a country possessed of the second trade in extent with this remote empire; a trade which has been the source of much individual wealth; which has added to the national riches; poured immense revenue into the treasures of government; and which promises to be still further extended.

We cannot, on the present occasion, pass over the personal merits of our author. He has, with the greatest perseverance and zeal, devoted himself to missionary labours, to aid in which he has not disdained the study of the literature, the history, and the commerce of the country in which his lot is cast. Satisfied then, in addressing a nation highly literary and polished, possessing in addition an overweening estimate of their own importance, that the first step is to convince it that others are in many points its equals, in others its superiors, he has composed

familiar tracts, in the Chinese language, descriptive of other portions of the globe. These have been sought for with avidity, and have created a demand for tracts upon religious and moral subjects; and thus it will probably happen, that the very points in the Chinese character which have opposed obstacles to their reception of Christianity, will hereafter be found the most easy avenues to conversion. Among other useful works, he is the chief editor of a monthly magazine in the Chinese language. Two numbers of this have come into our hands, and we have been enabled to discover that one contains a general geographical description of the old continent; the other a particular account of the Empire of Russia, which bounding on that of China for several thousand miles, must be an object of curiosity to the government, as well as the people of the Celestial Empire. In the pursuit of his sacred calling, he has made two voyages along the coast of China, the first in a junk, the second in an European vessel; exposing himself, in the former case, to hazards and inconveniences of the most appalling character; and in the latter exerting himself in the most strenuous manner to procure an opening for commerce, under the protecting wing of which, he has had the good sense to see that religious impressions might be readily propagated.

ART. VI.—*History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States.* By WILLIAM DUNLAP, Vice-President of the National Academy of Design, Author of the *History of the American Theatre*, *Biography of G. F. Cooke*, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. New York: 1831.

THAT Mr. Dunlap has succeeded in compounding two very entertaining volumes, can scarcely be denied; but that he has been equally successful in accomplishing the object for which their appellation would indicate them to have been prepared, is not so sure. The "*History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States*," is a sounding title, and a sounding title is a dangerous affair. If the expectations which it arouses are not sufficiently realized, the reader is little disposed to be blind to the faults, and overkind to the merits of the work. He remembers the passage of the old poet, in which a contrast is drawn between the vapouring scribbler who professed to sing "the fate of Priam and the noble war," and the inspired bard, who, commencing his immortal strains with an invocation to the muse, endeavours "to give not smoke from a blaze," but from the former to educe light; and he feels strongly tempted to repeat, in reference to

the writer who has excited the recollection, the contemptuous application to the pretender of the fable of the mountain and the mouse. Mr. Dunlap, however, need apprehend no such fate, although the aspect of his title-page is more imposing than the character of his work, for one especial reason. He contrives to keep his readers in such good humour, for the most part, by the amusement which his pages afford, that it would be almost impossible for them to deal severely with his authorship. The "goddess fair and free," yeleft Euphrosyne in heaven, according to Milton, and on earth, heart easing mirth, is, after all, the lady who possesses the greatest attractions for the mass; and he who introduces us intimately to her acquaintance, is most likely to be rewarded with our kindest feelings. The sternest pedagogue can scarcely inflict a merited castigation upon a wag-gish urchin, however mischievous or lazy; and the fiercest critic, with a heart at other times unknowing how to yield, becomes transformed into a paragon of indulgence, by the omnipotent power of a laugh.

It is nevertheless the fact, that Mr. Dunlap's execution of his task is by no means deserving of unqualified praise. Horace Walpole called his work on British art, "*Anecdotes of Painting*," and our author, in the same way, might have entitled his production "*Anecdotes of Painters, Sculptors, Architects, and Engravers*, and of any and every body who has had the remotest connexion with the Arts of Design in the United States." Such is unquestionably its true description. There is little of the dignity of history in its gossiping chapters, and much more information is communicated about the men than the artists. Greater pains are taken to amuse us with traits and eccentricities of personal character, than to acquaint us with professional peculiarities. The original critical portions are for the most part meagre and unsatisfactory, and almost altogether devoid of the *chiaro-oscuro* of criticism, if we may so speak. They are generally all light or all shade—all praise or all blame. The volumes, however, contain a great deal of valuable matter, calculated to render them admirable *Mémoires pour servir*, and Mr. Dunlap merits gratitude for the industry and perseverance with which he has sought information from the most authentic sources. Few living American artists of any note seem to have escaped his call for contribution to his pages. In most instances they have complied with his request, and those who refused, after being well belaboured for their modesty, are dragged into notoriety in their own despite. With these he must settle the matter as he may, though we do not believe they will be very much incensed, if there be truth in Peter Pindar's exclamation:

"What rage for fame attends both great and small!
Better be d——d than mentioned not at all."

The first pioneer of the art mentioned by Mr. Dunlap, is John Watson, a Scotchman, who came to the American colonies in 1715, and settled in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, the native place of the author. He painted portraits with such success as to acquire a considerable share of the good things of this life, a circumstance which induced some of his relations to hearken to his solicitations to join him in the land of his adoption, "notwithstanding," says Mr. Dunlap, "that attachment to their soil which distinguishes his countrymen." If our author be right in attributing this characteristic so especially to the sons of the "land o' cakes," there is not so much truth as is imagined in the saying, that an Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable, an Irishman never at peace but when he is at war, and a Scotchman never at home but when he is abroad. It is usually supposed, we believe, that even the crania of our Yankee brethren do not exhibit so decided a development of the bump of peregrination, as those of the worthy inhabitants of the country in question, where, in the phrase of one of them assigning his reason for sojourning in foreign parts, "although every thing is unco plenty and cheap, the saxpences are unco scarce." Mr. Watson lived to the age of eighty-three, and must consequently have produced no small number of works, but none, either of them, or of the pictures which he brought into this country, can now be found. Mr. Dunlap nevertheless thinks that no one who has duly considered the subject of cause and effect will doubt, that he had and continues to have an influence on the progress of the arts in the United States. He is even inclined to ascribe the writing of the present work to the emigration of Mr. Watson, but the consideration that we have been enabled to give "to the subject of cause and effect," has not been adequate to satisfy our minds completely upon that point, and we therefore leave it to the cogitations of those who may deem it indispensable to be settled.

Whilst Mr. Watson was transferring the faces of the Perth Amboyites to his glowing canvass, another of Scotland's offspring was performing a similar service for the good people of New England. This was John Smybert, who came to Rhode Island in 1728 with Bishop Berkeley, when this genuine specimen of episcopal excellence, in whom shone "every virtue under heaven," was upon his philanthropic expedition for establishing an American university. Here Mr. Dunlap favours us with several pages of extracts from different sources in relation to the illustrious bishop, which do not seem to throw any particular light upon the history of the Arts of Design, any further than that the artist by whom he was accompanied, painted a picture of him and his family, now in the possession of Yale College, which is eulogized in lofty terms. Smybert, according to a good authority, was not

an artist of the first rank; but the best portraits of the eminent magistrates and divines of New England and New York, who lived between 1725 and 1751, are from his pencil. His influence upon the arts in this country is affirmed to be powerful and lasting, and to have especially operated upon Copley, Trumbull, and Allston. The last named gentleman expresses his gratitude in a letter to a friend, for the instruction which he derived from a copy by Smybert in the college library, Cambridge, of the head of Cardinal Bentivoglio by Vandyke, which he obtained permission to take, one winter vacation. At that time, he says, Smybert's work seemed perfection to him, but he adds that he had to alter his notions of perfection when he saw the original, some years afterwards. Well he might, for a copy that should convey a perfect idea of that splendid production, must be executed by the hand of a kindred genius. Technical skill might counterfeit the features, and even reproduce the enchantment of the colouring, but "the mind, the music breathing from the face," demand the inspiration which no labour can acquire. Well do we recollect that exquisite "mocking of the life," if it be not derogatory so to entitle what might be mistaken for life itself. Few of the master-pieces of portraiture which it has been our good fortune to behold, excited more pleasure and admiration at the moment of witnessing it, and left a more vivid impression.

Smybert died in Boston in 1751, leaving two children, one of whom, Nathaniel, gave flattering promise of excellence in his father's art, which was destroyed by a premature death.

Other painters are mentioned by Mr. Dunlap as contemporaries of the aforesaid artists, in different portions of the country, whom, perhaps, it may be as well for their reputations to forget as to remember. One of them, however, named Williams, an Englishman, who was settled in Philadelphia, possesses an adventitious claim to recollection, from the circumstance of his having afforded assistance and instruction to the first native American artist of celebrity in point of time, and certainly not the last in point of merit. We mean Benjamin West.

The details of the career of this remarkable man must be so familiar to our readers, as to render it a work of supererogation to record them here, even if we had space for the purpose. His humble birth, in an obscure settlement, where civilization had advanced scarcely farther than the threshold; the singular precocity of his imitative talent; the irresistible strength of his vocation, which overcame every impediment, even the uncompromising spirit of sectarian prejudice; the kind friends whom he was so fortunate as to encounter, who fostered his genius and contributed the means of enabling him to cultivate it to the utmost in the richest school of art; the sensation which he excited

in Italy, both by the anomaly at that period of a young American's repairing thither to acquire excellence with the pencil, and the merit of the works which he produced ; his subsequent success in England, where he elevated himself to a friendly communion with royalty, and what was a far more honourable testimony to his character, was raised by his fellow-artists to the loftiest station amongst them, the Presidential chair of their academy, and where he died, full of honours and of years—all this might almost be called one of our school-boy lessons, so proud do we naturally and properly feel that our Temple of Fame should so soon have had one of its most eminent niches filled in a department which, in the progress of other nations, has generally been long unoccupied; and so inspiring is the lesson which it inculcates, of the admirable results of industry and virtue and perseverance, no matter what the obstacles through which they may be obliged to force their way.

Worthy, however, of honour and panegyric as we consider West to be, we cannot subscribe to all the eulogies heaped upon him by Mr. Dunlap, with indiscriminating profusion. One might imagine, from the pages before us, that the artist in question was a condensation, as it were, of all the various and noblest attributes of the painters of ancient and modern times—a sort of focus to which all the brightest rays of art had been drawn, emitting a warmth and light such as never had been imparted before. The biography is a perfect glorification, as far, at least, as respects our author's share of it, which, to be sure, is not the largest. The whole, in fact, resembles a piece of Mosaic work, not very cunningly managed, much more than a harmonious portrait on canvass,—extracts without stint from other books, communications from individuals, and original observations, tumbling over one another in most delightful confusion.

The merits of West seem to us to be better calculated to attract the artist than the mere amateur. In the excellence of his composition and the correctness of his design, there is much that the former must love to contemplate, for purposes both of gratification and instruction; but admirable as those qualities are, they cannot be duly appreciated and enjoyed by the unscientific, when not befriended in just proportion by one or another of the two requisites most essential for communicating general delight, in which he was deficient—expression and colouring. He neither enthrals the mind, nor fascinates the eye. His is not the magic pencil around which the passions throng, nor that which is dipped in the hues of the rainbow. He rarely if ever “gloriously offends,” or snatches a grace which uninspired art may not reach. Soul is wanting there, and the most attractive quality, upon canvass, of body likewise. Take, for instance, his celebrated work belonging to the Hospital of Philadelphia, Christ

healing the sick, and what are the effects which it is fitted to produce? It is doubtless skillfully and judiciously composed, and the figures are well drawn, but is not your eye immediately repelled by the want of *morbidezza* in the tone, by the hardness of the outlines, exhibiting the work of the *pencil* as distinctly as that of the brush, and destroying all illusion by the evidence thus afforded, that the personages before you were born not of women, but of the artist's hand, and by the absence of that genial glow of complexion which seems to indicate the active current of the life-streams beneath? Is one inspiring idea excited in your mind, one powerful emotion awakened in your bosom, by the sublimity and pathos of the subject? Does the head of the Saviour prompt you to adoration, and gratitude, and love? do you commiserate the sufferings of the sick man, or rejoice in the release which he is about to obtain? do you sympathize with the distress of the mother, desiring yourself to wipe away that tear which seems not to have dropped from her eye, but to have been placed on her cheek for the occasion? do you second the father's prayer for his daughter's restoration to sight? or are you horrified by the malignant hatred and covert rage of the priests, or shocked by the contortions of the demoniac boy? Imagine the same scene depicted by Raphael. What dignity inspiring homage, what compassion inducing love, would have been blended in the person of the Redeemer—what strength and diversity of sentiment would have been imparted to the apostles, the disciples, the priests, and the gazing crowd—what depth of parental and filial love, illumined by hope and yet tempered by awe, would have been impressed upon the countenances of those soliciting his mercy for their afflicted kindred—what commingling of physical infirmity with moral elevation would have been portrayed in the expectants of divine bounty—how vividly would the whole spectacle have spoken of helpless humanity and celestial power and goodness! The group of which the demoniac boy is the chief figure, is a strong reminiscence of the one of the same nature in the Transfiguration; the woman looking at the Saviour and pointing to the possessed behind her, is almost a copy; but what a difference between her unmeaning, and we must say, rather vulgar physiognomy, and the striking countenance of Raphael's creation, so admirably contrasted with that heavenly face of the other female, who is looking upon the poor boy with such indescribable feeling!

In making these remarks, we must be understood as speaking relatively. We are far from asserting that the picture is altogether devoid of expression. It affords abundant evidence that the author *knew* what ought to be done. Every one of the figures indicates the right *intention*, but in none of them is the deed as good as the will. The impression which they are de-

signed to produce is true, as far as it goes, but it is weak at the moment of reception, and liable soon to be effaced.—It is but just also to acknowledge, that although the colouring of West is usually defective, instances could be shown in some of his works of an excellence in that respect, which might be deemed worthy of Titian.

“*Death on the Pale Horse*” is esteemed the loftiest effort of West, and it must indeed be a noble production, in which he has surpassed himself, if what is said of it be true. In it, according to Cunningham, he has more than approached the masters and princes of the calling. *The Battle of La Hogue*, and *the Death of Wolfe*, are the best of his historic pieces, and esteemed the best of that kind of the English school; which, however, they might easily be, without possessing half their merit.

In estimating the rank of West, it should be recollected, that although he is not the first in his department of the art, that department is the first; and that to attain the distinction in it which he did, a rarer combination of qualities was requisite, than is demanded for superiority in an inferior branch. The vast number of his compositions, also, almost all of which are at least respectable, should be taken into consideration, manifesting as they do, a wonderful fertility of invention and rapidity of execution. One circumstance should be recorded to his lasting honour, that he never prostituted his pencil to a subject on which the most delicate mind could not dwell, which could have been a source of the smallest regret upon his bed of death.

“Benjamin West was not, (as his biographer has asserted,) above the middle size. He was about five feet eight inches in height. Well made and athletic. His complexion was remarkably fair. His eye was piercing. Of his manners and disposition we have already spoken, but may be allowed to relate an anecdote from one of his pupils. He had frequently a levee of young artists asking advice on their productions, and it was given always with encouraging amenity. On one occasion a Camera Lucida, then a new thing, had been left with him for inspection: it was the first he had ever seen, and Stuart coming in, West showed it to him, and explained its use. Stuart’s hand was always tremulous. He took the delicate machine for examination, let it fall, and it was dashed to fragments on the hearth. Stuart stood with his back to West, looking at the wreck in despair. After a short silence, the benevolent man said, ‘Well, Stuart, you may as well pick up the pieces.’ This was of course in early life, but old age made no change in him. Mr. Leslie says, ‘Mr. West’s readiness to give advice and assistance to artists is well known. Every morning before he began to work he received all who wished to see him. A friend of mine called at his house the day after his death. His old and faithful servant, Robert, opened the door, and said, with a melancholy shake of the head, ‘Ah, sir! where will they go now?’ And well might he say so; for although I can affirm with truth, that I know of no eminent artist in London, who is not ready to communicate instruction to any of his brethren who need it, yet at that time there was certainly no one so accessible as Mr. West, and I think I may say so admirably qualified to give advice in every branch of the art.’”

The year 1738, in which West first saw the light, was also distinguished by the birth of John Singleton Copley, the next eminent painter in succession on the American list. The follow-

ing short and sweet epistle from his son, Lord Lyndhurst, to Mr. Samuel F. B. Morse, in reply to a request for information respecting the artist, was communicated to our author by Mr. Morse.

“ ‘George-street, 27th December, 1827.

“ ‘Dear Sir:—I beg you will accept my best thanks for your discourse delivered before the National Academy at New York, which has been handed to me by Mr. Ward. The tenor of my father's life was so uniform as to afford little materials for a biographer. He was entirely devoted to his art, which he pursued with unremitting assiduity to the last year of his life. The result is before the public in his works, which must speak for themselves; and considering that he was entirely self-taught, and never saw a decent picture, with the exception of his own, until he was nearly thirty years of age, the circumstance is, I think, worthy of admiration, and affords a striking proof of what natural genius, aided by determined perseverance, can, under almost any circumstances, accomplish.

“ ‘I remain, dear sir,

“ ‘Your faithful servant,

“ ‘LYNDHURST.’ ”

Mr. Dunlap contravenes his Lordship's assertions that Copley was self taught, and never saw a decent picture, except his own, until the age specified, on the ground that the works of Smybert and Blackburn, painted in Boston, his native place, were more than decent, and must have been seen by him, and have given him that instruction which is conveyed by studying the productions of others, even if he had not been a pupil of the authors themselves. Be this as it may, Copley when quite young obtained the greatest success as a portrait painter in Boston, where he continued to live until 1774, when he proceeded to England, and thence to Italy, to perfect himself in the art. Returning to England in 1775, he established himself in London, where he continued to pursue his profession until his death, in 1815, at the age of seventy-eight. He was principally devoted to portraits, they furnishing the most lucrative employment for his pencil; but he also achieved a high reputation in the historical department. His most celebrated works of this order, are “The Death of Chatham,” “The Youth rescued from a Shark,” “The Death of Major Pierson,” a young British officer, who was killed in a skirmish on the island of Jersey, “The repulse and defeat of the Spanish floating batteries at Gibraltar,” and “The Arrest of the Five Members of the Commons by Charles the First.” In them he followed the example set by West, of clothing his personages in the dress of their time, instead of the costume of antiquity.

“ It is a curious fact, that three Americans in succession painted successfully in this style, and led the way to Europeans. West, the founder, the inventor, the original, the master; Copley, the second, his immediate follower; and Trumbull, painting under West's eye, the third. West's Wolfe is not only the first in point of time, but the first in excellence; Copley's the second; and Trumbull's ‘Bunker Hill’ the third. Copley, in the years 1786-7, painted another picture of this class, his Eliot at Gibraltar, (if his daughter is correct, as quoted above, this picture was not finished in 1790; I saw it in progress as early as 1787,) and Trumbull followed with a picture

on a similar subject, Eliot's triumph over the French and Spanish combined forces at Gibraltar. Of these three Americans, West painted the triumph of the colonists of Great Britain and her European soldiers over France, and the establishment thereby of the Protestant religion and the liberties of the colonies; he composed the first picture of the heroic class in which modern costume was introduced, and has all the merit of original daring with perfect success; Copley followed in his track, second in all, though displaying great talents: Trumbull followed, with both before him, in every sense."

Mr. Dunlap affirms, that Copley never adopted the severer style of historical painting, and that he was always a portrait painter. "His historical compositions were laboured, polished, and finished, from the ermine and feather to the glossy shoe and boot, or glittering star and buckle—the picture called the Death of Chatham, is a collection of portraits—it is a splendid picture, and the subject was well chosen for the advancement of the painter's interest."

"We have given our opinion of the merits of Mr. Copley as a painter, and will add that of a higher authority. In a note which we are permitted to copy, Mr. Thomas Sully says,—'Copley was in all respects but one equal to West; he had not so great dispatch; but then he was more correct, and did not so often repeat himself. His early portraits, which I saw at Boston, show the same style, only less finished, that he kept to the last. He had great force and breadth. He was crude in colouring, and used hard terminations.' Highly as we respect this authority, we must still think that Copley, as an historical painter, was inferior to West in very many points; in portraits he was his superior. It appears to us strange that any one who has seen the appropriate variation of style from the scripture subjects for Windsor, to the Roman pictures—the representations of English history from Edward III. to Cromwell—from the battles of the Boyne, La Hogue, and Quebec, to Telemachus, Mentor, and Calypso—can place Mr. Copley near his great countryman.

"We will give some anecdotes elucidating Copley's elaborate mode of working; and first, from Mr. Sargent:

"Stuart used to tell me, that no man ever knew how to *manage paint* better than Copley. I suppose he meant that *firm*, artist-like manner in which it was applied to the canvass; but he said he was very tedious in his practice. He once visited Copley in his painting-room, and being a good deal of a bean!! (by these notes of admiration we suppose Mr. Sargent to allude to Stuart's slovenly, stately appearance when he knew him,) 'Copley asked him to stand for him, that he might paint a bit of a ruffle-shirt that stuck out of his bosom. Not thinking that it would take more than a few minutes, he complied. But after standing a long time, and growing uneasy, Copley began to apologize. 'No consequence at all,' said Stuart, 'I beg you would finish—do all you can do to it now, for this is the last time you ever get me into such a scrape.'

"'Copley's manner,' continues Mr. Sargent, 'though his pictures have great merit, was very mechanical. He painted a very beautiful head of my mother, who told me that she sat to him fifteen or sixteen times! six hours at a time!! and that once she had been sitting to him for many hours, when he left the room for a few minutes, but requested that she would not move from her seat during his absence. She had the curiosity, however, to peep at the picture, and, to her astonishment, she found it all rubbed out.'"

"On this same subject we quote from letters in answer to our inquiries, addressed to that very distinguished artist, C. R. Leslie, Esq. R. A.

"Of Copley I can tell you very little. I saw him once in Mr. West's gallery, but he died very soon after my arrival in London. Mr. West told me he was the most tedious of all painters. When painting a portrait, he used to match with his palette-knife a tint for every part of the face, whether in light, shadow, or reflection. This occupied himself and the sitter a long time before he touched the canvass. One of the most beautiful of his portrait compositions is at Wind-or Castle, and represents a group of the royal children playing in a garden with dogs and parrots. It was

painted at Windsor, and during the operation, the children, the dogs, and the parrots became equally wearied. The persons who were obliged to attend them while sitting complained to the queen; the queen complained to the king; and the king complained to Mr. West, who had obtained the commission for Copley. Mr. West satisfied his majesty that Copley must be allowed to proceed in his own way, and that any attempt to hurry him might be injurious to the picture, which would be a very fine one when done."

"The prediction of West was fully accomplished; and this graceful, splendid, and beautiful composition was seen by the writer at Somerset House, in the year 1786 or '7, and is remembered with pleasure to this day.

"On the subject of Copley, we must give our readers some further valuable and entertaining matter from the pen of Mr. Leslie. He says:

"As you ask my opinion of Copley, you shall have it, such as it is. His merits and defects resemble those of West. I know not that he was ever a regular pupil of the president, but he was certainly of his school. Correct in drawing, with a fine manner of composition, and a true eye for light and shadow, he was defective in colouring. With him it wants brilliancy and transparency. His *Death of Major Pier-son*, I think his finest historical work—you have perhaps seen it—at any rate you know the fine engraving of it, by James Heath. Copley's largest picture is in Guild-hall; the destruction of the floating batteries off Gibraltar, by General Eliot. The foreground figures are as large as life, but those in the middle distance, are either too small or deficient in aerial perspective. Instead of looking like men diminished by distance, they look less than life. With the exception of this defect the picture is a fine one. His *Death of Lord Chatham* is now in the National Gallery. It is the best coloured picture I have seen by him, but it has a defect frequent in large compositions made up of a number of portraits. There are too many *figures to let*. Too many unoccupied, and merely introduced to show the faces. His picture of *Brooke Watson and the Shark*, is in the large hall of the Blue Coat School. It is a good picture, but dry and bad in colour. He painted, I believe, a great many portraits, but I have seen none of any consequence excepting the group of the *King's Children* I described to you in my last. It is a beautiful picture. I have heard Allston say, he has seen very fine portraits, painted by Copley before he left America. I would advise you to write to Allston about it. In another of Mr. Leslie's valuable letters we have the following:—'I know not if Allan Cunningham in his life of Copley, has told the following story of his tediousness as a painter. It is said, a gentleman employed him to paint his family in one large picture, but during its progress, the gentleman's wife died, and he married again. Copley was now obliged to obliterate all that was painted of the first wife, and place her in the clouds in the character of an angel, while her successor occupied her place on earth. But lo! she died also, and the picture proceeded so slowly as to allow the husband time enough to console himself with a third wife. When the picture was completed, therefore, the gentleman had two wives in heaven, and one on earth, with a sufficient quantity of children. The price, which was proportioned to the labour bestowed on the picture, was disputed by the employer, who alleged that the picture ought to have been completed before his domestic changes had rendered the alterations and additions necessary. Copley went to law with him; and his son, (now Lord Lyndhurst,) who was just admitted to the bar, gained his father's cause. The story was told me by a gentleman, who was old enough to remember Copley, but he did not give me his authority for it, and I fear it is too good to be true. I remember one or two of Copley's last pictures in the exhibition, but they were very poor; he had outlived his powers as an artist.'"

The obligations of art to West are almost as great on account of the instructions which he afforded to many of our distinguished painters, as in consequence of his original works. Peale, Stuart, Trumbull, Sully, Allston, Leslie, and others, were all indebted to him for the assistance which he gave them in every mode that lay in his power. The first named, Charles Wilson Peale, was a man of more versatility than strength of mind. He divided his

attention between too many objects to attain a remarkable eminence in any pursuit, verifying the phrase of the poet, that "one science only can one genius fit." He possessed considerable mechanical ingenuity, and was quite as fond of repairing broken articles, or contriving new ones, as of placing colours upon canvass. Our author sums up his "trades, employments, professions," and character, thus: "He was a saddler; harness-maker; clock and watch-maker; silversmith; painter in oil, crayons, and miniature; modeler in clay, wax, and plaster; he saved his own ivory for his miniatures, moulded the glasses, and made the shagreen cases; he was a soldier; a legislator; a lecturer; a preserver of animals, whose deficiencies he supplied by means of glass eyes and artificial limbs; he was a dentist; and he was, as his biographer truly says, a mild, benevolent, and good man." As the founder of the Museum, and an active promoter of the Academy of Fine Arts, which adorn our city, he merits a large share of our grateful recollections. Several of his portraits, according to Mr. Dunlap, "deserve preservation and call forth admiration."

For his account of Gilbert Stuart, our author is chiefly indebted to a communication from the painter's early and intimate friend, Dr. Waterhouse. We could wish that it had been inserted without interruption, so as to present the full picture it is calculated to display. The manner in which it is obstructed by Mr. Dunlap's commentaries, or by information from other quarters, is a perpetual source of confusion. Without a vexatious attention to the quotation marks, the reader is half the time uncertain whose text it is that he is perusing. The *lucidus ordo*, as we have already intimated, is not one of the most prominent characteristics of these volumes, but no where so strikingly as in the biography in question, do they exhibit a contempt for the critic's remark—

"Ordinis hæc virtus erit et venus, aut ego fallor,
Ut jam nunc dicat jam nunc debentia dici,
Pleraque differat, et præsens in tempus omittat."

Stuart's father was a Scotchman, who erected the first snuff-mill in New England, in that part of the then colony of Rhode Island, called by the Indian name of Narraganset. Here Gilbert was born, in 1751. He gave early manifestations of his pictorial talent, and received his first instruction in the art from an amateur painter, named Alexander, who took him to Scotland, whence, being soon left destitute by the death of his friend, he was obliged to make his way back to his native place as well as he could, by working, it is supposed, for his passage. Not long after his return, he resumed his pencil, commenced portrait painter in form, obtained business and reputation, and in 1775, went to London. There, after supporting himself for some time in a desultory manner, he made the acquaintance of West, who took him as his pupil, employed him in copying for him, and otherwise assisting

his labours, until it was deemed advisable for him to "set up for himself." No long time elapsed before he had his full share of the best business in London, and could demand prices for his portraits equal to those received by any of the profession, except Reynolds and Gainsborough. In 1786, he married the daughter of Dr. Coates, and in 1788, removed to Dublin, having involved himself so much by his extravagance and carelessness, as to be obliged to quit London. In 1793, he returned to America; "the love for his own country," according to his daughter, "and his admiration of General Washington, and the very great desire he had to paint his portrait, being his only inducements." He first set up his easel in New York, then in Philadelphia, then in Washington, and finally in Boston, where he continued to reside until his death, in July 1828, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

The following character of this great artist was drawn by one than whom none could be better qualified for the task, both from opportunities of knowledge and ability to turn them to account—we mean Mr. Allston.

"Gilbert Stuart was not only one of the first painters of his time, but must have been admitted by all who had an opportunity of knowing him, to have been, even out of his art, an extraordinary man; one who would have found distinction easy in any other profession or walk of life. His mind was of a strong and original cast, his perceptions as clear as they were just, and in the power of illustration he has rarely been equalled. On almost every subject, more especially on such as were connected with his art, his conversation was marked by wisdom and knowledge; while the uncommon precision and elegance of his language seemed ever to receive an additional grace from his manner, which was that of a well bred gentleman.

"The narrations and anecdotes with which his knowledge of men and of the world had stored his memory, and which he often gave with great beauty and dramatic effect, were not infrequently employed by Mr. Stuart in a way, and with an address peculiar to himself. From this store it was his custom to draw largely while occupied with his sitters—apparently for their amusement; but his object was rather, by thus banishing all restraint, to call forth if possible some involuntary traits of the natural character. But these glimpses of character, mixed as they are in all men with so much that belongs to their age and associates, would have been of little use to an ordinary observer; for the faculty of distinguishing between the accidental and the permanent, in other words, between the conventional expression which arises from *manners*, and that more subtle indication of the individual mind, is indeed no common one: and by no one with whom we are acquainted, was this faculty possessed in so remarkable a degree. It was this which enabled him to animate his canvass—not with the appearance of mere general life—but with that peculiar, distinctive life which separates the humblest individual from his kind. He seemed to dive into the thoughts of men—for they were made to rise, and to speak on the surface. Were other evidences wanting, this talent alone were sufficient to establish his claims as a man of genius; since it is the privilege of genius alone to measure at once the highest and the lowest. In his happier efforts no one ever surpassed him in embodying (if we may so speak) these transient apparitions of the soul. Of this not the least admirable instance is his portrait (painted within the last four years) of the late President Adams; whose then bodily tenement seemed rather to present the image of some dilapidated castle, than that of the habitation of the 'unbroken mind:' but not such is the picture; called forth as from its crumbling recesses, the living tenant is there—still ennobling the ruin, and upholding it, as it were by the strength of his own life. In this venerable ruin will the unbending patriot and the gifted artist speak to posterity of the first glorious century of our Republic.

"In a word, Gilbert Stuart was, in its widest sense, a *philosopher* in his art; he

thoroughly understood its principles; as his works bear witness—whether as to the harmony of colours, or of lines, or of light and shadow—showing that exquisite sense of a *whole*, which only a man of genius can realize and embody.

“We cannot close this brief notice without a passing record of his generous bearing towards his professional brethren. He never suffered the manliness of his nature to darken with the least shadow of jealousy, but where praise was due, he gave it freely, and gave too with a grace which showed that, loving excellence for its own sake, he had a pleasure in praising. To the younger artists he was uniformly kind and indulgent, and most liberal of his advice; which no one ever properly asked but he received, and in a manner no less courteous than impressive.”

The master-piece of Stuart would seem to be not his most celebrated work, judging from this extract:—

“In corroboration of my opinion respecting the merit of Stuart’s works, after his removal to Boston, I here insert an anecdote related by Mr. Sully. Mr. Allston, at Sully’s request, accompanied him to the house of Mrs. Gibbs, where Allston’s fine picture of Elijah was to be seen. After looking at this, Miss Gibbs invited them into another room, to see a portrait of her father by Stuart. Sully says, he almost started at first sight of it: and after he had examined it Allston asked, ‘Well, what is your opinion?’ The reply was, ‘I may commit myself and expose my ignorance; but, in my opinion, I never saw a Rembrandt, Rubens, Vandyke, or Titian, equal to it. What say you?’ ‘I say,’ that all combined could not have equalled it.’

“Mr. Neagle says, speaking of this same portrait, ‘There was a portrait, by Stuart, that Mr. Allston regretted that I could not see, ‘the house of the owner’ being at the time shut up. He spoke of it, not only as the best American portrait, but said, that ‘Vandyke, Reynolds, and Rubens, combined, could not have produced so admirable a work.’ Mr. Sully has described it as a portrait of a man of middle age, looking out. His hair was dark, but becoming silvery, and the grey and dark hairs were mingled. Mr. Sully told me, it was a *living man, looking directly at you.*”

We presume that some allowance is to be made for the enthusiasm of the moment in the above panegyric. The immediate influence of present excellence is apt to be much more potent than the recollection of absent superiority, even upon the strongest intellects. Enthralled by the spell of the moment, the mind, as it were, becomes chained to the spot, and is incapable of reverting to its antecedent emotions, so as to bring them into a fair comparison with those by which it is enslaved. Admirable as the portrait in question must be, since it could produce such effects upon such men, as are indicated, we have our doubts, we must confess, whether, if a *capo d’opera* of either of the great masters specified, had been placed by its side, the eulogy bestowed upon it would have been of so overwhelming a kind. The picture, for instance, of the man in black, as it is called, by Titian, in the gallery of the Louvre, might have occasioned some qualification. We cannot, indeed, conceive it possible, that a piece of canvass could exhibit “a living man, looking directly at you,” more miraculously than that on which the lineaments of the old Venetian worthy are traced—where, it might even be asserted, that artificial existence “lives in the touches livelier than life,” as in the production of Timon’s parasite.

The work by which the renown of Stuart has been most widely spread, and which has linked his name with some of the

most cherished associations of the American heart, is his, we trust, immortal painting of Washington. As long as the remembrance of the Father of his Country survives, and survive it must "as long as there's an echo left to air," the faithful limner who has secured for posterity the advantage and happiness of gazing upon the countenance animated by the soul of our *real* hero, cannot be forgotten. He has conferred a benefit upon future generations, which they will repay in a manner that we may estimate by considering the feelings we should entertain towards the authors of similar portraiture of the great of old, to whom we are most anxious to render the tribute of admiration and reverence and homage—portraits of Leonidas, of Epaminondas, of Cincinnatus, of Cicero, of Tell, of Wallace, of Bruce. Some curious and interesting circumstances, in relation to the picture, are detailed by our author, for which we must refer to his volume.

He also narrates several incidents in the life of the painter which are not of the most creditable kind; but, although we are no preachers upon the mawkish text, *nil de mortuis nisi bonum*, fitted as it is to do injury to both the dead and the living, by confounding the worthy and the unworthy of the former in one indiscriminate mass, and depriving the latter of a most potent incentive to excellence—the dread of the evil they have done living after them—it is no part of our duty to record them here. We much prefer transferring to our pages some of the specimens with which Mr. Dunlap has provided us of Stuart's disposition for jollity and sport. Few men have borne a stronger resemblance to the captivating lady, who, as Spenser tells us,

"In pleasant purpose did abound,
And greatly joyed merry tales to feign,
Of which a store-house did with her remain."

An exuberance of animal spirits, a fund of anecdote, a readiness and pointedness of wit, combined with the most social propensities, rendered him a very Yorick. It is unfortunately, however, too true, that narrations in print of what would keep the table in a roar, are like champagne from which all the fixed air has escaped.

"On one occasion," says Mr. Dunlap, "as I stood by his easel and admired the magic of his pencil, he amused me and my companion, whose portrait he was painting, by the following anecdote of himself and his old master:—

"Mr. West treated me very cavalierly on one occasion, but I had my revenge. It was the custom, whenever a new Governor-General was sent out to India, that he should be complimented by a present of his majesty's portrait, and Mr. West being the king's painter, was called upon on all such occasions. So, when Lord — was about to sail for his government, the usual order was received for his majesty's likeness. My old master, who was busily employed upon one of his *ten-acre* pictures, in company with prophets and apostles, thought he would turn over the king to me. He never could paint a portrait. 'Stuart,' said he, 'it is a pity to make his majesty sit again for his picture; there is the portrait of him that you painted, let me have

it for Lord —: I will retouch it, and it will do well enough.' 'Well enough! very pretty,' thought I, 'you might be civil when you ask a favour.' So I *thought*, but I *said*, 'Very well, sir.' So the picture was carried down to his room, and at it he went. I saw he was puzzled. He worked at it all that day. 'The next morning,' Stuart, said he, 'have you got your palette set?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, you can soon set another, let me have the one you prepared for yourself; I can't satisfy myself with that head.' I gave him my palette, and he worked the greater part of that day. In the afternoon I went into his room, and he was hard at it. I saw that he had got up to the knees in mud. 'Stuart,' says he, 'I don't know how it is, but you have a way of managing your tints unlike every body else,—here,—take the palette and finish the head.' 'I can't, sir.' 'You can't.' 'I can't indeed, sir, as it is, but let it stand till to-morrow morning and get dry, and I will go over it with all my heart.' The picture was to go away the day after the morrow, so he made me promise to do it early next morning. 'You know he never came down into the painting-room, at the bottom of the gallery, until about ten o'clock. I went into his room bright and early, and by half past nine I had finished the head. That done, Rafe and I began to fence; I with my maul-stick and he with his father's. I had just driven Rafe up to the wall, with his back to one of his father's best pictures, when the old gentleman, as neat as a lad of wax, with his hair powdered, his white silk stockings, and yellow morocco slippers, popped into the room, looking as if he had stepped out of a handbox. We had made so much noise that we did not hear him come down the gallery or open the door. 'There you dog,' says I to Rafe, 'there I have you! and nothing but your background *relieves* you!' The old gentleman could not help smiling at my technical joke, but soon looking very stern, 'Mr. Stuart,' said he, 'is this the way you use me?' 'Why, what's the matter, sir? I have neither hurt the boy nor the background.' 'Sir, when you knew I had promised that the picture of my majesty should be finished to-day, ready to be sent away to-morrow, thus to be neglecting me and your promise! How can you answer it to me or to yourself?' 'Sir,' said I, 'do not condemn me without examining the case. I have finished the picture, please to look at it.' He did so; complimented me highly; and I had ample revenge for his 'It will do well enough.'

"The following anecdote, told under nearly the same circumstances, refers to a later date, as Trumbull is made an actor in the scene:—

"I used very often to provoke my good old master, though heaven knows, without intending it. You remember the *color closet* at the bottom of his painting room. One day Trumbull and I came into his room, and little suspecting that he was within hearing, I began to lecture on his pictures, and particularly upon one then on his easel. I was a giddy foolish fellow then. He had begun a portrait of a child, and he had a way of making curly hair by a flourish of his brush, thus, like a figure of three. 'Here, Trumbull,' said I, 'do you want to learn how to paint hair?' 'There it is, my boy! Our master figures out a head of hair like a sum in arithmetic. Let us see,—we may tell how many guineas he is to have for this head by simple addition,—three and three make six, and three are nine, and three are twelve.—' How much the sum would have amounted to I can't tell, for just then I stalked the master, with palette-knife and palette, and put to flight my calculations. 'Very well, Mr. Stuart,' said he,—he always *mistreated* me when he was angry, as a man's wife calls him *my dear* when she wishes him at the devil.—'Very well, Mr. Stuart! very well, indeed?' You may believe that I looked foolish enough, and he gave me a pretty sharp lecture without my making any reply. When the head was finished, there were no *figures of three in the hair*."

It required some courage and modest assurance to be the hero of the following anecdote:

"Dr. Johnson called one morning on Mr. West to converse with him on American affairs. After some time, Mr. West said that he had a young American living with him from whom he might derive some information, and introduced Stuart. The conversation continued, (Stuart being thus invited to take a part in it,)—when the doctor observed to Mr. West, that the young man spoke very good English—and turning to Stuart, rudely asked him where he had learned it. Stuart very promptly replied, 'Sir, I can better tell you where I did not learn it—it was not from your dictionary.' Johnson seemed aware of his own abruptness, and was not offended."

The reply of Dr. Ewing to the rude question of the great lexicographer, if books were read in America, "Yes, sir, we read the Rambler," was as much superior in point and wit, conveying as it did a merited rebuke, in the garb of a compliment, as in politeness and good taste. Nothing sharpens the arrow of sarcasm so keenly as the same courtesy that polishes it, and nothing exposes and arrests impertinence so efficaciously as the contrast presented by amenity. Had Stuart told the Doctor that it *was* from his dictionary that he had acquired his knowledge of English, it strikes us that the retort would have been in all respects superior. Suavity, however, was by no means the constant companion of Stuart's wit, even in reference to those whom his interests, it might be supposed, would have shielded—his sitters.

"It is remembered by many that Stuart generally produced a likeness on the pannel or canvass, before *painting* in the eyes, his theory being, that on the nose, more than any other feature, likeness depended. On one occasion, when a pert coxcomb had been sitting to him, the painter gave notice that the sitting was ended, and the dandy exclaimed, on looking at the canvass, 'Why—it has no eyes!' Stuart replied, 'It is not nine days old yet.' We presume our readers need not be reminded that nine days must elapse from the birth of a puppy, before he opens his eyes."

"We all know that Mr. Stuart sometimes neglected the draperies of his pictures, leaving them in a most slovenly style of unfinished. 'I was with him one day,' said Mr. Trott, 'when he pointed to the portrait of a gentleman, saying, 'That picture has just been returned to me, with the grievous complaint that the muslin of the cravat is too coarse. Now, sir,' he continued with increasing indignation, 'I am determined to buy a piece of the finest texture, have it glued on the part that offends their exquisite judgment, and send it back again.'"

"A gentleman of an estimable character, and of no small consequence in his own eyes, and in the eyes of the public, employed our artist to paint his portrait, and that of his wife, who when he married her was a very rich widow, born the other side of the Atlantic. This worthy woman was very homely, while the husband was handsome, and of a noble figure. The painter, as usual, made the best of the lady, but could not make her so handsome as the husband wished, and preserve the likeness. He expressed in polite terms his dissatisfaction, and wished him to try over again. The painter did so, and sacrificed as much of the likeness to good looks, as he possibly could, or ought. Still the complaisant husband was uneasy, and the painter was teased from one month's end to another to alter it. At length he began to fret, and to pacify him Stuart told him that it was a common remark, that wives were very rarely, if ever, pleased with pictures of their husbands unless they were living ones. On the other side, husbands were as seldom pleased with the paintings of their beloved wives, and gave him a very plausible reason for it. Once they unluckily both got out of temper at the same time, and snapped out their frettings accordingly. At last the painter's patience, which had been some time threadbare, broke out, when he jumped up, laid down his palette, took a large pinch of snuff, and walking rapidly up and down the room, exclaimed, 'What a — business is this of a portrait-painter—you bring him a *potato*, and expect he will paint you a peach.'"

Stuart was passionately fond of music, and acquired considerable proficiency in it. His accomplishment in this respect served him a good turn upon one occasion. The circumstance is worth mentioning as an instance of the advantage of every species of knowledge—that nothing can be learnt which may not in some contingency, amid the numerous shifts and veerings of fortune,

furnish abundant compensation for whatever trouble it may have cost.

"While destitute of the means whereby to support himself, or pay his landlord for board and lodging, already due, walking the streets without any definite object in view, he passed by a church in Foster-lane; he observed that the door was open, and several persons going in. At the same time, the sound of an organ struck his ear, ever alive to the 'concord of sweet sounds,' and he approached the door, at first only to gratify his sense of harmony. Before venturing to enter a temple devoted to the worship of the benevolent Giver of good to all, he had to consider the cost, as the pew-woman would expect her fee. He, therefore, after indulging himself with the sounds which issued from the door, as a hungry pauper snuffs the savours from a cook's shop, asked of a person who was entering to the feast, if any thing particular was going on within; and was told that the vestry were sitting as judges of several candidates for the situation of organist, the former incumbent having recently died. The trial was then going on--Stuart entered the church, kept clear of the pew-woman, and placed himself near the judges, when being encouraged, as he said, by a look of good nature in one of the vestry-men's jolly countenance, and by the consciousness, that he could produce better tones from the instrument than any he had heard that day, he addressed the man with the inviting face, and asked if he, a stranger, might try his skill and become a candidate for the vacant place. He was answered in the affirmative, and he had the pleasure to find that the time he had employed in making himself a musician, had not been thrown away, even in the most worldly acceptance of the words. His performance was preferred to that of his rivals, and after due inquiries and a reference, (doubtless to Mr. Grant, to whom alone he had brought letters,) by which his fitness for the station was ascertained, he was engaged as the organist of the church, at a salary of thirty pounds a year. He was thus relieved from his present necessities, and enabled to pursue his studies as a painter. 'When,' said Mr. Fraser, 'Mr. Stuart related this anecdote to me, he was sitting in his parlour, and as if to prove that he did not neglect the talent that had been so friendly to him in his youth, and in the days of extreme necessity, he took his seat at a small organ in the room, and played several old fashioned tunes with much feeling and execution.' Mr. Sully related this anecdote of Stuart's early life nearly in the same words, and praised his execution on an organized piano-forte very highly. Mr. Sully's taste and knowledge of music render his approbation high authority as to Stuart's skill on this instrument."

With an extract from an interesting communication from Mr. Neagle, we must take our leave of the great portrait-painter.

"The following dialogue passed between us, as nearly as I can remember the phraseology: it was when my portrait of Mr. Stuart was in progress, in the summer of 1825. He had stepped out of the painting room, (it was at his own house,) and in the mean time, as a preparation for his sitting, I placed alongside of my unfinished portrait, one painted by him of Mr. Quincy, the mayor of Boston, with a view of aiding me somewhat in the colouring. When he returned and was seated before me, he pointed to the portrait of the mayor, and asked, 'What is that?' 'One of your portraits.' 'Oh, my boy, you should not do that!' said he. 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Stuart, I should have obtained your permission before I made this use of it; but I have placed it so carefully that it cannot suffer the least injury.' 'It is not on that account,' said he, 'that I speak: I have every confidence in your care: but why do you place it there?' 'That I might devote my mind to a high standard of art,' I replied, 'in order the more successfully to understand the natural model before me.' 'But,' said he, 'does my face look like Mr. Quincy's?' 'No, sir, not at all in the expression, nor can I say that the colouring is even like; but there is a certain air of truth in the colouring of your work which gives me an insight into the complexion and effect of nature; and I was in hopes of catching something from the work of the master without imitating it.' 'As you have heretofore,' said Mr. Stuart, 'had reasons at command for your practice, tell me what suggested this method.' 'Some parts of the lectures of Sir Joshua Reynolds,' which I repeated to him. 'I knew it,' said he; and added, 'Reynolds was a good painter, but he has

done incalculable mischief to the rising generation by many of his remarks, however excellent he was in other respects as a writer on art. You may elevate your mind as much as you can; but, while you have nature before you as a model, paint what you see, and look with your own eyes. However you may estimate my works," continued the veteran, "depend upon it they are very imperfect; and the works of the best artists have some striking faults."

"He told me that he thought Titian's works were not by any means so well blended when they left the easel, as the moderns infer from their present effect. He considered that Rubens had a fair perception of colour, and had studied well the works of the great Venetian, and that he must have discovered more tinting, or *separate tints*, or distinctness, than others did, and that, as time mellowed and incorporated the tints, he (Rubens) resolved not only to keep his colours still more distinct against the ravages of time, but to follow his own impetuous disposition with spirited touches. Mr. Stuart condemned the practice of mixing a colour on a knife, and comparing it with whatever was to be imitated.—'Good flesh colouring,' he said, 'partook of all colours, not mixed, so as to be combined in one tint, but shining through each other, like the blood through the natural skin.' Vandyke he much admired, for the intelligence of his heads and his freedom. He spoke well of Gainborough's flesh, and his *dragging* manner of tinting; but could not endure Copley's labour'd flesh, which he compared to tanned leather."

Because Robert Fulton "was guilty of painting poor portraits in Philadelphia in the year 1782," our author, with that prodigal generosity which characterizes his pen, has favoured his readers with a detailed account of torpedoes, plunging machines, submarine guns, perpetual motion, steam-boats, and other well-known appurtenances of the artist's studio, for which he undoubtedly may challenge the gratitude of every lover of the arts. As, however, our limits constrain us to pay more attention to brevity than the purpose of concocting two reasonably sized octavo volumes obliged Mr. Dunlap to do, we must content ourselves with referring our readers to his pages for information upon those all-important subjects for a competent acquaintance with the "History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States,"—that is to say, with the work so entitled.

With the name of Malbone, the list of our eminent painters who have finished their mortal career, is brought to a close. Malbone was the most admirable miniature painter of whom we can boast, and worthy of being ranked with the first professors of any country in his department. Correctness and spirit of drawing, acute discernment of character, and considerable power of expressing it, combined with taste and fancy and grace, and exquisite delicacy, harmony, and truth of colouring, are conspicuous in his works. His early death in 1807, when scarcely thirty years old, deprived the public of an accomplished artist, and his friends of an amiable and estimable man.

From the multitude of our living painters, in almost every branch of the art, a selection might be made, to which we should not fear to challenge the world to present a superior array. The oldest of them, if not in age, at least as regards the length of time since he began to labour in the vocation, is Mr. Dunlap himself.

The autobiography with which he favours us, is without question the most original part of the work, there being no one to whom he could apply for information respecting the subject of the memoir, whom he might suppose more conversant with it than he is. It is also one of the most interesting and instructive portions—not, to be sure, in reference particularly to the light which it sheds upon the theme of the work, but from the variety of scenes through which the author has passed, and the salutary lesson which it teaches. With great ingenuousness and candour, he contrasts his own deportment with that of some of his brethren in the profession whom he holds up as examples of industry and the success which is the consequence; and exhibits its unsatisfactory results as an admonitory evidence of the evil of dissipation of time in early life, and subsequent want of perseverance and method. It seems, however, to have been as much the misfortune as the fault of Mr. Dunlap, that his youth was mispent; and though he might have accomplished much more than he has, if the faculties which have been bestowed upon him had been adequately nurtured, yet has he not lived in vain, as his productions both of the pen and the pencil abundantly testify. We cordially wish that the remainder of his days may be cheered by an uninterrupted succession of sunshine. Our limits will only allow us to copy some of his reminiscences of Washington.

"Before I left Princeton for Rocky-hill, I saw, for the first time, the man of whom all men spoke—whom all wished to see. It was accidental. It was a picture. No painter could have grouped a company of military horsemen better, or selected a back-ground better suited for effect. As I walked on the road leading from Princeton to Trenton, alone, for I ever loved solitary rambles, ascending a hill suddenly appeared a brilliant troop of cavaliers, mounting and gaining the summit in my front. The clear autumnal sky behind them equally relieved the dark blue uniforms, the buff facings, and glittering military appendages. All were gallantly mounted—all were tall and graceful, but one towered above the rest, and I doubted not an instant that I saw the beloved hero. I lifted my hat as I saw that his eye was turned to me, and instantly every hat was raised and every eye was fixed on me. They passed on, and I turned and gazed as at a passing vision. I had seen him. Although all my life used to the 'pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war'—to the gay and gallant Englishman, the tartan'd Scot, and the embroidered German of every military grade; I still think the old blue and buff of Washington and his aids, their cocked hats worn side-long, with the union cockade, their whole equipment as seen at that moment, was the most martial of any thing I ever saw.

"A few days after this incident I took up my abode at Mr. John Van Horne's, by invitation, within a short distance of the head quarters of the commander-in-chief. He frequently called, when returning from his ride, and passed an hour with Mrs. Van Horne and the ladies of the family, or with the farmer, if at home. I was of course introduced to him. I had brought with me materials for crayon painting, and commenced the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Van Horne; these were admired far beyond their merits, and shown to all visitors. I had with me a flute and some music books. One morning as I copied notes and tried them, the general and his *suite* passed through the hall, and I heard him say, 'The love of music and painting are frequently found united in the same person.' The remark is common-place, but it was delightful to me at the time.

"The assertion that this great man never laughed, must have arisen from his habitual, perhaps his natural reservedness. He had from early youth been conversant

with public men and employed in public affairs—in affairs of life and death. He was not an austere man either in appearance or manners, but was unaffectedly dignified and habitually polite. But I remember, during my opportunity of observing his deportment, two instances of unrestrained laughter. The first and most moderate was at a *bon mot*, or anecdote from Judge Peters, then a member of congress, and dining with the general; the second was on witnessing a scene in front of Mr. Van Horne's house, which was, as I recollect it, sufficiently laugh-provoking. Mr. John Van Horne was a man of uncommon size and strength, and bulky withal. His hospitable board required, that day, as it often did, a roasting pig in addition to the many other substantial dishes which a succession of guests, civil and military, put in requisition. A black boy had been ordered to catch the young porker, and was in full but unavailing chase, when the master and myself arrived from a walk. 'Pooh! you awkward cur,' said the good-natured yeoman, as he directed Cato or Plato (for all the slaves were heathen philosophers in those days) to exert his limbs—but all in vain—the pig did not choose to be cooked. 'Stand away,' said Van Horne, and throwing off his coat and hat he undertook the chase, determined to run down the pig. His guests and his negroes stood laughing at his exertions and the pig's manifold escapes. Shouts and laughter at length proclaimed the success of the *chasseur*, and while he held the pig up in triumph, the big drops coursing each other from forehead to chin, over his mahogany face, glowing with the effect of exercise, amidst the squealing of the victim, the stentorian voice of Van Horne was heard, 'I'll show ye how to run down a pig!' and, as he spoke, he looked up in the face of Washington, who, with his suite, had trotted their horses into the court-yard unheard amidst the din of the chase and the shouts of triumphant success. The ludicrous expression of surprise at being so caught, with his attempts to speak to his heroic visitor, while the pig redoubled his efforts to escape by kicking and squeaking, produced as hearty a burst of laughter from the dignified Washington as any that shook the sides of the most vulgar spectator of the scene."

Mr. Dunlap cannot be enrolled amongst our most distinguished artists. His two principal pictures, "Christ Rejected," and "Calvary," though not destitute of merit, are on the whole more remarkable for quantity than quality.

We do not like the manner in which the memoir of Colonel Trumbull is written. The tone of asperity and disparagement by which it is pervaded, wears the appearance of a feeling of personal rancour altogether at variance with the spirit which should actuate the historian. We would not affirm that Mr. Dunlap has set down any thing in malice, but he assuredly does not appear to have been as anxious upon that point, as about that of extenuating nothing, to which he has adhered with the most scrupulous strictness. Even supposing that Colonel Trumbull is really obnoxious to the imputations here cast upon him, the mode in which they are thrown is calculated, we think, to weaken their force in a material degree. It cannot be denied, however, that the employment of Trumbull to adorn the rotunda of the capitol may be considered a national misfortune; and it might be well if when another and abler hand is commissioned to illustrate the unoccupied compartments, Congress would imitate the example of Pope Julius, after he had witnessed the superiority of Raphael's "Theology" in the Vatican, over the works of preceding painters, with which the walls of his apartments were covered. He ordered them all to be effaced, and gave the charge of supplying their places to the master whose genius had thus asserted

his pre-eminent qualification for the task. Let the heads of the Colonel's pictures be preserved, as valuable likenesses of the fathers of the republic, and other distinguished personages, but let the other portions be consigned to the tomb of the Capulets, or any where else, where they may rest in peace, and not disturb the repose of patriots and amateurs. His smaller works are beautiful, and have secured for him a permanent and distinguished fame.

Both Dunlap and Trumbull are principally known by their paintings upon historical subjects; but though first in point of time, they cannot claim a similar priority of rank. The name of Washington Allston is the one which claims the highest station upon the American scroll of historical painters. The narrative of his life in the volume before us, is mainly furnished by himself, and gives evidence that his pencil, great as are its pretensions, need not be ashamed of the fellowship of his pen. Had he not previously manifested a poetical spirit of a genuine character, by the publication of a volume of verse, we should have inferred his possession of that precious gift, from several passages of the prose in question. A more convincing proof, however, of the fact is, we confess, to be found in the productions of his pencil. The painter of "Jacob's Dream," of "Uriel in the Sun," of "Elijah in the Wilderness," requires no other demonstration than these afford of the existence of the "divine vein" in his soul.

Mr. Allston was born in South Carolina in 1779; was educated at Harvard College where he graduated in 1800; went to England in the following year; resided there three years; spent four years in Italy; returned to America in 1809, and married the sister of Dr. Channing, the accomplished divine and man of letters, of Boston; went back to London in 1811, where he continued to dwell until 1818, when a "home-sickness," to use his own phrase, "which he could not overcome, brought him back to his own country," notwithstanding the flattering success which he enjoyed in the British metropolis. Since that period he has lived in or near Boston, where he married a second time in 1830, having lost his first wife in England. It speaks well for the taste of our country, that such a man should have it in his power to say, that he has received here "the most liberal encouragement, for which he cannot be too grateful." The pictures which he has painted since his return, have been chiefly small, not affording scope for the full display of his powers; but the size of our mansions must be considerably increased, before the demand for extensive paintings can be sufficient to allow an artist to devote to them the principal labour of his pencil. One work, however, of greater dimensions than any which he has heretofore accomplished, has been long upon his easel, and its

completion anxiously expected by every lover of the arts; we allude to the Belshazzar's Feast. Circumstances of a private nature have hitherto retarded its progress; but we rejoice to learn that it is now almost finished. We have the authority of a judge every way competent to pronounce upon its merits, who has seen it, for asserting that it will more than sustain the renown of its author. Several pictures, also, on a smaller scale, will soon be in a condition to take leave of his painting-room, which are spoken of in the highest terms. Among them is one, the subject of which is "Gabriel setting the guard of the Heavenly Host."

The chief pictures of Mr. Allston, in addition to those already mentioned, are "The Dead Man restored to life by the bones of Elisha;" "The Angel liberating St. Peter from prison;" "Jeremiah dictating his prophecy to Baruch, the Scribe;" "Saul and the Witch of Endor;" "Gil Blas;" and "Spolatro's vision of the Bloody Hand." The list indicates a decided predilection for religious subjects; and it cannot be denied that they furnish the noblest sphere for the efforts of genius. They enable the artist to extend his imagination beyond the confines of mortality, and penetrate into the mysteries above and beneath the earth, at the same time that they come home most impressively to the bosom of every beholder, blended as they are with his earliest recollections, and entwined with his dearest interests; but in the execution of them the purest taste and the most exquisite judgment are especially requisite. With mediocrity they are incompatible; if they are not sublime, they can scarcely avoid being ridiculous. Even some of the most admirable achievements of Italian genius with themes of this nature, are almost deprived of their effect by incongruities which destroy their unity—the introduction of living persons, in particular, who have no connexion whatever with the scene portrayed, and fetter the mind of the spectator to the earth, when it would otherwise be elevated into the most inspiring regions of sentiment, and soar beyond the flaming bounds of space and time. In several of the splendid productions, for instance, which adorn the Ducal palace at Venice, the manner in which angels and saints, and Doges, and nobles, are huddled together, is absolutely ludicrous. Nothing but the marvellous skill they display could save them from the fate due to all descriptions of works,

"Cujus, velut agri somnia, vanæ
Finguntur species; ut nec pes, nec caput uni
Reddatur forma."

And whatever allegorical truth some astute critics may discover in the introduction of Pope Julius and the surrounding group, into Raphael's fresco of Heliodorus, who can witness the anachronism without distraction of feeling, without being dragged

down from heaven to earth? The fault, to be sure, is not to be imputed so much to the artists as to their employers, or *patrons*—to use a word which seems to discompose the nerves of Mr. Dunlap in a woful degree—who had no objection to contemplate themselves linked to the car of immortality, and would thrust their effigies, where they had not the slightest business. These absurdities an American artist will not be likely to commit, as it is not probable that his genius will be cramped by the dictates of vanity and ignorance.

Two of these pictures of Mr. Allston, the *Dead Man Revived*, and *Uriel in the Sun*, obtained the prizes at the exhibitions of the British Gallery, the directors of which presented him with two hundred guineas as a testimony of their approbation of the first, and a hundred and fifty as the premium of the second. *The Dead Man Revived* is in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, and though we cannot help thinking that the effect is not commensurate with the effort it exhibits, it yet speaks of the author's ability in language which it would be difficult to gainsay. Comparing Allston with West, our author says that if the first is inferior to the other in facility of composition, he is superior in colour and equal in drawing. That he also possesses finer powers of invention and expression than his eminent predecessor, can hardly be questioned. "So coldly sweet, so deadly fair," is not the line that could ever furnish an illustration of his pictorial offspring. As to his inferiority in facility of composition, Mr. Dunlap draws his inference from the circumstance of the comparative fewness of his *finished* pictures; but his port-folio, it is said, is filled with valuable compositions. It should also be remarked, that in Allston's works there is much more thought and exactness throughout than in those of West.

The names of Vanderlyn and Rembrandt Peale are likewise chiefly known by pictures belonging to the department of which we are writing. The *Ariadne* of the first, is undoubtedly a beautiful work, though with too much redness in the tints, and a distinctness of outline which arrests the eye in its passage, as it were, around the body, so that the figure does not appear to be lying upon her back, but her side, with rather an uncomfortable twist of the head. *Corregio'sque* relief and softness of contour, and Titian's flesh and blood are wanting to give it perfection. The landscape is admirable, of a rich tone of colour, and great excellence of perspective. In general arrangement, the work bears a considerable resemblance to Titian's "*Jupiter and Antiope*," in the Gallery of the Louvre, the ladies in both instances reposing amid an umbrageous wood, in apparently very hot weather, to judge from the slight covering with which they have deemed it necessary to invest their persons. As far as de-

cency, however, of subject is concerned, the American picture is as superior to the Venetian, as it is inferior, we are afraid, in some other respects. The engraving of the *Ariadne*, by Mr. Durand, deserves all praise. Peale's "*Roman Daughter*," says Mr. Dunlap, possesses great merit, and elicited just encomiums when exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy in 1812; and his "*Court of Death*" was so successful, that its exhibition in the principal cities, during little more than a year, produced the sum of \$8,886. "He represents the causes and victims of Death, who is shrouded in mysterious obscurity; war and its effects are represented by the principal group; the figure of pleasure is beautiful; Intemperance was well conceived; and many of the figures, in half-tint, well executed." Both these artists have, moreover, inscribed their names upon lofty places, by portraits of Washington, hung up in the two Houses of Congress. That of Vanderlyn, a full-length, is in the Hall of the Representatives—Peale's, a half-length, is in the Senate Chamber. Mr. Dunlap is very wroth against the latter, and makes some remarks which have called forth a reply in one of the newspapers of New York, from Mr. P., but we may not meddle with the matter, any farther than to hint that our author is rather too uncompromising in his censure. The vehemence with which he repels any thing like an interference with the superiority of Stuart's portrait of Washington over every other, reminds one of the determined spirit of battle manifested by the parent hen when danger assails or menaces her offspring.

In scenes of a domestic and fancy character, the pencils of Charles R. Leslie, and Gilbert Stuart Newton have raised them to an eminence to which no other artist of the present day, devoted to the same branch, except Wilkie, has attained. The former was born in London of American parents, in October 1794, and brought over to this country when five years old. The following outline of his life was communicated by himself.

"In 1799 my father returned to America with his family, consisting of himself, his wife and sister, and five children. We lived for a short time in the state of New Jersey, close to the Delaware, and directly opposite Philadelphia; and there I remember that, on being sent to school for the first time, a condition was made with the schoolmaster that I should be permitted to amuse myself with drawing on a slate, when not engaged in saying my lessons. My father, whose health had been long declining, died in 1801, in Philadelphia, where we then resided. Before this event, I had been sent to the University of Pennsylvania, where, under Dr. Rogers,

theatrical sketches that I had made had been shown, by him and another excellent friend, (Mr. Joshua Clibborn,) to some of the principal gentlemen of Philadelphia, he had no doubt of raising a fund, by means of a subscription, that would enable me to study two years in England. As I had secretly resolved to commence artist that moment I should become my own master, it may be readily imagined how overjoyed I felt at this most kind and unexpected proposal.

"I know your object (and I think very properly) to the application of the title of *patron of the arts*"—still more to that of *patron of the artist*—"to the mere buyers of pictures; but I think you will allow that Mr. Bradford and the other friends who enabled me to become a painter, were *patrons to me*. I believe the following is a correct list of their names: S. F. Bradford, Mrs. Eliza Powell, J. Clibborn, J. Head, Jos. Hopkinson, J. S. Lewis, N. Baker, G. Clymer, E. Penington, W. Kneass, A. Wilson, the ornithologist, G. Murray, engraver, and one hundred dollars was also voted by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. I went to England in 1811 with Mr. John Inskeep, Mr. Bradford's partner, who visited London on business; and after the sum subscribed was exhausted, Mr. Bradford continued to supply me with money until I could support myself. Just before my departure, Mr. Sully, with his characteristic kindness, gave me my first lesson in oil-painting. He copied a small picture in my presence to instruct me in the process, and lent me his memorandum books, filled with valuable remarks, the result of his practice. He also gave me letters to Mr. West, Sir William Beechey, Mr. King, (Charles B.), and other artists in London. My earliest friends in England were Messrs. King, Allston, and Morse. With the latter gentleman I shared a common room for the first year, and we lived under the same roof, until his return to America deprived me of the pleasure of his society. From Mr. West, Mr. Allston, and Mr. King" (all Americans), "I received the most valuable advice and assistance; and I had the advantage of studying for several years at the Royal Academy under Fuseli, who was keeper. I attempted original compositions, but received no money for any thing, excepting portraits and copies of pictures, for several years. My employers at that time were almost entirely Americans, who visited or resided in London; among whom I may mention Mr. James Brown, the brother of Charles Brockden Brown."

"The first original composition that made me known was 'Sir Roger de Coverly going to church,' painted for James Dunlop Esq., my warm and steady friend from that time to this. In the year 1821, I was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and in 1826 an academician. In 1825 I married Miss Harriet Stone, of London, and in 1833 my brother, without my knowledge, asked and obtained for me the situation of teacher of drawing at the Military Academy of West Point. This induced me to remove to America with my wife and children, and we arrived here in the autumn of 1833.

"Having given you an account of the patronage I met with before I left America, I feel it due to the country, where for twenty-two years I enjoyed the greatest advantages the world has now to offer to an artist, to mention one among many instances I could relate of the liberality of Englishmen. In the year 1823 I received a commission from the Earl of Egremont to paint him a picture, leaving the subject and price to my determination. I painted for him a scene between Sancho Panza and the Dutchess, from Don Quixote. While it was in the exhibition, he called and asked me, if I had received any commission for a similar picture? I told him I had not. He then said, you may, if you please, paint me a companion to it, and if any body should take a fancy to it, let them have it, and paint me another. *I wish to keep you employed on such subjects instead of portraits.* Soon after I received other commissions, and Lord Egremont desired me to execute them, and reserve the one he had given me until I should be in want of employment. An offer was made to me before the picture of Sancho and the Dutchess was sent to him, from an engraver, with great prospect of pecuniary advantage to me. I asked Lord Egremont if he would permit an engraving to be made? He wished to know how long the picture would be required. I wrote to him (he was then at Petworth) to say two years, and immediately received the following reply. 'It is a long time, and I am afraid, at seventy-three, that I shall not live to see the picture in my possession; but however you shall have it.' The engraver, however, changed his mind, and begged I would release him from his engagement, which I was not sorry to do, and the picture went directly to Petworth. When Lord Egremont

heard of my intended departure from England, he wrote to me in the kindest manner upon the subject, and expressed his fears that I had not met with sufficient encouragement. He concluded his letter with these words: 'For my own part, I can only say, that I will gladly give a thousand guineas for a companion picture to *Sancho and the Dutchess*.' As this was more than double the price I had received for that picture, I replied that I should consider it a robbery to receive it for one of the same size, but that I should be most happy to paint him a picture in America, if he would allow me, on condition that the price should not exceed five hundred guineas; and this picture I am now to paint for him. I have mentioned this last circumstance, because a statement of it has appeared in some of the newspapers, in which it is erroneously said I refused the commission. Next to Sir George Beaumont, the Earl of Egremont was the first to appreciate Mr. Allston's merit. Sir George employed Mr. Allston to paint a large picture of the Angel delivering Saint Peter from prison, which he presented to the church of Ashby de la Zouch; and Lord Egremont purchased his '*Jacob's Dream*,' and a smaller picture of a female reading. Lord Egremont remarked to me that the figures in '*Jacob's Dream*' reminded him more of Raphael than any thing else he had seen by any modern artist.

"I omitted to mention in its proper place, that in 1817 I visited Paris, with Messrs. Allston and Collins. I spent three months there, making studies from pictures in the Louvre, and then returned to England through the Netherlands, in company with Mr. Stuart Newton, whom I met in Paris on his way to London from Italy."

Mr. Leslie remained but a short time in this country. He had been induced to believe that the teachership of drawing at West Point would be converted into a professorship, with additional advantages corresponding with those of the other professorships, and that he would be provided with a painting-room; but the difficulties which seemed to stand in the way of the measure, caused him to resign his situation and return to London. We may lament, that such a man was allowed to depart without every effort being made to retain him.

"Leslie," says a critic, quoted by Mr. Dmlap, "is all nature, not common, but select—all life, not muscular, but mental. He delights in delineating the social affections, in lending lineament and hue to the graceful duties of the fireside. No one sees with a truer eye the exact form which a subject should take, and no one surpasses him in the rare art of inspiring it with sentiment and life. He is always easy, elegant and impressive; he studies all his pictures with great care, and, perhaps, never puts a pencil to the canvass till he has painted the matter mentally, and can see it before him shaped out of air. He is full of quiet vigour; he approaches Wilkie in humour, Stothard in the delicacy of female loveliness, and has a tenderness and pathos altogether his own. His action is easy; there is no straining; his men are strong in mind without seeming to know it, and his women have sometimes an alluring *naïvete*, and unconscious loveliness of look, such as no other painter rivals."

"The pictures of Leslie are a proof of the fancy and poetry which lie hidden in ordinary things, till a man of genius finds them out. With much of a Burns-like spirit, he seeks subjects in scenes where they would never be seen by ordinary men. His judgment is equal to his genius. His colouring is lucid and harmonious; and the character which he impresses is stronger still than his colouring. He tells his story without many figures; there are no mobs in his composition; he inserts nothing for the sake of effect; all seems as natural to the scene as the leaf is to the tree. His pictures from Washington Irving are excellent. '*Israhel Crane*' haunts us; '*Dutch Courtship*' is ever present to our fancy; '*Anthony Van Corleair*, leaving his mistresses for the wars,' is both ludicrous and affecting; '*The Dutch Fireside*,' with the negro telling a ghost-story, is capital; and '*Philip, the Indian Chief*, deliberating,' is a figure worthy of *Lysippus*."

The same critic is inclined to look upon some of Leslie's English pictures as superior even to those which the remem-

brance of his native land has awakened. "Sir Roger de Coverly going to church amid his parishioners—Uncle Toby looking into the dangerous eye of the pretty Widow Wadman—and sundry others, are all marked with the same nature and truth, and exquisite delicacy of feeling."

The "Murder of Clifford," in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, painted soon after his first visit to London, is far from being one of Leslie's happiest efforts, and gives but little idea of his excellence. The subject indeed is not one congenial to his pencil. The most admirable specimen of his style, in this country, is perhaps his "Ann Page and Master Slender," in the collection of Philip Hone, Esq. of New York.

With regard to Mr. Newton, we cannot resist the temptation of copying a letter from one whose name alone would ensure its perusal.

"New York, March 9th, 1834.

"My dear sir,

"I know nothing clear and definite about Mr. Newton's early life and his connexions. He was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, where his father held a post, I think in the commissariat of the British army. I am not certain whether his father was not a native of Boston, but feel sure that his mother was, and that she was sister to Stuart the painter, after whom Newton is named. On the death of his father, which happened when Newton was a boy, his mother returned to her relations in Boston. Here Newton was reared; and being intended for commercial life, was placed with a merchant. While yet a stripling, however, he showed a talent and inclination for drawing and painting, and used to take likenesses of his friends. These were shown about and applauded, sufficiently to gratify his pride and confirm his propensity; and in a little while it became apparent that he would never become a merchant. His friends were determined to indulge him in his taste and wishes, and hoped that he might one day rise to the eminence of his distinguished uncle. One of his elder brothers, who was engaged in commerce, being about to make a voyage to Italy, took Stuart Newton with him, and placed him at Florence, to improve himself in his art. Newton was never very assiduous in his academical studies, and could not be prevailed upon to devote himself to that close and patient drawing after the living models, so necessary to make an accomplished draughtsman; but he almost immediately attracted the attention of the oldest artists by his talent for colour. They saw, in his juvenile and unskillful sketchings, beautiful effects of colour, such as are to be met with in the works of the old masters, gifted in that respect. Several of the painters would notice with attention the way in which he prepared his palette and mixed his colours; and would seek, by inquiry of him, to discover the principles upon which he proceeded. He could give none.—It was his eye that governed him. An eye for colouring, in painting, is like an ear for harmony in music, and a feeling for style in writing—a natural gift, that produces its exquisite result almost without effort or design in the possessor.

"Newton remained but about a year in Italy, and then repaired to Paris, from whence he soon passed to England—arriving in London about the year 1817. Here he was fortunate enough to find his countrymen, Washington Allston and Charles R. Leslie, both sedulously devoted to the study and practice of the art, and both endowed with the highest qualifications. Allston soon returned to the United States, but Leslie remained: and from an intimate companionship for years with that exquisite artist and most estimable man, Newton derived more sound principles, elegant ideas, and pure excitement in his art, than ever he acquired at the Academy. —Indeed the fraternal career of these two young artists, and their advancement in skill and reputation, ever counselling, cheering, and honouring each other, until they rose to their present distinguished eminence, has something in it peculiarly generous and praiseworthy. Newton has, for some years past, been one of the most

popular painters in England, in that branch of historical painting peculiarly devoted to scenes in familiar life. His colouring is almost unrivalled, and he has a liveliness of fancy, a quickness of conception, and a facility and grace of execution, that spread a magic charm over his productions. His choice of subjects inclining chiefly to the elegant, the gay and piquant, scenes from *Moliere*, from *Gil Blas*, &c. yet he has produced some compositions of touching pathos and simplicity: among which may be mentioned, a scene from the *Vicar of Wakefield*, depicting the return of *Olivia* to her family.

"Of *Newton's* visit to this country, his marriage, &c. you have doubtless sufficient information. Should you desire any additional information on any one point, a written question will draw from me all that I possess. When I am well enough, however, to bustle abroad, I will call on you, and will be able, in half an hour's chat, to give you more than I can write in a day.

"I am, my dear sir,

"Very truly yours,

"WASHINGTON IRVING."

Mr. Leslie also bears this testimony to the merits of his friend:

"Mr. Newton is blessed with an exquisite eye for colouring. He had also a great advantage in being from his childhood familiar with the works of his illustrious uncle Stuart. He very soon became known in England, and with less study than is usual, arrived at and maintains a very high rank among English artists. His comic pictures possess genuine humour; and as you have, no doubt, seen the engraving from his picture of the *Vicar of Wakefield* restoring *Olivia* to her mother, you can judge of his power in the pathetic—I know of nothing in the art more exquisitely conceived than the figure of *Olivia*."

The distressing malady which has recently laid its heavy hand upon Mr. Newton, will not, we trust, continue long to deprive the world of his delightful labours. It was not only by his genius as an artist, that he was so great a favourite among those with whom he was intimate. Few could surpass him in the power of rendering himself an agreeable companion when he chose. In reference to his pencil, we once heard an odd application by the celebrated wag, *Hood*, of a well-known line of *Pope*. Some person present having remarked, that there was too little shade in *Newton's* pictures, "Yes," replied *Thomas*,

"God said, Let *Newton* be, and all was light."

The criticism, however, is not correct. The following list of Mr. Newton's works was given by him to a gentleman of Philadelphia.

"The list excludes *portraits*, excepting a few of remarkable persons, or where the composition removes them from the department of mere portraiture.

In possession of

1. *Falstaff*, escaping in the buckbasket, - - Mr. J. N. Cole, New York.
2. *The Dull Lecture*, - - - - - late W. Chamberlayne,
Southampton, England.
3. The same subject, differently treated, - - Philip Hone, New York.
4. The Importunate Author, from "*Les Faucheux*" of *Moliere*, - - - - - Thomas Hope, London.
5. Repeated with alterations for - - - - - The Earl of Carlisle.
6. " " " " - - - - - James Perkins, Boston.
7. *Lovers' Quarrels*, from *Le Dépit amoureux*
of *Moliere*—engraved by Heath, - - The Publishers.

- In possession of
- | | |
|---|---|
| 8. Le Malade Malgré lui, from "Monsieur de Pourceaugnac" of Moliere, - - - - | <i>Edward Rose Tunno, London.</i> |
| 9. A Girl at her Devotions—(done in lithography by Lane,) - - - - | <i>William Prescott, Boston.</i> |
| 10. A Female reading, called "Italy,"—and done in lithography by Lane, - - - - | <i>H. H. Joy, London.</i> |
| 11. A Girl with a Merlin—lithography by Lane, - - - - | <i>Rev. B. Chapman, London.</i> |
| 12. The Billet doux—engraved by Lewis, - - - - | <i>G. Watson Taylor, London.</i> |
| 13. Don Quixote in his study, - - - - | <i>S. Elliot, Boston.</i> |
| 14. Repetition of the "Billet doux," - - - - | <i>Rev. Mr. Thorpe, Cambridge, Eng.</i> |
| 15. The Hypochondriac, (destroyed,) - - - - | |
| 16. The Adieu, (published under the title of "The Forsaken," first engraved by Heath and since by Doo,) - - - - | <i>The Publishers.</i> |
| 17. Subject repeated, with alterations, - - - - | <i>Lord Dover.</i> |
| 18. The Forsaken, - - - - | " " |
| 19. Two Children, in Dutch costume, - - - - | " " |
| 20. Macbeth, upbraided by Polly and Lucy—Beggars' Opera, - - - - | <i>Marquis of Lansdowne.</i> |
| 21. A study for "Polly," - - - - | " " " |
| 22. The Prince of Spain's visit to Catalina, (Gil Blas,—engraved in small by Rolls, - - - - | <i>Duke of Bedford.</i> |
| 23. The Vicar of Wakefield restoring Olivia to her home—engraved by Burnet, - - - - | <i>Marquis of Lansdowne.</i> |
| 24. Portrait of Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, repeated twice, - - - - | <i>Mrs. Lockhart.</i> |
| 25. Portrait of Thomas Moore—engraved by Watts, - - - - | <i>H. H. Joy.</i> |
| 26. Portrait of Rev. Sydney Smith, - - - - | <i>G. S. Norton.</i> |
| 27. Portrait of Henry Hallam, - - - - | <i>H. Hallam.</i> |
| 28. Portrait of Washington Irving, - - - - | <i>G. S. Norton.</i> |
| 29. Portrait of Miss Fox, daughter of Lord Holland, - - - - | <i>Lord Lilford.</i> |
| 30. Lady Mary Fox, - - - - | <i>Col. C. Fox.</i> |
| 31. Portrait of Miss Villiers as a Norman girl, - - - - | <i>Countess of Morley.</i> |
| 32. A Lady reading, - - - - | <i>General Phipps.</i> |
| 33. A Girl sleeping over her studies—lithography by Lane, - - - - | <i>Marquis of Stafford.</i> |
| 34. The Dutch Girl—engraved in line by Doo, - - - - | <i>William Wells, Tonbridge, Eng.</i> |
| 34. Repeated for " " " " " " - - - - | <i>F. C. Gray, Boston.</i> |
| 35. " " " " " " - - - - | <i>Robert Vernon, London.</i> |
| 36. Female weeping, - - - - | <i>Earl of Chesterfield.</i> |
| 37. Repeated for - - - - | <i>Lord F. L. Gower.</i> |
| 38. The Original Study, for - - - - | <i>Dr. Robert Ferguson.</i> |
| 39. Gil Blas visited by Camilla at the Inn, - - - - | <i>Duke of Devonshire.</i> |
| 40. The Guardian, - - - - | <i>W. Wells, Tonbridge.</i> |
| 41. A Girl, in the costume of Normandy, - - - - | <i>Col. H. Baillie.</i> |
| 42. The Duenna—painted for Lord Farnboro', and purchased of him by George IV. - - - - | <i>The King of England.</i> |
| 43. Belinda at her toilet, - - - - | <i>C. Heath.</i> |
| 44. Yorick and the Grisette, (glove scene,) - - - - | <i>R. Vernon, London.</i> |
| 45. Shylock's charge to Jessica—engraved by Doo, - - - - | <i>H. Labouchere, London.</i> |
| 46. The Abbot, from Scott's Monastery, - - - - | <i>Earl of Essex.</i> |
| 47. Casket scene, from the Merchant of Venice, - - - - | <i>Francis Baring.</i> |
| 48. Lear, attended by Cordelia and the Physician, - - - - | <i>Alexander Baring.</i> |
| 49. Greek Girl, - - - - | " " |
| 50. Repeated for - - - - | <i>Philip Hone, New York.</i> |
| 51. Trunk scene, from Cymbeline, water colours, - - - - | <i>Mrs. Halldeman.</i> |
| 52. Child of D. Eckling, Esq. Boston, - - - - | <i>D. Eckling.</i> |

William E. West, also residing in London, is another artist who has done honour to our country by his productions in this department. Born in Baltimore, he studied with Mr. Sully in Philadelphia, exercised his talents for some time in the city of Natchez, and went to Europe in 1822, where he soon afterwards made himself known by his portrait of Lord Byron, painted at Leghorn, of which Moore makes mention in his life of the poet. Having spent some years in Italy, he went to London, and there fixed his abode. Mr. Leslie says of him,—“his best pictures are ‘The Pride of the Village,’ and ‘Annette de l’Arbre,’ the pathos and expression of the last of which attracted the admiration of Mr. Stothard and Mr. Rogers, two men whose good opinion is well worth having. His pictures have a merit not the most common in the art—the principal figures are much the best.”

We have been struck in reading these memoirs with the manner in which many of the subjects of them have absolutely fought their way, it might be said, to reputation and fortune, furnishing evidence the most conclusive of the folly of the doctrine, that the mental tree inclines according as the twig is bent. In spite of early impressions and education even repugnant to the spirit of art, did the men to whom we refer devote themselves heart and soul to its worship; and nothing but the indomitable energy of a *vocation*, the propensity that was breathed into their bosoms with the breath of life, could ever have given them strength to overcome the obstacles in their way. “The *common mind*” may be formed by the hand of instruction and habit, just as the lowly bush may be trained in its growth, but as easily might the pride of the forest be forced to creep along the earth instead of aspiring to the skies, as the intellect, vivified by the inspiration of genius, be diverted from its predestined course. The sap, in both cases, is too vigorous for repression. A mute inglorious Milton we hold to be an impossibility, notwithstanding the high authority in support of the idea. Faculties capable of producing the *Paradise Lost* might indeed be prevented by circumstances from such an achievement, but they could not fail to manifest in some mode their existence. The bold condensation by a recent poet, of the stanzas of Gray—“the world knows nothing of its greatest men”—might be adduced, we think, as a proof that their truth does not correspond with their beauty.

Among the memoirs alluded to, that of the distinguished portrait painter who has made Philadelphia his home, is particularly interesting. We regret that we can give but an outline little calculated to convey a just idea of the history narrated by Mr. Dunlap.—*Thomas Sully* was born in June, 1783, in Horncastle, Lincolnshire, and was brought to this country by his parents in

1792, when a child of nine years of age. His unconquerable predilection for the pencil caused his father to remove him from a broker's office in Charleston, where he had been placed in 1795—the gentleman complaining that although he was very industrious in multiplying figures, they were figures of men and women, and that if he took up a piece of paper in the office, he was sure to see a face staring at him. The youth was then consigned to the instruction of M. Belzons, a French artist, who had married his sister; and he remained with him until 1799, when the irritable disposition of his preceptor occasioned a quarrel, which induced him to leave his house. His parents were then dead, but his elder brother, Lawrence, was settled at Richmond as a miniature and device painter, and thither he repaired. The proficiency he had already made enabled him to contribute materially towards the support of the large family of his brother, whose death in 1804 threw them entirely upon his hands. After faithfully acting, says Mr. Dunlap, as the brother and the uncle for more than a year after Lawrence's decease, he became the husband of the widow and the legal father of the children, a step approved of by all who knew him and his circumstances, and never repented by himself. Not long afterwards, Mr. Cooper, the distinguished tragedian, in one of his professional visits to Richmond, sat to Sully for his portrait, and contracted a friendship for him, which, when he became lessee and manager of the New York Theatre, prompted him to invite the artist to that city, with the pledge to secure him business to the amount of one thousand dollars. Accordingly, Mr. S. removed there with his family, and thus the impulse was given “which has ultimately carried merit to its deserved goal, fame and fortune.” The generous manager immediately gave him a credit for the sum mentioned, and the gratuitous use of a painting-room in the front of the theatre.

In 1807, Mr. Sully visited Boston for the purpose of improving by the advice of Stuart and the study of his works. In 1808, he again set up his easel in New York, but the commercial embarrassments of the time were not favourable to the arts, and Jarvis was then monopolizing almost all the business that was to be had. In consequence, in February 1809, he removed to Philadelphia. In the ensuing month of June he embarked for England, having obtained the necessary funds by commissions for copies to be made in that country of seven pictures of the great masters. No better evidence could be desired of the ardent thirst of Mr. Sully after excellence, and his indefatigable assiduity and zeal, than the history of his visit to London. The scantiness of the sum upon which he undertook to support himself, the privations he consented to endure, the fidelity with which he fulfilled his engagements, the improvement that he

made, the knowledge that he obtained, form a remarkable page in the annals of energy and perseverance. He returned to Philadelphia in March, 1810, and has continued to reside there ever since, an object of honour and esteem no less for his qualities as a gentleman and member of society, than for his professional merits.

"Many are the vicissitudes which a portrait painter has to undergo even after he has attained eminence. How necessary is it for him to catch and hold fast a portion of the product of the flood tide, that when the ebb comes he may not be left stranded and destitute like a shipwrecked mariner. Perhaps no painter of Mr. Sully's acknowledged merit has experienced the fluctuations of fashion, or the caprices of the public, in so great a degree. At one time overwhelmed with applications for portraits, at another literally deserted, not because he deteriorated, as some have done, for all acknowledge progressive improvement to the present hour. In 1824 Mr. Sully's business had decreased fearfully, and his embarrassments increasing in proportion, had become so onerous that he had determined to leave America. He had pressing invitations to come to Edinburgh, and there take up his permanent residence. While he hesitated, a plan was proposed by some of his friends for a second visit to England, instead of a removal of his family. It was thought he might leave his family at home while he went to London and painted the portraits of eminent men, originals, and copies from good pictures by artists of known talents, of deceased worthies, the Lockes, the Newtons, the Miltons, the Cromwells, the Hampdens, and others that we claim as our countrymen, and revere as our benefactors. He was to be supported by sums subscribed for the purpose by those who wished such pictures, and who wished to encourage the art and the artist.

"This plan was so far matured that the painter carried it in the form of a subscription paper to a wealthy and professing friend for his signature. He was coldly received, and time asked for deliberation. Sully took his leave with his subscription paper in his hand; and if the patron looked from his window upon the man whose expectations he had raised but to disappoint, whose manly spirit rose as his hopes were crushed, he might have seen the heart-stricken husband and father tear the paper to pieces, and dash it in the kennel before his door.

"He now thought of accepting invitations from Boston promising him employment, and having made known his intentions, packed up and made all ready for the journey, he was waited upon by Messrs. Fairman, Fox, and Childs, engravers, who were determined to prevent what they justly considered a loss to the city. 'You must not leave us,' they said. 'I have no employment here.' 'If you had gone to England, you would have returned. If you go to Boston, and take your family, you will stay there. Will you paint our portraits?' 'Certainly.' It was agreed upon. The painter unpacked his materials, and from that time to this he has had uninterrupted success—full employment, increased prices, increased reputation, and increasing skill.

"Mr. Sully is, as we believe and sincerely hope, anchored safely in port for life. He has portraits engaged in succession for years to come at liberal prices. His fellow-citizens of Philadelphia justly appreciate him as an artist and a man. The late wealthy, eccentric, benevolent, and munificent Stephen Girard caused to be built in addition to one of his houses, purposely for the artist, an exhibition and painting room, and in that house he resides surrounded by his numerous family, and by all those conveniences which are so dear and necessary to a painter.

"With a frame apparently slight, but in reality strong, muscular, athletic, and uncommonly active, Mr. Sully does not stand over five feet eight inches in height, but he walks with the stride of a man of six feet. His complexion is pale, hair brown, eyes grey, approaching to blue, and ornamented with uncommonly long eyelashes, and his whole physiognomy marked with the wish to make others happy. At the age of fifty-one, he enjoys the cheerfulness and activity of youth. Two of his daughters are married, one to Mr. John Neagle, a first rate portrait painter, another, herself a painter, to Mr. Darley. The oldest son of the artist has followed the example of his father in rejecting the counting-house for the painter's atelier, and we doubt not will follow his example in industry and virtue."

The grace and delicacy of Mr. Sully's pencil render his portraits, of females particularly, equal if not superior to those of any of the most distinguished of his contemporaries, either in the old world or the new. But that his vigour and strength are of corresponding excellence, is abundantly manifested by his male heads, and especially by some of the full lengths of men which have come from his hands. That he might also have contended with success for the historical palm is evinced by his fine picture of Washington crossing the Delaware—a work executed “in many respects in the most perfect style of art,” but which was painted under an evil star, as far as the artist's reward is concerned, whose malign influence has defrauded him in great measure of his due. “If it was an old instead of a modern picture, the winter landscape would alone stamp it as a jewel; but in the old pictures one good part redeems—in the modern, one part faulty condemns.”

There are other painters mentioned in these volumes besides those we have indicated, who are entitled to particular commemoration—Jarvis, King, Ingham, Morse, Inman, Neagle, Harding, Alexander, Chapman, in portrait and other branches, and Birch, Cole, Doughty, Weir, in landscape. But the length to which this article has already run, will not allow us to do more than record their names. The lives of Cole, Alexander, and Weir, are especially replete with interest, and furnish admirable instances of the truth of the poet's phrase,

“Che sempre l'bravo, c'è saggio, c'è forte
Fabbro a se stesso e di beata sorte.”

Had we space we should like also to extract some parts of their communications to our author, and likewise an interesting letter concerning Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist, written by Dr. J. W. Francis, the eminent physician of New York.

Neither can we do more than refer to the portions of Mr. Dunlap's work respecting the other arts of design, great as would be our pleasure in paying an humble tribute to the genius of one who has engraved the name of America in lofty characters upon imperishable marble—the sculptor Greenough. His *Medora* is worthy of the age which has produced a Canova, a Thorwaldsen, a Chantrey. We shall not easily forget the first time we beheld it in the studio of the gifted author at Florence, soon after it was finished. Closing the windows to exclude the day, and placing a light near the chiselled form, he created almost an illusion that we were in a room where a spirit had just escaped from its mortal bonds, bending “o'er the dead,”

“ Ere the first day of death had fled.”

The mild angelic air, the rapture of repose, and the sad, clouded eye, that “fires not, weeps not, wins not now,” were there pre-

sented with a pathos and a truth equal to those of the exquisite picture which the pen of the poet has painted. It is indeed a perfect personification of the Greece, but living Greece no more, that Byron has illustrated by his most beautiful simile; and we cannot help thinking the sculptor had this passage in his mind as vividly during his labours, as the lines in which the hapless fate of the corsair's wife is told.

Mr. Dunlap's volumes furnish abundant evidence that painting is the pursuit to which the genius of our land, as far as the fine arts are concerned, has the strongest affinity, and in which it is destined to obtain its most splendid triumphs. We might even go farther, and affirm, that it would be impossible to collect as great a number of names of persons who illustrate our annals in any other imaginative department, as is here displayed. In music we have as yet produced no composer of eminence—in sculpture the list of celebrities is inconsiderable—and in architecture it is not much larger. In poetry, although there is a goodly multitude of gentlemen, it seems, whose palates "are parch'd with Pierian thirst," few of them, we fear, have been able to moisten their lips with even a taste of the harmonious spring, and still fewer have drunk deep of its waters. In prose fiction we possess indeed some glorious pens, whose effusions are at least equal to any efforts of our pencil, but they are comparatively rare.

It is true that as yet the great proportion of our paintings is in the branch which is not esteemed the most elevated of the art—that of portraits—but this circumstance is not owing to any want of ability to produce what is loftiest. Those who live to please, must please to live; supply depends upon demand; and had the taste and the pockets of the community been of the highest order, many of our portrait painters have given proofs that they could have risen to their level. The seeds have been liberally sown; nothing has been required but the genial heat of the sun to warm them into animation and fruitfulness. This we have sanguine hopes will not long be denied. The encouragement of portrait painting paves the way for that of history, and there is every reason to believe that the patronage of the latter will not lag far behind the increase of wealth, now that a fondness for the art has been roused. That this fondness exists and is increasing is manifest from the number of academies that have been formed within a few years in the different states, and of valuable pictures, of both modern and ancient masters, which they have purchased—and from the attention which is paid to drawing in most of our private schools, and the likelihood that similar instruction will soon be afforded in our public seminaries. The lustre which has already been reflected upon the country by our artists, while it will serve to stimulate other aspirants to the most strenuous efforts, must also foster a spirit of national pride

for the source of the distinction eminently conducive to its benefit, so that inducement sufficient may be provided to retain native talent at home, and thus prevent other nations from reaping the advantage, and in some respects the glory, of its labours, as has hitherto in a great degree been the case. Could the general government be influenced to bestow some care upon the subject—and a small sum, if judiciously invested, would do much—an additional impulse of a potent character would be given.

As to the power of judging of works of art which exists in this country, Stuart used to complain that it was too nice and exacted too much. Speaking upon this point to a friend, he observed, "In England my efforts were compared to those of Vandyke, Titian, and other great painters—but, here! they compare them to the works of the Almighty!" And these are the works to which they ought to be compared, for these are the only standard of true perfection. Nature is but the consummation of art, the work of an infallible artist, and they who can most assimilate their productions to its unerring excellence, are most entitled to that name. Where, too, may such comparison more properly be made than in a region where the Omnipotent hand has lavished his grandest as well as his loveliest works—whose mountains and whose valleys, whose forests and whose streams, in varied sublimity and beauty, are unrivalled upon the globe? where forms may be witnessed to which it is the richest praise of the ultimate effort of Grecian art—the statue of "the God of life, and majesty, and light"—to display a resemblance? and where the full development of the immortal energies which distinguish man from the brute, may be contemplated in its most inspiring, most ennobling shapes? These are strong considerations for believing that amateurs as well as artists should be of a high order in America.

ART. VII.—*A Winter in the West.* BY A NEW-YORKER.
In two vols. New York: Harper & Brothers: 1835.

THE flood of human life, which, springing from a thousand sources, but gathering immensely in volume from the "old settlements" of our own country, is continually pouring in upon the exuberant plains and valleys of "The West," has created a necessary interest in the bosoms of those who are left behind, as to its condition, and civil and physical improvement. We say *necessary*; for what family is there in the Atlantic states, but has been called upon to yield up some one, at least, of its members, as an offering to the anthropocal requirements of this

still unsettled region? Mayhap a daughter, or a son, "the favourite and the flower" of this fond parent, has left "home," to find an abode beside some sylvan lake, some bounteous stream, or in the very depth of some untraversed forest, wrapped in primeval silence, save the fluttering of the gay paroquet or rustling of the bounding deer; or that father with his snow-white locks, but re-juvenated step, has gathered together his effects, turned his face from the tombs of his ancestors, and has located himself in this land of promise, to build up anew his fortune. How shall those dreams of individual advancement be realized?—how shall the happiness of that child or parent be secured?—how extensive are the advantages there offered to the hardy adventurer?—how do those arts advance there, which improve and adorn our short-lived existence? Such an interest as this does exist,—must exist: and, while it binds a continent in an alliance, nay, a brotherhood—closer than any political institution, has an unceasing claim upon the observation of intelligent travellers.

But indeed who that has read of the adventurous deeds of the pioneers,—of their perils,—victories,—romantic excursions, but has desired to know more of the scene of those exploits? Or, who that has heard of the magnificence of its natural scenery; of the prodigal fertility of its soil; of its rivers, immeasurable in length, supplying the oceans with its waters, and bearing to the whole world the means of subsistence; of its prairies extending before the eye, and stretching out on every side, till the distance is lost in the union of earth and sky, and exhibiting to the beholder the undulations of a luxuriant vegetation, heaving like the sea; of its forests, where each tree stands like a huge Titan, bearing the heavens upon its shoulders, and each shrub and flowret bursts forth, arrayed by nature's hand in her most glorious vesture; of its cataracts and its caverns; of the bright and varied plumage of its feathered tribes; and of its zoological richness,—who that has heard of these, but must burn to increase his knowledge of them? Or, who that has cast his eye over any statistical tables of this portion of our land, of the last twenty years, and has observed its populousness, growing like the productions of its soil, rapidly and monstrously; its capability of sustaining a people as numerous as the hordes of Asia; and its future destiny, as the arbiter of power in this republic, but feels its importance and acknowledges its claims to his attention?

"The West," however, is a vague designation of any place in North America. Although there be a distinct meaning in the phrase, well understood by the person using it, yet paradoxical as this is, it points to no locality. Twenty years ago the Alleghany range might, by most people, be considered in these new coun-

tries. Ten years ago, the Mississippi was the *ne plus ultra* for five-sixths of Americans. The imaginary line which limited the bounds of the West, has thus been continually changing, till at length it has found a natural correspondence in the "woods where rolls the Oregon," and on the shore laved by the Pacific. Still the phrase has a local meaning. The mind of a citizen of Philadelphia referring to the West, does not now reach beyond the Mississippi. When an inhabitant of Ohio speaks of the West, he means beyond that river; and when one of Missouri talks of this still receding land, he fixes himself, as he geographically is, in the centre of the Union, and locates the West far beyond his Pawnee or Comanche neighbours, along the distant peaks that give rise to the Oregon and Missouri.

A work professing to furnish an account of the West, should, in order to give satisfaction to these different classes of readers, be of much more ample scope than is generally taken by writers who assume the task. Such an attempt could be successfully made only by those who have spent years in examining the natural features and productions of this immense tract of country. We may appeal to the feelings of those who have made books relating to this subject a part of their reading, for the correctness of our position. Each work seems to expose more the gap which is to be supplied. Does one purport to make us acquainted with the customs, peculiarities of thought and opinion, and language of the Indian tribes—it may describe those of one, two, or three of those petty nations, but it informs us that there are others to the north, or west, or south, of which nothing definite is known, except that their character and habits are dissimilar to those described. Does another delight us with exhibitions of the wonderful power or variety displayed by nature in her creations—still the mind is unsatisfied, for those are within circumscribed territorial limits. Each one leaves our craving curiosity more eager than before; while all only serve to teach us the boundless extent which is open for research.

The work before us does not assume to fulfil the condition which we have laid down as necessary to satisfy all inquirers. Its unpretending title sufficiently explains its character and object; the one indicating that it is a rapid sketch of the author's experience and travels; the other that it is intended to interest the reader rather by the writer's impressions than by his convictions from long study. Its great merit in our eyes, is its vivid pictures of western life and manners, and of winter scenery, described as they struck the mind of our observant wanderer.

The season in which his journeyings were performed, could not afford an opportunity for the most advantageous exercise of his descriptive powers. The heavens, it is true, displayed that pellucid azure hue, which is exhibited in those regions in both

winter and summer, and which is not surpassed by that of the tritely-admired sky of Southern Europe: the stars by night walked the empyrean, enthroned in full-orbed splendour: the earth beneath presented the same general features, in her forests, plains and water courses: and the lakes still appeared in their changeless, measureless grandeur. But how much more calculated are these works of nature to inspire the pen of the poet—and our author is one—when the south winds have chased away the chilling cold, and have quickened every thing into life; when the swelling waters are rushing to their *embouchement*, as they are released from the icy grasp of winter; when the prairie has doffed its mantle of white, and comes forth decorated in the gorgeous garniture of summer, there a field of nodding grass,—here one of the dazzling heliotrope, or an islet of verdant wood whose green affords an agreeable relief to the eye wandering from the plain of sunflower; when, in a word, all around seems to breathe, vivified and vivifying, arousing the imagination and unloosing the tongue.

What, however, is lost in this respect, is abundantly made up by the delineations of frontier life and society, which the writer had a better opportunity to observe, not only on account of his own leisure, but also that of the people among whom he travelled. The fireside picture, made up frequently of the hardy backwoodsman and his thriving family, of an Indian straggler or two, and of the weary traveller; the bar-room exhibition—that microcosm of the West, where each district of the great valley has its representative, met together, not to gratify a morbid appetite for maudlin frolic, but to satisfy the social demands of our nature; and the Indian camp,—where the warrior and the hunter, forced by the inhospitable weather without to repose in idleness within his matted cabin, are seen *at home*, supply us with much that may amuse the curious, and inform the philosophical inquirer.

The first part of the route of our traveller was through a tract of the West, which has of late years engrossed a very considerable degree of public attention. Arriving at Detroit from New York, by the way of Pennsylvania and Ohio, he directed his course through the peninsula of Michigan,—his observations on which are opportune, considering not only the influx of population on its lands, but its claim to the rights and privileges of a constituent sovereignty of this confederacy. Advancing westward, he traversed the northern parts of Indiana and Illinois, over the ground which was the scene of the Indian murders of 1832, and of the military operations which ensued. From the Illinois he proceeded to the mining country; and from Galena, where he arrived about the first of February, to Prairie du Chien,

on the Upper Mississippi. This was the limit of his tour, north and west.

His journey homeward, though in a different route, was through a part of our country, which has ever presented an attractive interest to the eastern man. Arriving at St. Louis, where he sojourned some days, he descended the Mississippi to the Ohio, and made his way up the latter river to Cincinnati. From this growing city, the queen of the west, he diverged south-eastwardly through Kentucky, as far as the mountainous parts of Tennessee, from which state he entered Virginia, having examined many of the great natural curiosities in which the country abounds, and finally directed his course to the north, along the eastern base of the Alleghanies.

From this *coup d'œil* of the circuit of his travels, it will be observed, that his tour was devised with great judgment, embracing, as it did, the least traversed regions of the Union this side of the Mississippi, and combining two opposite views of western life and manners—as they were exhibited in the wild prairies and among the hostile bands of Indians along our northern frontier, and as they appeared in the settled plains and hills, and among the hospitable and ingenuous inhabitants of the south-west. We have had, moreover, a particular object in aim, in presenting this rapid outline to our readers—that of enabling us, in our brief notice of the contents of these volumes, to obey rather our own caprice as to method, than to follow the author continuously in each novel scene or new adventure; for the reason, that, if we should attempt the latter, we should certainly be beguiled into a prolixity incompatible with the purposes of our work; though we should doubtless consult our own ease, and do mere ample justice to him. We therefore exercise at once the right which we have thus reserved to ourselves, and commence with the ancient city of Detroit.

The city of the strait did not realize his expectations as to its appearance. Instead of the moss-covered habitations of a frontier town, he found new and freshly painted buildings and towering piles of brick: instead of the fortifications, “the strong stockade made of round piles fixed firmly in the ground, and lined with palisades,” the only thing of the kind discoverable, was a small stone arsenal, with a tall picket fence around it. But, although there was little in the city itself to remind him of its comparatively ancient date, there was not the same absence of the *antique* in its environs, especially on the Canada side. The country and primitive habits of the people of this part of William IV.’s dominions, as also of the descendants of the original settlers in Detroit, are described as follows. Declaring that every thing appears dead on the east side of the strait, after leaving the American town, the writer continues:

"The French there insist upon holding on to their acres, and being unwilling to improve their property; its value remains stationary. These French tenures have had their effect, too, in retarding the growth of Detroit, and they still check in no slight degree its advances in prosperity. The French farms are laid out along the river on both sides, with a front of only two or three acres on its bank, while they extend back into the country for half a dozen miles; a disposition of property very unfavourable to agriculture, and only adopted originally to bring the colonists as near together as possible, for the sake of mutual protection against the Indians. Many of these farms now cross the main street of Detroit at right angles at the upper end of the town, and, of course, offer on either side a dozen building lots of great value. The original owners, however, persist in occupying them with their frail wooden tenements and almost valueless improvements, notwithstanding large sums are continually offered for the merest slice in the world off the end of their long-tailed patrimonies. They are a singular race of beings altogether. Mild and amiable, with all that politeness of manner which distinguishes every class of the courteous nation from which they derived their origin—they are still said to be profoundly ignorant. They call Detroit 'the Fort' to this day, and yet few of them know any thing of the country whose soldiers first held it. They are good gardeners, but very indifferent farmers; and their highest ambition is to turn out the fastest trotting pony when the carriage races commence on the ice at mid-winter. Some of them will own a hundred of these ponies, which, in defiance of snow and sun, run in the woods from one end of the year to the other. The fastest of the herd, which is generally a three-minute horse, the owner will keep for himself, or, if he parts with him, asks the purchaser two or three hundred dollars for the animal, while from the rest, for twenty-five or thirty, he may select at pleasure. They are very easy-gaited animals, carrying astonishing weights with ease; but their shoulders are so low it is difficult to keep an ordinary saddle on their backs with any comfort. But though generally rough misshapen looking creatures, some are very elegantly formed, and remind me often—while neither resembling the Arabian nor the English horse—of some French drawings I have seen of the spirited steeds of the Balkan, or the rushing coursers of the Ukraine. I am informed that they are known to perform journeys under the saddle of sixty miles a day for ten days in succession, without being at all injured by it. They are thought to have a different origin from the Canadian horse, to which the best of them bears no particular resemblance except in size."

There is a striking feature in the face of the country of Michigan—one that attracts the early attention of the traveller. This is what are there called its oak openings, consisting of oaks of the largest size, covering a considerable extent of territory, and the trees being unconnected by underwood, showing a grassy surface below, while the branches of the oaks are intertwined frequently above. These openings present the appearance of a cultivated country to the wanderer through them; though in fact they are evidences of its wild and neglected condition—being caused by those devastating fires so frequent in the uncultivated west, and which sweeping over the prairies, communicate with the woods and consume all except the hardest of the trees in them. The effect of a chain of these oak clusters over the whole of this peninsula may be imagined, when it is recollected that it is an entire dead level, or nearly so—no part of it rising to an elevation of two hundred feet above the waters that surround it. The burr-oak opening seems especially to have won the admiration of our traveller for its novel beauty. Of the first one that he struck, he says, "it looked more like a pear orchard than any thing else to which I can assimilate it—the trees being somewhat

of the shape and size of full grown pear trees, and standing at regular intervals apart from each other on the firm level soil, as if planted by some gardener." Deer in herds are found in these groves, sweeping over them in Eden-like innocence.

Although now almost entirely deserted by the aboriginal inhabitants, and unoccupied, save here and there a solitary settler, southern Michigan abounds with monuments of the former race. Their graves remain as reminiscences to the emigrant, of those whom he has superseded; while, even now, in obedience to that mysterious law of our common nature which prompts the offspring to cherish the remembrance and relies of his ancestor, the Indian returns and performs an annual pilgrimage to them after the white man has encompassed the spot as his own. Such feelings should be respected, and it speaks for the intelligence and humanity of the inhabitants of Michigan that they do respect them. "There are several Indian graves immediately before the door of the shantee," says our traveller, writing from Spring Arbour, "where I am stopping for the night, which I am told are regularly visited and weeded by the surviving relatives of those here buried. My host has had the good taste to put a fence around them, to keep his cattle from the spot—a piece of attention with which the Indians appeared to be much gratified at their last visit." Carver informs us, that upon these occasions they bemoan the fate of the deceased, recapitulating the actions he had performed; or if he were young when he died, those that he would have done had he lived, and the fame that would have attended him—how he would have overtaken the flying elk, and have kept pace on the mountain's brow with the fleetest deer. The rapid increase of civilized population in Michigan will not leave even this custom long to be performed by its natives. As a reverse to the picture, above given, of Indian sensibility, we may extract one from these letters, descriptive of a scene which occurred not far from the spot above alluded to, and which, though equally ridiculous and painful, is also illustrative of the strength of the passion of the Indian for rum. The writer stopping at a farm house, found that a couple of Ottawas had just arrived there for the purpose of disposing of some peltry; which was accordingly traded away for a cask of liquor.

"They were," he says, "well made men, though slightly built, and with aquiline noses and finely-shaped heads; and each, when I first saw them, had the finest and most graceful step I ever saw, whether on the sod or in the ball-room. How complete was the metamorphosis when I overtook them half an hour afterward in the woods! The eldest, who could not have been more than five-and-thirty, was barely sober enough to guide his horse, and sitting with both arms around the barrel of whiskey on the pommel before him, he reminded me of an engraving of Bacchus, in a very vulgar and not very witty book, called *Homer Travestie*. The Indian gravity, which had before been preserved amid all the nervousness incident to a trading operation, had now thoroughly deserted him, and tottering from side to side, he

mitted a sort of recitative, which combined all the excellences of the singing and spouting of a civilized toper. His companion, a youth of but seventeen, seemed perfectly sober, and stopping only occasionally to pick up the whip of the fumbling rider, he stepped so lightly by his horse's side that the leaves scarcely rustled beneath his moccasin. I was somewhat pained, of course, at the exhibition, though I confess I was not a little diverted, while riding along for miles in the silent woods, with such grotesque company. The pedestrian continued as reserved and respectful as ever; but my fellow-cavalier, after talking a quantity of gibberish to me, which was, of course, perfectly unintelligible, seemed to be at last quite angry because I could not understand him; then, after again becoming pacified, he found a new source of vehemence in urging me to '*schurap* (swap') *pasischigun*' (exchange my gun, to which he took a great fancy) for his '*papooshe pascocuche*' (child of a horse), as he called a colt that followed the forlorn pony on which he rode. I could not help blaming myself, however, for having been so long diverted with the frailties of this hospitable Silenus, when at parting, about nightfall, where he struck into the forest, he gave me an invitation to his wigwam, twenty miles off, signifying the distance by raising all his fingers twice, at the same time using the words, '*Huch! keen marchee neen wigwam*' (come to my wigwam). How strangely are we constituted, that one should derive amusement in the woods from an exhibition which, in a city, would only excite pain and disgust! I have never seen a half-intoxicated Indian before without the deepest feelings of commiseration. As for the alleged crime of selling Indians whiskey, it is impossible to prevent it. The love of spirituous liquors is a natural craving of the red man, which is irrepressible, and as such I have heard the most humane and intelligent persons speak of it,—people who have passed their lives among the Indians, and have done their best to snatch them from this perdition. 'The haughtiest chief' will travel a hundred miles for a pint of whiskey, and get drunk the moment he receives it, wheresoever he may be."

The settlers in Michigan are represented as a well informed body of men, and much superior in this respect to those of most newly settled countries. Our author attributes this circumstance to the extraordinary facility and ease of obtaining there the means of subsistence, tempting individuals of all classes—those of the professions and others, to turn their attention to agriculture. This continues to be more and more the case, we may remark, in regard to western United States generally, as the means of education are more widely extended in the Atlantic States, and as the increase of population in the latter compels the ambitious student to turn his steps towards the more open fields beyond the mountains, rather than to press upon the limited one at home. As might be inferred from their intelligence, the citizens of Michigan are turning their attention to the subject of rail roads and canals, for which, indeed, the land seems to be admirably adapted. A rail road from Detroit to the mouth of the river St. Joseph, passing through the counties of Wayne, Washtenaw, Jackson, Calhoun, Kalamazoo, Van Buren, and Berrien, appears to be a favourite project; though the want of capital is an almost insuperable barrier to its completion. A suggestion has been offered of a mode in which it might be accomplished, sufficiently tempting, we should think, to induce capitalists to undertake it; and that is by purchasing first the land in the vicinity of the route at government prices, and afterward disposing of it when its value should be enhanced as the work

was completed. Still, we doubt whether a rail road would be sufficient to meet all the wants of the people of Michigan, in respect of transportation. Experience has fully shown, that in relation to a great amount of carrying trade inland, canals are preferable; and wherever a head of water large enough can be secured throughout the season, they are more to be desired. There is no limit to the amount of tonnage which may be transported on a well regulated canal. In relation to the construction of one through the peninsula of Michigan, it is uncertain which would be most expedient, whether to take the route from Detroit to the falls of Grand River, or that from the navigable waters of the St. Joseph's to Monroe. If to this canal we add the contemplated one from Chicago, or some other point on the western shore of Lake Michigan, to the head of steam navigation on the Illinois river, embracing a distance of about ninety miles, which has already been surveyed, and which would require but slight fall in the whole route, we will have the most magnificent course of inland water communication in the world. In the event of any difficulty which might prevent a free intercourse between the Atlantic cities and New Orleans by the ocean, goods might be transported from the latter city up the Mississippi, through these canals and the Erie canal to the city of New York, the whole distance by water, and the reverse. St. Louis would then be looked upon as intermediate, and about equidistant from those great commercial marts, instead of being, as it now is, more remote from the eastern states than London or Paris. The Illinois canal would "pass for the whole distance through a prairie country, where every production of the field and the garden can be raised with scarcely any toil, and where the most prolific soil in the world requires no other preparation for planting than passing the plough over its bosom." That of Michigan, which is not a necessary part of the proposed water communication, would pass through a country not less fertile—in some part of which, as in the region of the Kekalamazoo, the soil or loam is four feet deep, and inexhaustible for generations to come. It does not require a very astute calculator to discover the immense trade that would be carried on through this channel, and which sooner or later must be.

On the banks of the Kekalamazoo our traveller came upon a rude cottage, inhabited only by two young men, lawyers, and furnished with articles of their own handiwork. With one of these as a companion, he made a visit to the camp of Warpkesick, a Pottawattamie chieftain in the neighbourhood. He has given us an animated description of his excursion, as the conclusion which follows will show. We merely premise, that the personage, Meg Merrilies, was a "tall virago of fifty, whose erect

stature, elf locks, and scarlet blanket, would entitle her to" the borrowed appellation.

"Pipes were now lit, and Ten-Garters, who was too unwell to smoke, himself, politely, after a few whiffs, tendered me his, while my companion, who could partially speak the language, was supplied from another quarter: we were soon perfectly at home. I had picked up from the floor of the lodge, on entering, a rude musical instrument—a species of flute, of imperfect tones, but having a rich mellow sound—when, as I was trying to squeeze a tune from the gamutless pipe, Warpkesick rose abruptly, and stating that he had to start at once on a trapping expedition, signified that we should take our departure. An Indian pony stood at the door, and leaping at one bound into the wooden saddle, an immense bundle of steel-traps was handed to the chief by a by-stander; and accompanied by an Indian on foot, almost as sorry-looking as the miserable beast he rode, our abrupt host disappeared at once into the woods. I was lingering behind to purchase the flute, and had conciliated the squaws wonderfully by tearing out the silk lining of my frock-coat, and giving it in shreds to their children, when my friend, being already mounted, told me we had better move off. I had barely time to cross the saddle, when a whoop rang through the woods, which, while it made my horse spring almost from beneath me, would have wakened Rip Vanwinkle from his twenty years' doze. The piercing cry from the forest was echoed with an exulting shout from every wigwam. A dozen dusky figures leaped through their flimsy porches, with as many rifles gleaming in their hands. He of the heron feather was the first that caught my eye, and as his gun pointed in the direction whence the first whoop came, immediately behind me, I could not help, in spite of the undesirable propinquity of its muzzle, admiring the eagle-eye and superb attitude of the young warrior. Not a soul advanced three paces from the covert whence he sprang. There was a dead silence. The children held their breath, and 'Meg Merrilies,' who had stepped on a fallen tree at the first outcry, now stood so still that her eldritch form, were it not for the elf-locks streaming over her scarlet blanket in the breeze, might have been mistaken for a figure of stone. Another whoop, and the cause of all the commotion at once appeared. A noble buck, roused from his lair by Warpkesick, comes bounding by the camp, and buries his proud antlers in the dust in a moment. A dozen scalping-knives pierce his leathern coat, and the poor creature is stripped of his skin almost before he has time to pant out his expiring breath."

Our author has a keen relish for the social. At Prairie Ronde he meets with that "sort of salad of society," which gives zest to travelling in the west. "There was a long haired hooshier from Indiana, a couple of smart looking suckers from the southern part of Illinois, a keen eyed leather belted badger from the mines of Ouisconsin, and a sturdy yeomanlike fellow, whose white capote, Indian moccasins, and red sash, proclaimed, while he boasted a three years' residence, the genuine wolverine or naturalized Michigianian." Add to this list the red horse of Kentucky and the buckeye from Ohio, and we have a catalogue of western *soubriquets*, which will vie in ingenuity and expressiveness with those of any country, civilized or uncivilized, on the face of the earth. With the exception of the latter, such was the convivial party at Prairie Ronde, among whom the "stranger" soon became an associate. The warm glass is in his fingers. "It is touched smartly by the rim of the red horse—it is brushed by the hooshier—it rings against the badger—comes in companionable contact with the wolverine—my respects to you, gentlemen, and luck to all of us."

In the same racy vein we have a description of a ball-room assemblage at Chicago, where were to be found, as well the representatives of the tribes dispersed at Babel, as those of every age, rank, and profession—a medley, made up of inhabitants of the place, with whom a residence of three months was considered one of long standing. So wonderfully rapid, indeed, is the growth of population in many places in this section of the Union, that they seem to realize the oriental fiction in which desert sands are converted into palaces and paved cities in one night. Chicago had quintupled its population during the summer of 1833. Of course, where all were new comers, all were sociable. No claim to long residence could be advanced, and of consequence no jealousy or suspicion existed, to mar the freedom which strangers in a strange land take with each other. Man appears in this situation in a novel view; and habituating himself to a mode of deportment which becomes necessary, acquires characteristics both striking and peculiar. These characteristics are those of the whole western country.

Chicago is situated on the western shore of Lake Michigan, in the state of Illinois, in a bleak and naked spot, having the whole expanse of that lake before it, and the broad plain, known as the Grand Prairie, on the opposite side. The winds of winter have a most searching effect. While our author was there, for several days the thermometer ranged at 28° below zero. Persons have been frost bitten in passing from door to door, and an ox perished in the streets from the cold at noonday—wolves left their covert to seek shelter among the abodes of men. The place, however, is destined to become a flourishing place of business, if we may judge from its location, at the westernmost point of lake navigation, and at the head of the proposed canal to connect Lake Michigan with the Mississippi. But we must leave Chicago—its pacing matches and wolf hunts.

The journey over the Grand Prairie is not varied by any incident save the usual vexations at an inclement season. At Ottawa, opposite Fox river, our traveller first struck the Illinois, whose rocky bluffs rising to a height of seventy or eighty feet, and tinged with the mellow light of a setting sun, presented to him an agreeable and varied scenery. It was in the vicinity of this place that the worst of the Indian horrors was perpetrated by the Saes and Foxes two summers since. Crossing the Vermillion, Indian trails, made manifest by the rain which had washed away the snow, became frequent. They were “generally as straight as the flight of an arrow,” and worn as deep as if they “had been trod for centuries.” Tales of Indian barbarity, fresh in the remembrance even of the children of the settlers, were rife; and bring to our own recollection the perils and dangers of our pilgrim fathers. The following picture of domestic border

life is graphically sketched, at the same time that it exhibits the manners of the pioneer. The writer was on his way to Galena.

"A single room, miserably built of logs,—the interstices of which were so unskillfully filled up with mud that I could hear the night-wind whistling through them as we drove up to the door,—was to be our lodging for the night. A couple of rifles, with a powder-horn and a pair of Indian blankets, lay without, and two painted Potawatamies were crouched on the hearth, as I entered the cabin. One of them, a slight but elegantly formed youth of twenty, sprang at once to his feet; while the other, a dark ill-looking negro-faced fellow, retained his squatting posture. They were dressed in complete suits of buckskin; both having their ears bored in several places, with long drops of silver pendent in thick bunches therefrom; while broad plates suspended over their chests, with armlets of the same metal, made quite a rich display. Their dress was, however, the only point in which they resembled each other; and the aquiline nose, keen eyes, and beautifully arched brows of the one, contrasted as strongly with the heavy inexpressive look and thick lips of the other, as did the closely-fitting hunting-frock of the first, which a black belt, sown thick with studs of brass, secured to his erect form, with the loose shirt that crumpled around the crouching person of the other. A hard-featured borderer, with long sandy hair flowing from under a cap of wolf skin, and dressed in a bright green capote with an orange-coloured sash, sat smoking a pipe on the other side of the fireplace; while one foot dangled from the bed on which he had placed himself, and another rested on a Spanish saddle, whose holsters were brought so near to the fire, as it lay thus carelessly thrown in a corner, that the brazen butts of a pair of heavy pistols were continually exposed to view by the flickering light. A pale, sickly-looking woman, with an infant in her arms, and two small children clinging around her lap, sat in the centre, and completed the group. Her husband and another, a hanger-on of the establishment, had stepped out to look after our horses, as we drove up to the door. The apartment, which was not more than twenty feet square, was cumbered up with four beds; and when I thought how many there were to occupy them, and observed a thin cotton curtain flapping against a wide unglazed opening, which formed the only window of this forlorn chamber, I thought that the prospect of comfortable accommodation for the night was any thing but promising. Presently, however, the landlord entered, with an armful of burr-oak and split hickory, which crackled and sputtered at a rate that made the Indians withdraw from the ashes. The good woman placed her child in a rude cradle, and bestirred herself with activity and good humour in getting supper; while the frontiers-man, knocking the ashes from his tomahawk-pipe, passed me a flask of Ohio whiskey, which, after my cold ride, had all the virtue of Monongahela. Some coarse fried pork, with a bowl of stewed hominy, hot rolls, and wild honey, did not then come amiss, especially when backed by a cup of capital coffee from the lower country; though the right goodwill with which we all bent to this important business of eating, did not prevent me from noticing the Frenchman-like particularity with which the Indians ate from but one dish at a time, though tasting every thing upon the table.

"The best looking of the two, though daubed with paint to a degree that made him look perfectly savage, was almost the only Indian I had yet found who could talk English at all; and he seemed both amused and interested while I read over to him a slight vocabulary of words in his own language, as I had taken down the terms occasionally in my pocket-book, and was evidently gratified when I added to their number from his lips. He spoke the language, indeed, with a clearness and distinctness of enunciation such as I have only heard before from a female tongue; and the words thus pronounced had a delicacy and music in their sound entirely wanting in the usual slovenly utterance of Indians. You would have been struck, too, in the midst of our philological task, to see the grim-looking savage bend over and rock the cradle, as the shivering infant would commence crying behind us. In this way the evening passed rapidly enough; and then the good dame with her husband and children taking one bed, the green rider and I took each another, while the stage-driver and remaining white man shared the fourth together. The Indians brought in their guns and blankets from without, and making a mattress of my buffalo skin, they placed their feet to the fire, and after a chirping conversation of a few minutes beneath their woollen toggery, sunk to slumber."

The traveller, as may be inferred from this extract, employed himself, as opportunities offered, in studying the Indian languages. At Prairie du Chien, where he spent some time in company with the officers of Fort Crawford, he embraced the chance that presented itself of increasing his knowledge by frequent visits to the straggling lodges near the garrison. He furnishes us with a collection of Indian phrases, which, with the license due to poets, he has also turned into the following polished verses:—

INDIAN SERENADE.

- “ Fairest of Flowers, by fountain or lake,
Listen, my Fawn-eyed-one, wake, oh! awake.
Pride of the prairies, one look from thy bower
Will gladden my spirit, like dew-drop the flower.
- “ Thy glances to music my soul can attune,
As sweet as the murmur of young leaves in June;
Then breathe but a whisper, from lips that disclose
A balm like the morning, or autumn’s last rose.
- “ My pulses leap toward thee, like fountains when first
Through their ice-chains in April toward Heaven they burst.
Then, fairest of flowers, by forest or lake,
Listen, my Fawn-eyed-one, wake, oh! awake!
- “ Like this star-paven water when clouds o’er it lower,
If thou frownest, belov’d, is my soul in that hour;
But when Heaven and Thou, love, your smiles will unfold,
If their current be ruffled, its ripples are gold.
- “ Awake, love! all Nature is smiling, yet I—
I cannot smile, dearest, when Thou art not by.
Look from thy bower, then—here on the lake,
Pulse of my beating heart—Wake, oh! awake!”

Prairie du Chien, situated four or five miles above the Quisconsin, was formerly a considerable place, containing in 1766, about three hundred houses. It was the great mart for all the adjacent tribes. Carver says of it;—“that whatever Indians happen to meet there, though the nations to which they belong are at war with each other, yet they are obliged to restrain their enmity, and to forbear all their hostile acts during their stay there. This regulation has long been established among them for their mutual conveniences, as without it no trade could be carried on.” Since that time it has gone to decay; and now contains some twenty or thirty tottering buildings. The attraction to the modern traveller consists in the remains of ancient works, which run along the bluffs around Prairie du Chien, and which are supposed to have been constructed for military purposes. Major Long has given a particular account of them. They certainly present a prolific subject for speculation. Taken in connexion with those which are found in various parts of the west; and with the assertion so often repeated of the discovery

of human skeletons of a gigantic size in various parts of the Great Valley of the Mississippi, some plausibility attaches to the opinion, that this continent was formerly inhabited by a race, entirely dissimilar to any that are now to be found upon it, who built them. On the other hand, if we reject the declarations of those who assert the existence of such human remains, as not sufficiently authenticated, and suppose the fancied fortifications to be the result of accidental physical operations, (and for ourselves, we confess, we incline to this opinion) we have a theory quite as satisfactory. At all events, from the enormous magnitude of these works, whether of nature or art, beyond the power and means of the present race of men, it would seem that one or other of these solutions must be admitted.

We cannot leave this part of our author's tour, without extracting his account of the manner in which they get up the lead ore in the mining district, through which he again passed on his return from Prairie du Chien. Many of the miners are represented as being well educated men, graduates of our colleges and members of the learned professions, who find a greater certainty of accumulating wealth in searching after and striking the ore, than even in taking a lead at the bar, or among the medical faculty.

"Following my conductor along a mile or two farther of pretty rough road, we came at last to a spot where a huge mound of earth, with piles of lead-ore scattered here and there on the adjacent ground, showed that a mine was very successfully worked beneath; and giving our horses to an accommodating fellow that stood by, we threw off our overcoats and prepared to descend into it. The orifice on the top of the mound, over which a windlass was placed, was about three feet square, being lined with split logs crossing each other at the angles down to the original surface of the soil, below which point the adhesiveness of the earth seemed to be all that kept the sides of the pit together. It was so dark, however, at this part of the passage down, that other precautions may have escaped me. Taking the rope from above in my hands, and placing my foot in a wooden hook attached to the end of it, I swung myself from the top, and in a few moments descended some seventy or eighty feet below the surface. The narrow chamber was of course excessively dark to one just coming from the light of day; and landing upon the edge of a tub immediately beneath the aperture through which I had descended, I lost my foothold, and pitched head over heels in the water with which the bottom of the mine was flooded. 'Any one hurt?' cried a voice behind me; and looking round as I sprang to my feet, I found myself in a long horizontal passage or narrow gallery, with a grim-looking miner approaching me with a lantern in one hand and a pickaxe in the other. The next moment the form of my companion darkened the opening above, and then, after landing by my side, he introduced me to the miner, who proceeded to show us about these subterranean premises. They consisted of three or four galleries, generally terminating in a common centre, though one or two short ones, just commenced, appeared to run off at right angles to the rest; and the lead-ore, which glitters like frosted silver in its native bed, appeared to lie in thick horizontal strata along their side. The masses were readily separated by the pickaxe from the neighbouring clay, and we remained long enough to see several tubful hauled up by the conveyance which had admitted us into these dusky regions. The labour and exposure of these miners is very great; but the life, to those who have an interest in the work, is said to be so exciting, that the most indolent man, when he has once fairly burrowed under ground, and got a scent of what is called '*a lead*,' will vie in devotion to his toil with the most industrious of those who labour in the light

of heaven. His stimulus, indeed, resembles that of the gold-hunter; for the lead, when delivered at Galeua, is as good as coin in his pocket; while, if he chances to strike a rich *lead* of mineral, he at once becomes independent,—as, if he does not choose to work it on his own account, there are houses in Galeua which will purchase him out for a handsome sum, for the sake of speculation.”

While at St. Louis, the writer made an excursion to Jefferson barracks, where he spent several days highly pleased with the hospitality, urbanity and attentiveness of the general in command at that post and its other officers. His observations made there, derive a peculiar interest from the fact that many of those he found there, afterward accompanied Colonel Dodge in his expedition from Fort Gibson to the Pawnee Piet village, never to return. The dragoons are represented as being very intelligent and observant, all being native-born Americans, and recruited entirely from among the respectable, and in some instances highly educated classes of society. They were not however inured to the climate, or otherwise prepared in discipline and experience to endure the hardships of that expedition. The appearance of the horses equally attracted admiration. “The officer,” we learn, “who superintended their purchase, has been happy in matching them, and keeping the colour of each company distinct; and you can readily imagine the fine appearance of fifty white-tailed duns, or spirited iron-greys, any two of which would make a perfect match,—a squadron of glossy chestnuts, or troop of blacks, as dark as night.” This taste is not altogether capricious; for it serves not only to give effect to the general appearance of the company, but also to infuse a portion of that spirit, which, although facetious, it has ever been the study of military commanders to create in those under them. From the published journal of Colonel Dodge it appears, that both men and horses suffered greatly during the expedition referred to. He reached the Toyash, a Pawnee village, with one hundred and eighty-three out of five hundred men; the rest having been left on the route sick, and in charge of the sick. The journal states, that at the close of the march, the mules of the command looked better than when they started on the campaign, while it would have been difficult to select ten horses in good order. The want of good water and wholesome food, and the oppression of a burning sun, seem to have hurried many of those accidental acquaintances of our author to their graves.

We must now shift the scene; and leaving the reader to learn from these volumes himself, or to imagine the passage down the Mississippi and up the Ohio to Cincinnati,—the bluffs and bottoms along the one, and its grim boatmen; and the limpid waters and jutting promontories of *la belle Riviere*, transport him to the still wild regions of south-eastern Kentucky. This part of the state, indeed, is not comparable with the rich and fertile

lands about Lexington and Frankfort. In population it is much behind other sections; though in all parts of the state, as well among the poor dwellers among the "Knobs" of the south-east, as among the wealthy planters in more settled districts, there is found the same generosity of mind and unstinted hospitality, which has given a noble fame to Kentucky. After travelling for some days with a boon companion through a country where there is little or no accommodation for the stranger, fording rivers and traversing hills, our author reached the first frame dwelling that had met his eye. Its primitive inhabitants are pleasantly described.

"Approaching the dwelling, which was a one-story building in the shape of an L, we saw a fat old woman in cap and spectacles knitting in the doorway, while a tall gawky-looking female of about five-and-twenty was engaged in spinning by her side. The old lady said that the good man was out, but she supposed we might stay for the night; while the daughter ushered us into a large wainscoted apartment, the beams of which were almost covered with bunches of yarn, hanks of coarse thread, and other similar products of domestic industry suspended from them; while a quantity of bed and table-linen, and homespun frocks and long stockings enough to have fitted out half a dozen rustic wardrobes, filled the shelves and hooks in two recesses on one side of the apartment, and faced a couple of bedsteads with neat dainty curtains, which occupied the corresponding recesses on the other side. Add an oaken table or two, half a dozen rush-bottomed chairs, and a couple of long rifles with powder-horn and bullet-pouch, suspended upon a buck's antlers over the large fireplace, and I believe you have the full physiognomy of the great room of the house: which, with the addition of a few strings of dried peaches over the mantelpiece, a rag-carpet on the floor, and the substitution of a long ducking-gun, or old tower-musket, in place of the Kentucky rifle, would correspond in feature with the sitting-room of a substantial Long Island farmer. But the owners of these hoards of homespun wealth could never have been mistaken for New Yorkers. The group displayed around the fire, after the head of the household had made his appearance, was such as the masters of the Medici's time loved to paint; nor would the slightest alteration of costume be required for them to figure in the pictures of Raphael or Rembrandt. The females already described were indeed decidedly of the Flemish school; but the thin and sinewy figure of the bald-headed old man, with his long silvery beard depending from a countenance which L. admitted was of as perfect a Roman mould as he had ever beheld in his travels, and flowing almost down to the girdle which kept the faded hunting-shirt to his person, was such as the pencils of Italy alone have preserved on the canvass.

"The hour of bed-time soon arrived, and the old man, kneeling before the Bible he was unable to read, the whole family united with him in a prayer, which was not the less fervid and impressive because he had been denied those advantages of education which in the Northern States are far more generally diffused than here.

"The unwonted luxury of clean sheets and a separate bed for each kept L. and myself exchanging congratulations from opposite sides of our apartment long after we had retired; while, weary as we were, we could not help lying awake for some time, comparing our observations upon the primitive circle into which we had fallen. But at last the wooden clock, which through Yankee enterprise had found its way to this remote glen, struck the hour of ten, and the whole household being long since asleep, we suppressed the murmur of our voices, and were soon dreaming with the rest."

The good people of the village of Manchester, a secluded spot about the sources of Kentucky river, owing its existence to the establishment of salt-works in its neighbourhood many years since, are humorously hit off. Their town is their own, and

perhaps their manners too; but their prejudices are by no means peculiar to them. After describing the buildings as having remained for more than a generation in statu quo, the writer continues:—

"It is now about ten o'clock, and looking out of the window, in front of which I am writing, I can see a dozen of these industrious burghers dawdling about a bar-room opposite. No sound of riot or obstreperous mirth comes thence; and were it not for the guttural chuckle that gurgles now and then from the burly person of my landlord, you would hardly know that they were talking. They are just now changing their position, to study the points of that sorry-looking nag, whose gummy lips, green with half-chewed grass, seem sagging to the sand as his hollow neck droops to the full length of his bridle. An hour hence the steed will still stand where he is, but the group around him will have advanced with the shadows some five yards beyond the caves: you may then see them curiously grouped upon the clump of logs which form a primitive kind of stile to the fence before the door, and the morning mist, which still hangs upon the hills around, having by that time disappeared, they will be in less doubt about the weather.

"The appearance of two well-mounted and thoroughly-equipped travellers has caused quite a sensation in the village. The idea of persons travelling from motives of liberal curiosity cannot enter into the brains of the inhabitants; they insist upon settling down my companion and myself as Yankee pedlars; and as the familiarity of the people has already afforded us a good deal of quiet diversion, we are at no pains to dispel the illusion. A villager asked me yesterday, while looking at my fowling-piece, if I had 'no more of them left?' while another inquired what price I 'set upon the remaining one?' the first question implying, I suppose, that we had been driving a trade in guns through the country; and the last presuming, as a matter of course, that a Yankee had no use for firearms. 'Are there any gentlemen, sir, among the Yankees?' asked quite a decent-looking man of me this morning. 'I looked at the fellow—' I hope no offence, sir,' he added; 'I mean by gentlemen, planters and such-like, that live as gentlemen do here.'—'If you ask for information, my friend, I have never lived among the Yankees, but'—'To be sure there are,' interrupted an old Irishman, sitting by; 'and two gentlemen to one to what there is here.'—'Well, you see, stranger, I thought they were all pedlars; but how comes you to deny your country, if it isn't after all among the leavings of Nature's work?' I answered that I was from the State of New York. 'And what now do you call that but a part of Yankee-land?' replied this intelligent yeoman."

This part of the work before us is enlivened by anecdote and personal incident, illustrative of the manners of the people and history of the country. The idiosyncrasy of Kentuckians is marked; and their manners, as well as their language, striking,—bearing the impress of their peculiarity of mind. He who delights in studying their anomalies of character in the familiar incidents of domestic life and intercourse, will be interested in these pages on this account, rather than for any additional information as to the resources of the country, furnished in them. We mistake much if a perusal of them will not serve to dispel the errors into which many of our own people, especially in the Atlantic states, have been led, by the gross exhibitions, not to say caricatures, which it has been the labour and seeming pleasure of many tourists of late years to make, of this portion of western character. The exaggeration and buffoonery of these writers have no more resemblance to the open hearted and confiding manners, or to the startling, and sometimes extravagant,

but expressive phraseology of the true son of the west, than the pompous and studied forms of Euphuism to the terse and simple periods of Dryden. They have mixed up much that is true with more that is false, and have thus contrived to give a supremely ridiculous character to the whole. Yet as absurd as it is, these exhibitions have become as current coin, and form the basis of the popular idea of western life. Perhaps our own author may be considered as not altogether free from the charge which we lay at the door of others, especially in some pictures of drunken profanity and uncouthness, which might advantageously be left out in future editions of the work: still he has presented, in just aspects, the unpretending nobility of mind of the great mass of the people.

The peculiarities of western character and language are the natural result, as we have before hinted, of intelligence and enterprise thrown into new situations, and directed to new purposes. The Caffrarian, placed on the banks of the Mississippi, would be in nowise different from what he is in his native land; and, on the other hand, a Parisian *savant* would pursue the same course of study in London as at home; but the well-informed Frenchman or Englishman, transported from his boulevards and from his docks, to the prairies of Illinois, or cane brakes of Kentucky, and left to his own resources, would in a little while develop new points, both in modes of action and thought. Those developments would gradually enlarge, until they became certain and distinctive traits of character. Such is the natural operation of an active mind, working in a different sphere from that in which it has been accustomed.

At Cumberland Gap, the point of osculation of the lines of Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia, and the only defile by which the Cumberland range is passed, our traveller visited the celebrated limestone cavern. Accompanied with four guides, he proceeded to the entrance to the cave,—“a ragged aperture, about six feet in diameter, sloping downward from the brink internally about fifteen feet,” and in the face of a precipitous rock, “overhung by drooping weeds and wild flowers.” Descending with lighted torches, and taking a few steps in the shallow water at the bottom, they came to a sudden turn which shut them out from the light of day. Their way now led through a deep pool, breast-high, over a floor of rock and sand, and at length terminated in a lofty and dry chamber, some fifteen feet in diameter, where they prepared a fire. The floor of this chamber shelved upward, leading to a narrow hole, called The Blast, barely large enough for the admission of a man’s body, and through which the wind rushed with great force. This passage also ran upward, and introduced them, after crawling through it on their hands and knees, to a large apartment, with dome-like roof, and at least

forty-five feet in diameter. Kindling their torches from a brand of the fire, which was their only means of light through the Blast, they clambered to the top of a rocky ridge, seeming from the numerous rises and descents along their route, "to be traversing the broken summit of a mountain, with merely the roof of a cave, instead of the canopy of heaven," above them. Passing through a long narrow apartment, called *The Saloon*, with a "high square ceiling and firm floor of clay," they were ushered into another, which, with the rest of their exploration, is thus described.

"*The Gallery of Pillars* realized all that I had ever read of those sparry halls, that lift their glistening columns and sport their fairy tracery within the bowels of the earth. The form of the grotto was so irregular that it was nearly impossible to make an estimate of its dimensions. The innumerable stalactites, sometimes pendent from the roof, and sometimes raising themselves in single columns from the floor, were so clustered together and intermingled, that the actual walls of the subterranean chamber were excluded from view; while the light of our torches, as we waved them aloft, would at one moment be reflected back from a thousand fretted points, and be lost the next in some upward crevice, that led away, the bats alone knew where. But the most striking object in this fairy cell is yet to be mentioned. It was a formation of spar resembling a frozen waterfall, that reared itself to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and ran completely across one end of the chamber. The ceiling of the grotto was about ten feet higher, but the petrifying water, which was now dripping from the hanging stalactites above, had united them here and there with the top of this marble cascade, so as to form a Gothic screen of sparry points and pillars along its otherwise smooth round summit. One of the guides succeeded with the aid of his companions in scaling the slippery elevation, and drawing his body with difficulty between the dropping pillars that knit the top of the congealed cascade to the roof of the grotto, he disappeared in perfect darkness behind the screen. A moment after it seemed as if a hundred lamps were dancing in that part of the cavern. He had merely lighted a couple of candles with which he was supplied, and placed them so as to be reflected from the minute and interlacing fret-work above.

"There was yet another chamber to be explored; and being now about half a mile from the mouth of the cave, it behooved us, if we wished to derive any benefit from our lights in returning, to expedite our movements. Passing, then, from the grotto, the uneven floor of which was partly paved with truncated columns of spar, and partly strewn with broken pillars that some barbarous hands had wrenched from their places, we crawled over huge rocks, where the roof of the cavern descended to within three or four feet of the broken floor, and came to a rugged declivity, scamed by deep and dark chasins, which rendered the descent difficult and perilous. When we had gained the bottom of this precipice and looked up, the top of the cavern was scarcely discernible by the light of our torches. A limpid brook, about a foot in depth, had here channelled its way in the smooth limestone; following it up for a few yards, a sudden turn brought us to a long semicircular gallery, about five feet in height, and hardly more in breadth. This, from the singular echoes it produced, was called '*The Music-room*;' and no whispering gallery could supply a more remarkable phenomenon of sound. The lowest tone of voice produced a murmur that trembled through the apartment, like the humming sound created by striking upon the wood-work of a guitar,—or rather, I may assimilate the effect produced by some tones, the bass ones particularly, to the low notes which a harp will send forth when the keys of a piano are touched near it. I was very sorry that we had not a musical instrument of some kind with us, to experiment more particularly upon these delicate and not unmelodious echoes. This room was nearly in the form of a crescent, and its smooth ceiling sloped gradually at the farther end till it touched the surface of the winding rivulet. At that point the stream became both broader and deeper; and the cavern not having been yet explored beyond this chamber, I proposed diving into the brook where it disappeared beneath the descending roof, and ascertaining whether it were not possible to rise in an open space beyond. The principal guide,

however, declared that he had already tried the experiment, and had nearly been suffocated by getting his head above water in a crevice of the dropping vault, from which it was difficult to extricate himself. We prepared, therefore, to retrace our steps; and our lights being nearly exhausted, we reduced their number to two while winding again through the devious labyrinth. After once or twice slightly missing the way, I emerged at last from this nether world, highly gratified with my subterranean wanderings."

Near Tazewell in Tennessee, he explored another of these caverns, which, from their number and seclusion, afford, it is said, work shops for a gang of counterfeiters, who mix among the people and palm off their spurious money among the unsuspecting, and upon the unwary traveller. So impudently and cunningly do they pursue their avocation, that the very individual who communicated this information to our author, gave evidence of its correctness by subsequently passing off to him a copper dollar. By means of fleet horses, and the cavernous recesses, they manage effectually to elude apprehension.

The natural tunnel in Scott county, Virginia, a curiosity hardly less interesting than the celebrated natural bridge in Rockbridge county, and which is probably new to many of our readers, affords us the last extract which we have room to make from these volumes.

"It is a vaulted passage of two hundred yards, through a mountainous ridge, some five or six hundred feet high. The ridge lies like a connecting mound between two parallel hills, of about the same elevation as itself; and a brook, that winds through the wooded gorge between these hills, appears to have worn its way through the limestone rib that binds the two together. The cavernous passage is nearly in the form of an S. The entrance, at the upper side, is through a tangled swamp; where, in following down the stream, you come in front of a rude arch, whose great height, from the irregular face of the cliff being covered with vines and bushes, it is difficult to estimate, until you attempt to throw a stone to the top of the vault. The ceiling drops a few yards from the entrance, till, at the point where, from the peculiar shape of the cavern, the shadows from either end meet in the midst, it is not more than twenty feet high. The vault then suddenly rises, and becomes loftier and more perfect in form as you emerge from the lower end. Finally, it *flares* upward, so that the edges of the arch lose themselves in the projecting face of the cliff, which here rises from a gravelly soil to the height of four hundred feet; smooth as if chiselled by an artist, and naked as death. At this point, the sides of the gorge are of perpendicular rock, and for sixty or eighty yards, from the outlet of the tunnel, they slope away so gradually from its mouth as to describe a perfect semicircular wall, having the cavernous opening at the extreme end of the arc. On the left this mural precipice curves off to your rear, and sloping inwardly, impends at last immediately above your head. On the right the wall becomes suddenly broken, while a beetling crag shoots abruptly from the ruin to the height of three hundred feet above the stream that washes its base. The embouchure of the tunnel is immediately in front. Behind, the narrow dell is bounded by broken steeps hung with birch and cedar, and shaded with every tint of green, from the deep verdure of the hemlock to the paler foliage of the paw-paw and fringe-tree. A more lovely and impressive spot the light of day never shone into. The sun was in the centre of the heavens as I stood beneath that stupendous arch, watching the swallows wheeling around the airy vault above me, and yet more than half the glen was in deep shadow. I had been told, whether jestingly or not, that the place was a favourite retreat for bears and panthers; and while following down the brook a few yards, I was somewhat startled, upon casting a glance into a recess in the rocky bank above me, to meet a pair of bright eyes glaring from the bushes which sheltered the nook. But the sudden movement of drawing a pistol frightened the wild animal from its covert, and it

proved to be only an opossum, that glided along the trunk of a fallen tree and disappeared in the thickets above. I paused again and again, in retracing my steps through the sinuous vault, to admire its gloomy grandeur; and then mounted my horse, which was tethered in the swamp at its entrance. My road led immediately over the tunnel; but the thick forest on either side precluded a view from the top of the precipice, unless by approaching its edge. This it was necessary to do on foot. The glen thus viewed presents the appearance of a mere fissure in the mountain-side; but the chasm is so sudden and deep that the first glance is startling when your foot presses the edge; and your eye swims when it would pierce the shadowy gorge below."

We dismiss the "*Winter in the West*," with warm feelings towards the author, produced in our examination of his work. Unlike the Grub street mendicants who visit our shores to gather materials for a book, which, under the pretence of giving information in relation to the operation of our political institutions upon our social system, is filled with patriotic abuse of our country and people; he seems to have travelled from motives of liberal curiosity, and with a generous determination to set down naught in malice and nothing to extenuate. He is both a scholar and a gentleman; and while he evinces a nice taste and discriminating powers, he makes both subservient to the rules of propriety. He is, too, an agreeable companion—a man who takes the "*good the gods provide him*"—who

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing;"

and who entertains us wherever we accompany him. He might have interested us in topographical details, but then we should have lost his glowing pictures, his familiar anecdote, and his critical observation of personal character. Or he might have made his work more suited than it will be found to be to the views of those, who look at a book of travel as a magazine of wonders, embodying new subjects of faith for the credulous; but this must have been done at the expense of truth and character.

It is, moreover, a source of gratulation to us, that one so well qualified as our author, has undertaken to present his countrymen with observations upon the social condition of that portion of the west in which he travelled—surveying it through the medium of American sympathies, and with a perfect knowledge of the nature of our government. However desirable it may be, to have the external developments of our national system portrayed by some indifferent master-hand—one alike uninterested in the result, whether from partiality in our favour, or from prejudice against us, or from attachment to some peculiar and different state of society—such a requirement can never be fulfilled in practice. An approximation to this result is however more nearly to be attained by a republican than a monarchical writer. The one is more likely to be acquainted with our springs of action than the other. He is imbued with the spirit whose workings he exhibits; and is less likely to be mistaken in his conclusions.

ART. VIII.—*The United States and Canada, in 1832, 1833, and 1834.* By C. D. ARFWEDSON, Esq. Two vols. London: 1834.

THE author of this new book on America is a Swede, who it seems travelled two years in the United States, and who has written and published his travels in our own language. An edition of the work has also been published in Swedish at Stockholm, where the political institutions of this country are daily a subject of discussion.

The circumstances which caused the rise of Marshal Bernadotte are now almost forgotten. Four years after he was elected Crown Prince of Sweden, the peace concluded with Denmark at Kiel was established by the cession of Norway; and upon the death of Charles XIII, February 5, 1818, Bernadotte became the sovereign of two proud and free-spirited nations. In Sweden, the aristocracy has always been predominant; but in Norway there is no hereditary nobility, and the democracy has its full share of influence. In both kingdoms the peasantry and citizens form distinct estates. The different constitutions of these two countries, with their different manner of representation and government, presented many serious difficulties to the new king. But Bernadotte overcame them all, and he is now the only sovereign in Europe who has kept possession of a throne, acquired during the wars of Napoleon. He has assumed for his motto, "the people's love is my reward." And upon the discovery of a conspiracy against him a few years ago, he is said to have addressed the following language to a deputation of his subjects: "I came among you with no other credentials than my sword and my actions. These claims have been augmented by the adoption of the King, and the unanimous choice of a free people. On this I found my rights, and as long as honour and justice are not banished from the earth, these rights will be more legitimate and sacred than if I were descended from Odin. I have not opened a way by arms to the throne of Sweden; I have been called by the free choice of the nation, and on this right I rely." The frequent expression of such popular sentiments, without any flagrant violation of the constitutional rights of either kingdom, and his great ability and deep policy, have fixed this soldier of fortune firmly upon the throne, to which he thus boasts that he has been called by the free choice of the nation.

The policy of Charles XIV is well known. Although separated in a great measure by natural situation, and commercial interests from the rest of Europe, Sweden, in a time of profound peace, is burdened with a standing army of 50,000 men, a per-

manently fortified camp, and a large and well appointed navy. The king is therefore at the head of an armed force, which derives its existence from him. The aristocracy, whose allegiance is natural, are profusely decorated with titles and orders; and patents of nobility are frequently granted to eminent merchants and bankers, whose wealth and influence thenceforth uphold the crown. The liberty of the press is established by law; but it is at the same time subjected to so many restrictions, that its existence is merely nominal. Political and common debating societies cannot be formed without the permission of the government, and even the literary and scientific institutions, for which Stockholm is deservedly celebrated, are principally directed by men of rank and official dignity.

The democracy of Norway, and the republican party in Sweden, have been long united in determined efforts to counteract the tendency of this political system. They cannot hope, and perhaps do not wish to change the form of the government, but they, without doubt, interpose a strong check upon the royal influence. These northern patriots seem to be more disinterested than patriots usually are. They can gain nothing by their opposition to the measures of a monarch who is too well established to be overthrown, and who moreover has always carefully abstained from any arbitrary stretch of power, that might afford a pretext for exciting turbulence among the people; while like all who are openly disaffected to the government under which they live, they must often be thwarted in their endeavours to advance their own private views and interests. It is true, they can persuade themselves that they preserve their country from the evils of despotism; but such a persuasion would badly compensate the generality of men for continued efforts without the chance of ultimate success—for vain ambition and disappointed hopes.

It is soon apparent to which of these parties Mr. Arfwedson belongs. He thus speaks of the anniversary of the 4th July at sea—

"No comparison can be drawn between a beautiful day at sea and one on shore: there is something so delightful and reviving in the former, that its influence is irresistible. The 4th of July was just one of this description. Who is the American that does not rejoice at the recollection of what occurred on that day, 1776? Who is ignorant of the memorable act then signed by the boldest men in the colonies? Who has forgotten the determined step adopted by these patriots to declare themselves free and independent, in defiance of the power and fleets of the mother country? An American is justly proud of the result of this revolution, when comparing the past with the present."

The Hall of Independence at Philadelphia excites more reflections.

"Historical recollections moreover, attach to this building so much interest, that it is next to impossible to approach it without reverence. It was within its precincts that America shook off her fetters. Here it was also that the first impulse

was given to the extraordinary revolution, which ended in the total emancipation of the colonies. It was here, in short, that a handful of bold patriots risked the chance of an ignominious death, as rebels, or the immortal glory of heroes of Liberty. It was here that the signatures were affixed to an act, which has already had, and will for ages to come, have an immense influence on the destinies of the world."

The cholera was raging in New York when this Republican Traveller landed there, and gave him occasion for some strange assertions as to the inhumanity and selfishness of the Americans.

"If a miserable object was lying in the street, suffering under the double calamity of poverty and disease, instead of lending him assistance, people would run away and leave him to his fate. Why? *Because he had got the cholera.* If the driver of a simple and unattended hearse was seen accelerating the speed of his horses, the question was asked, Why does he go so fast? *Because the hearse contains a number of the dead, victims to the cholera; they must immediately go to the burying ground, without ceremony and without friends.*"

The whole may be a traveller's exaggeration; but the most revolting selfishness characterizes every where the panic of pestilence. New York is properly called a town "that could not boast of any particular cleanliness," and some of the customs there are honestly criticized. Mr. Arfwedson then sets out upon the Northern tour, and visits and describes nearly all the places on that well known route. Upon one of the North River steamboats he first discovers that women are treated with civility in America.

"A young American, with whom I had been in company a few days before, in one of the first houses in New York, was seated at the long table between two females of humble condition in life. I saw him, with perfect attention, serve both his neighbours, before he thought of himself, and during the whole repast, continue his civilities with so much grace, that the example might serve as a salutary lesson to many a European coxcomb, who certainly will not put himself to inconvenience for the sake of being attentive to females of so mediocre a station in life, and to whom nature has besides refused the advantage of beauty. A young Frenchman, who came to America about the same time I did, could not help remarking to the American, that he was surprised to see a man of birth, of *blood*, condescend so far, as to enter into conversation with a couple of vulgar women. The American answered, that it appeared to him equally extraordinary how a man of birth could ever forget the respect due to every female by a person of education, let her rank be what it will in society."

The following must be inserted for the advantage of future travellers in the United States.

"Our slow progress was not to be attributed either to the badness of the roads, or to the horses, which had an appearance of strength, but entirely to the drivers. They were changed several times in the course of the day, but to the regret of all present, little was gained by the alteration. One in particular, was excessively slow in his motions, and rather abusive. I do not know if I was the unfortunate cause of it; my companions pretended I was, for having inadvertently, and certainly without intending, or even supposing it would give offence, addressed him by the respectable title of *coachman*, always used in England, and which I thought was also applicable here. Enough; I discontinued the word from that hour, as long as I remained in America, and never forgot, upon subsequent occasions, to call republican coachmen *drivers*."

In the course of this tour, there are many excellent observations about the prosperity and happiness of the poorer classes in

America. The story of "The Locksmith of Springfield" is well written and highly interesting, and the traveller's general conclusion on this subject is the fair result of a careful and unprejudiced examination.

"A European, travelling in this direction, cannot help admiring the general appearance of comfort and prosperity so singularly striking. To an inhabitant of the Scandinavian Peninsula, accustomed to different scenes, it is peculiarly gratifying to witness, instead of gorgeous palaces by the side of poor huts, a row of neat country houses, inhabited by independent farmers. A Swedish servant, lately arrived in America, on looking around and perceiving the happy state so generally diffused, exclaimed with surprise, and characteristic simplicity, Sir, have the goodness to inform me where the peasantry live in this country."

Boston is very much admired, and occupies many pages. Its general appearance, literary institutions, and hospitable inhabitants are all praised. A curious custom, however, is noticed, which exists in several of the American cities.

"I had often heard that married men in America are in the habit of attending market themselves, in the morning, to provide the necessary articles for their families; a custom which, with us on the other side of the Atlantic, exclusively belongs to the department of the cook. Mrs. Trollope mentioned the same in her history of 'Domestic Manners of the Americans,' but on that very account, I considered the statement an exaggeration, and rather inclined to the contrary opinion. During my stay in Boston, however, I had frequent opportunities of witnessing the prevalence of this custom, and found that almost all the married men performed this morning walk. At first it appeared strange to me, how they could so correctly know the exact market prices of the most trifling article; but it was soon explained. At a dinner, at which I happened to be present, the lady of the house showed perfect ignorance of the cost of the vegetables and fruit, and was obliged to apply to the husband for information, which she did in these words—*My dear, what is the price of sweet potatoes? Grapes and peaches, what are they worth?* But each country has its customs; I shall therefore abstain from all comment, merely mentioning the circumstance."

Mr. Arfwedson next gives the history of the sect of religious fanatics, called Shakers, who make dancing a part of their worship, like many of the early religious. He fills thirty pages with their uninteresting superstitions, and then sets about enumerating the different denominations of Christians that exist in the United States, with the main articles of their faith. A Table is annexed, which is very long, but far from complete. He thinks the distinctions between these multitudinous sects may be classed as follows:

- 1st. Differences of opinion with regard to the Redeemer.
- 2d. Difference of opinion of the clemency of God.
- 3d. Difference of opinion as to the forms of worship.

This part of the book is able, and exhibits a calm, philosophic mind. The information collected here, required a great deal of labour and research. It is valuable, and authentic, and may be safely referred to, as authority upon the subject. There are some sensible observations about the alleged want of an established religion in the United States.

"America, it is well known, has no established religion. Fugitive pilgrims, persecuted in England for their religious opinions, sought in the New World that liberty of conscience which was denied them in the Old. Every opinion of the Deity was here unshackled. Religion was considered the exclusive property of conscience and God, and exempt from all other restraint. The State was distinct from the Church: neither had a right to interfere with the other, except to protect individuals in the quiet exercise of the creed which they conceived to be the only true one. Even the clergy was in most of the Constitutions of the States, by particular clauses, excluded from all participation in public affairs. Thus, one of the most important and eventful experiments, ever attempted upon so extensive a scale, was made, namely: whether religion may be sustained in a country without the protection or support of the government. The period elapsed since the creation of the republic, certainly speaks in favour of its practicability: how far the experience of future times will justify it, I do not venture to anticipate. This freedom of religion has, however, been the means of forming a great many sects, the names of which, and their varied professions, as I have already stated, it is no easy matter to enumerate. The difference in many is but trifling, and only perceptible in exterior forms. A great number are solely distinguished by insignificant modifications of the same creed. When a young clergyman, for instance, commences his career, to gain importance and make proselytes, he generally pretends to deviate from the other followers in the observance of some unmeaning exterior form, without however rejecting the fundamental principles upon which the sect is founded. His friends then lose no time in building a church for him. The adherents now meet to listen to the new preacher, and in a short time his congregation becomes so considerable that he obtains a comfortable livelihood by it."

After the first four books of the *Science of Legislation*, by Filangieri, were published at Naples, towards the close of the last century, a general anxiety was manifested in Europe for the appearance of the fifth book, which was to treat of the laws that concern religion. The untimely death of Filangieri was considered a misfortune, for the eminent ability he had shown in the discussion of a subject from which theorists had been excluded by common consent, persuaded many that he was destined to work a change in the principles of modern legislation. The state of Europe, too, at that time, seemed to threaten convulsion and anarchy, and the selfish fears of men disposed them to listen to the voice which so opportunely pointed out a way of escape from the evils they had brought upon themselves. Although Filangieri did not live to finish the fifth book of his treatise, he went far enough with it to show what were his sentiments as to legislation upon religious faith, and ecclesiastical establishments. His work is probably little read or cared for in this country—the only country, perhaps, where it can now be of any use.

"Religion, which precedes, prepares, produces, accompanies, and follows the origin, the progress, and the development of civil society; religion, which in the savage is a timid worship offered to the unknown cause of his terror and his fears; which, in the rude and barbarous societies, is the beginning of civil authority, which, although yet unable to endure in the hands of their fellow men, they place willingly in those of their Deities; which, in civilized societies, can so well assist the public authority in extending the sanction of the laws, and in obtaining that which those laws cannot prescribe, as well as in avoiding that which they cannot prohibit; religion, finally, which, while it may be productive of so much good, may also degenerate into a source of lamentable evil, such as has been so often seen to proceed from enthusiasm and fanaticism; religion, I repeat, so inherent in the nature of man, so necessary to the formation, perfection, and preservation of society, and so formida-

ble in its degeneration, should it not be considered one of the most important objects of the legislative science?

"Regulated by the legislator, when the civil body has reached perfection, it should not contain any of those provisions which are only necessary in the infancy of a people, in order to uphold the feebleness of the public authority with succours borrowed from superstition. Its temples should afford a shelter for the needy, and not be an asylum for the unworthy. The priesthood should form one of the most elevated parts of the social body, but not be a separate body; it should be the model of the citizens, and not the object of privileges; it should teach the people to bear cheerfully the public burdens, and not be itself exempt from them; it should inculcate subordination to the legitimate authority, and not be itself independent of it; finally, it is evident, that such a religion, with such characteristics, can never have any natural connexion with those two extremes, equally pernicious—fanaticism and impiety.

"But in what religion, considered in its original formation, and simple principles, can all these characteristics be found?"*

The hand of Filangieri, which was tracing these characters of light for the benefit of mankind, was here suddenly arrested by death, and none other has yet been found to take up the pen that had fallen from his grasp, and answer his weighty question.

After the cholera had subsided, our traveller returned to New York. He devotes much space to a description of several of the public institutions of that town, and he also gives a good account of the system of general education adopted throughout the state. Towards the end of October, he sets out on a long intended journey to the south. Philadelphia is taken in the route, and, as may be supposed, is carefully examined.

"Philadelphia, if I may be allowed the expression, is a coquettish city. Like a young and agreeable lady, she takes peculiar care of her exterior appearance, endeavouring to please all. The exterior walls of the houses are washed and scoured; as to the streets, they are proverbially clean. Every thing announces wealth and comfort. There is certainly nothing extraordinarily grand; but, on the other hand, nothing mean. No palaces are observed, but again no wretched dwellings. Here the real and true republicanism is exemplified. It is as distant from democracy as from aristocracy."

Mr. Arfwedson says his stay at Philadelphia was very short, but he found time to collect materials for more than fifty pages, in which he faithfully enumerates and eulogizes all the literary, scientific, charitable, religious, criminal, and various other useful institutions of that thrifty and sober city.

Baltimore is his next stopping place. As soon as he gets fairly into the southern country, there seems to be some cause that excites his Swedish gravity to a great deal of hyperbole and fancy. A strange account is given of the indecorous conduct of the Americans who assisted at the obsequies of the late Mr. Carroll. His body laid in state, which afforded many vulgar people the chance of getting into his house, where they behaved as they would have done at any other show; and Mr. Arfwedson, who was present, and noted every thing, has coloured their conduct highly, and set it down against the inhabitants of Baltimore. The subject was hardly a suitable one for a display of the imagination.

* *Scienza della Legislazione. Volume quinto. Firenze, 1821.*

Washington is next hurried through, and our traveller gets safely to Richmond, Virginia. His account of the road over which he passed, is exaggerated. The road is bad enough, but if as bad as he represents it, he would never have got to Richmond.

The slave question is now taken up, and handled with ability. This traveller deserves the rare praise of having carefully examined all the important subjects upon which he pretends to write. He is therefore fairly entitled to adduce his own conclusions, in which, however, he generally agrees with other Europeans.

"The first rule which every owner of slaves has prescribed to himself, with a view to treat the negroes properly, has been: *Let the light of education never dawn upon them: Keep them always in a state of complete ignorance: Let them never know aught of a happier existence than the slave life they now lead.* This maxim, so unworthy of enlightened minds, and so irreconcilable with the liberal principles of a free country, is nevertheless still prevalent in all the slave states. It invariably guides the conduct of the planters, whose conviction seems to be irrevocable that a spark of light disseminated among slaves, would be equivalent to a supply of arms, which they would immediately turn against the white population. This belief has entailed the most disastrous consequences, and been highly detrimental to the moral condition of the unfortunate negroes. Born of parents, as raw and ignorant as savages, from whom they learn nothing but vice, they live days and years without being able to understand any of those manifold natural wonders with which they are surrounded, without knowing for what purpose they are brought into the world, often without suspecting the existence of God."

Without any comment upon the spirit of this paragraph, let the slave question be here fairly stated.

There exists in some parts of the United States a body of men, descendants of negroes brought from Africa, who are slaves during life, and whose issue also are slaves. They are said to be personal property, not appendant to land, and consequently not transferable with it, unless by the agreement of their owners.

This state of things has excited an outcry, not only in England and Europe, but also in most of the northern states of the Federal Union; where so much interest is taken in the condition of the slaves, that societies have been formed which expend large funds in systematic measures to promote the entire abolition of negro slavery. Their efforts have thus far failed to produce any important effect. The increase of the slave population is progressive and rapid, and there are many forebodings as to the evils that must eventually spring from such an increase. As these evils, whatever they may be, will mainly fall upon the southern states, the citizens of those states claim an exclusive right, at the present time, to act and legislate upon the subject. They protest against any further interference in the management of their private property, which they say has already caused much mischief and jealousy, and cannot fail before long to endanger the harmony of the whole Union.

The philanthropists of the north do not pretend that slavery

is new in the world, or that it is an anomaly in a free government; for they know that many of the laws of the southern states relating to their slaves, have been copied from those of the ancient republics. They admit, moreover, that the negroes are generally well fed, well clothed, and well treated, and their extraordinary fruitfulness is the best proof that they are healthy and contented. The question, however, is put upon general grounds which cannot be disputed. It is unjust and inhuman to make slaves of our fellow beings, and to withhold from them the light of education and the hopes of religion.

There are few of the actions of men that can bear the application of any general rule of morality like this. Indeed, the whole history of our race is but the history of violence and of crime, and from its first appearance upon the earth, one incessant struggle has been kept up between the strong and the weak, between the oppressor and the oppressed. There is consequently no need of any appeal to the past, and to the uncertain annals of nations which no longer exist, in order to find things as contrary to justice and right as negro slavery. The present condition of the famished peasantry of England and Europe is far worse than that of the slaves in the southern states, and the bondage of the serfs of the Russian empire has no parallel in modern times.

Until the character of man be changed, his passions restrained, and his selfishness subdued, the measures of philanthropists that oppose his interests will be regarded with the same feelings as a direct attack upon his legal rights. The hope that there ever will be a change for the better gains no strength with the lapse of time. The world was early divided into two classes, and so it will long remain:

“Du musst steigen, oder sinken,
Du musst herrschen und gewinnen,
Oder dienen und verlieren,
Leiden oder triumphiren,
Amboss, oder Hammer seyn.”

Upon Mr. Arfwedson's arrival at Charleston, he is naturally led to give a history of nullification, and here he is accurate and impartial; it is preceded by a merited compliment to the character and abilities of Mr. Hayne. The route southward is continued across the country through Georgia and Alabama, to Mobile and New Orleans. A great deal is said about the badness of the roads, and the savage character of the people in general, and a considerable space is devoted to “a number of dissolute people, who had founded a village, for which their lawless pursuits and atrocious misdeeds had procured the name of Sodom!” A part of the Indian country is also passed through, and Mr. Arfwedson was for some time a guest of one of the chiefs of the Creek nation. The account of his adventures there is very interesting.

"The principal occupation of Indians consists in hunting stags and deer. Anxious to attend one of these hunts, I availed myself of the opportunity of accompanying, on the following day, the chief and four other Indians, who went upon one of these excursions. We all mounted horses, and provided ourselves with rifles; some of them had also a kind of spear or lance, which they handled with a dexterity that would have astonished even a Hetman of the Cossacks. The horses were small, but full of fire, not unlike northern ponies and the Canadian breed; and could hardly be checked when once put in motion. Indians generally ride without a saddle: but the old man had furnished himself and me with something bearing a resemblance to this convenient appendage: it was a saddle-tree, which was stuffed with hay, and fastened on the back of the horse with two strong cords. We had scarcely mounted before the horses showed symptoms of wild restlessness. The chief led the way, and pushed his steed into the thickest part of the wood: I followed him, and then came the other Indians, one by one. Neither swamps, bushes, prostrate trees, nor rivulets arrested our progress."

In another place:—

"Where are now those unhappy heathens, who were butchered by the Christians without commiseration? Where shall we find a trace of these valiant and patriotic men, who fell in defence of country and liberty? Not a solitary ruin of their huts has been left behind by the inhuman strangers—all has been levelled to the ground—every vestige is obliterated from civilized America. No canoe is seen on the majestic rivers—no fires kindled on the tops of mountains, as a rallying post for the warriors: nothing remains of all this, except perhaps the fragments of some blanched bones, sometimes brought to light by the plough of the whites!"

From this extract, Mr. Arfwedson would seem to regret that the influence of civilization had ever been felt in the American continent: for, if the rights of its original proprietors had been fairly respected, as he evidently thinks they ought to have been, our country would now be covered with forests and inhabited by savages. Although philanthropists have never been at a loss for proper subjects upon which to exercise their benevolent feelings, they have seldom been reasonable or fortunate in their actual measures. The well known story of Las Casas and the Indians may be cited as one of the examples of the evil consequences of mistaken zeal in the cause of humanity. To save the gentle Indians of Haiti from utter extermination, negro slaves were brought from Africa, who were stronger and better able to endure the incessant labour required by the avarice of the Spaniards. But the Indians were, notwithstanding, soon exterminated, and an oppressive burden was thus laid upon the western world, from which it may never be delivered.

In all ages, the different nations of the earth have preyed upon each other. The Britons were destroyed by the Saxons, who, in their turn, perished under the tyranny of the Normans. The Goths and the Vandals overthrew the Roman Empire, and before long, were compelled to yield up their place to others. The Moors wrested from them the dominion of Spain, and after having occupied it for several centuries, those children of poetry and song were driven out from their home, which they had made so beautiful, to perish in the African deserts.

But the war of the Whites with the Indians of North America,

was not between nations. It was between civilized and savage men. There may be a question, in which state man is more moral; but enthusiasts alone should declaim against the injustice and cruelty of measures which have fertilized the earth they enjoy. This continent, so recently a wilderness, is now covered in all its extent with images of peace and human happiness. The Indians struggled long and fiercely to prevent this amelioration, and at last drew back, with the beasts of prey, before the gradual advance of agriculture. Their existence has become connected with that of the forests, which alone they will inhabit, and with those forests they must disappear—sad consummation, but inevitable destiny.

The journey from New Orleans is now commenced, up the Mississippi, in one of the large steam boats which ply upon that river. The remark made on our traveller's entrance into the southern country, as to his indulgence in hyperbole, should here be repeated, for with a fair allowance for actual scenes and dangers, the greater part of his adventures after he leaves New Orleans, until he gets back to Washington, must be considered as not far removed from fable. The following extract, however, is graphic:—

“I was repeatedly told in America that none can form a correct idea of the Mississippi, who has only visited it once. I doubted the truth of this assertion, until I had an opportunity of personally surveying this immense river. A few weeks' acquaintance with it, soon convinced me that its appearance in spring, when the banks overflow, is very different from what it is in autumn. Trees, which in summer and autumn raise their aged heads far above the surface of the water, are hardly visible during the rest of the year, and resemble immense forests growing at the bottom of an extensive lake. One is even led to believe that it requires a man's life time to examine and to become thoroughly acquainted with the character of this river. Individuals who inhabit its shores, are often struck with amazement at the sudden changes produced in a single night, in the course of the Mississippi, by its increased width and extraordinary ravages: how then is it possible for a traveller, who only sees it once, to come to any correct conclusion? He may be astonished at its length—judge by the depth of tributary streams, of its immense mass of water—tremble at the violence of the waves—contemplate with surprise the turbid water which follows him, when land is out of sight—still he knows nothing of the Mississippi, till the evening of a long life, commenced, passed, and concluded on its shores.”

During his second visit to Washington, a great deal of time is devoted to the state of political parties, the general measures of the American government, and the debates in Congress. Another journey is then undertaken northward, as far as Canada. On the route several new things are noticed, and thirty or forty pages are devoted to an examination and discussion of the merits of the different systems of prison discipline adopted in this country, which have excited so much attention in Europe. There is also a history of the measures of General Jackson against the Bank of the United States, and Mr. Arfwedson, like most foreigners, sides with the bank.

In the second volume, the late European travellers in the United States are thus noticed:

"To obtain a proper knowledge of the United States, it is necessary to remain a long time in the country; to visit various parts of the Union; to make acquaintance with all classes of men; to compare their ideas with results daily occurring, and to lay aside all partiality. Of late travellers, Stuart is the only one who has seen the necessity of pursuing this line of conduct, in order to form a correct judgment of the country; and his '*Three Years in America*,' is a work abounding in interesting facts, and composed after a long residence, which enabled him to consider every object coolly and impartially. Of other descriptions of North America, it can only be said, that Hall's book was a political confession, Mrs. Trollope's a mercantile speculation, Hamilton's a criticism on a republican form of government, and Fidler's an effusion of disappointed hopes."

Mr. Arfwedson's book is unquestionably one of the best that have yet appeared on this country, and he peculiarly deserves the praise he has himself bestowed upon Mr. Stuart. The work moreover should interest Americans, since it is written by a republican Swede, who seems to have few national prejudices, and who could have no private views, either in the disparagement or the praise, of our customs and institutions. There are every where marks of a man who closely observes, and calmly reasons, and who is evidently a scholar and a gentleman. It is also greatly to his credit, that he should have been able, in his travels through this country, to converse fluently with the people in their own language, and afterwards write his book in that language. His style is sometimes stiff, but it is never obscure, and on the whole is agreeable and unaffected.

He thus speaks of the duration of the present form of the Constitution of the United States:

"I am not a candidate for the honour of predicting the destiny of North America, still less do I believe it in human power to anticipate the future effect of so liberal a Constitution as the American, tested only by a few half scores of years; but I venture to affirm, that, without being perfect, it is of all Constitutions, ancient and modern, the one which has approached nearest to the object in view. North America is happy and free under the form of government which it now possesses, and may with calmness look forward to the future."

They who look forward to the future should also look back to the past. Its dim records present but one picture of change, of decay, and of overthrow. The advantages of a free government, where the laws are equitable, and the people contented, have often been enjoyed, but have never been appreciated. Political liberty has always degenerated into political license, and the means that were best contrived to promote human happiness, have been a fruitful source of human misery.

"Infelici gli uomini! Senza principj chiari ed immobili che li guidino, erano smarriti e fluttuanti nel vasto mare delle opinioni; passano il momento presente sempre amareggiato dalla incertezza del futuro; privi dei durevoli piaceri della tranquillità e sicurezza, appena alcuni pochi di essi, sparsi qua e là nella trista loro vita, con fretta e con disordine divorati, li consolano di esser vissuti."

ART. IX.—MOB LAW.

- 1.—*Report of the Committee relating to the Destruction of the Ursuline Convent. August 11, 1834.*
- 2.—*Trial of John R. Buzzell, before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, for Arson and Burglary in the Ursuline Convent at Charlestown. Reported by C. PICKERING Esq., the Reporter of the Court.*
- 3.—*Trial of William Mason, Marvin Marcy Jr., and Sargent Blaisdell, charged with being concerned in burning the Ursuline Convent in Charlestown, Massachusetts, on the night of the 11th of August, 1834.*
- 4.—*Argument of James T. Austin, Attorney-General of the Commonwealth, before the Supreme Judicial Court in Middlesex, on the case of John R. Buzzell, one of the twelve individuals charged with being concerned in destroying the Ursuline Convent at Charlestown. Reported verbatim by the Stenographer of the Atlas.*

THE years 1833 and 1834 will be remarkable in the annals of our country for disregard of the laws, and illegal violence to persons and property. A tendency to substitute *popular will* for *public law* has discovered itself in the highest and the humblest classes of the community; and the example of the former will not escape the censure of having seduced the latter.

In no country should the supremacy of the law, and its administration through the regularly constituted organs, be so earnestly cherished, as in this: for the law is the sovereign of the country—the great, efficient, and only safe representative of the people. The laws rule, and the people are parties to the laws; and in these principles lies the only practicable state of civil liberty. If the laws cease to rule, or the people undertake to administer them by any other than legitimately constituted means, the barriers to anarchy and subsequent despotism are removed. Whilst the laws are respected, and the citizen is zealous to enforce obedience to them, the enjoyment of personal security and of property is absolute and uninterrupted; the civil power, strong in that respect and zeal, restrains our evil passions and performs the office of armed cohorts, which are indispensable to maintain the order of society, where despotic power prevails. But remove the efficient force which respect and zeal for the law produce—suffer the people in primary and irresponsible and local assemblies, to judge offences and to become the executors of their own decrees, and at once the bonds of society are loosened, the wants and the passions of the moment will seek the speediest means of gratification and prescribe the forms of execution. In such a state there

is no security for property or life; and from this worst of uncertainties, military despotism, however stern, is a peaceful asylum. To this state we have said there is a tendency.

Portions of the people deem themselves truly sovereign within their respective localities, and proceed to enact laws, which they proclaim only in their execution, but which they do not deign to define either as to the extent of prohibition, or the nature of punishment.

Thus, when the philanthropists of New York, in the universality of their benevolence, essay to break simultaneously the chains of all the negro slaves in the Union, and to elevate the gentlemen and ladies of colour to an equality with the whites, at bed and board, the sovereign mob, at their primary assemblies at the "Five Points," and at other equally dignified places, proclaim such essay an offence, alike enormous in the agent and the patients, worthy to be punished by the razing of their houses and their churches to the ground, the destruction, or confiscation to the use of the lawgivers, of their goods and chattels, and the infliction of violence upon their persons; and in the plenitude of their power, extend their infliction to the whole city, for having tolerated the offenders, causing for some days two hundred thousand persons to feel apprehension for their properties and their lives.

Thus, a pious divine of Newark, N. J., having proclaimed his intention to preach against the sin of slavery, in the fourth Presbyterian Church of that city, the sovereign people assembled in their primary meeting around the church, to the number of one thousand or more, decreed the sermon an offence *contra bonos mores*; and, emulous of the fame of their brethren of New York, proceed with praiseworthy discrimination and admirable justice, to the infliction of punishment; first by seeking to injure a wretched black, the only one in the congregation; secondly, by expelling the congregation from the church; thirdly, by demolishing the edifice; and fourthly, by the pursuit of the reverend doctor, who fortunately escaped until he could propitiate the sovereign by a public declaration, that since God, of the blacks and whites respectively, male and female created he them, he, the doctor, deemed it "a duty to keep the colours separate, and not to allow intermarriages among them."

Thus, the sovereign people of the city of Brotherly Love, not to be surpassed in the exercise of sovereign power, by the sovereigns of neighbouring cities, resolved, not only to emulate but to excel them in the nice discriminations of justice. Not having in the city any organized congregations of universal abolitionists, or if there be any, not knowing where to find them, and having no experimenters for human improvement by an amalgamation of all the grades and colours of humanity, they deemed them-

selves righteously employed, for any cause or no cause at all, to assail the free blacks, to burn and pull down their houses and their churches, to rob them of their dearly purchased earnings, and to beat them to death. The like spirit of justice, as wisely displayed, also exhibited itself in the interior of Pennsylvania; and the borough of Columbia, on the Susquehanna, enrolled itself among the dispensators of popular laws, by the persecution of the wretched blacks.

So, portions of the sovereign people in the cities of Philadelphia and New York, undertake to maintain the purity and universality of popular suffrage, by expelling, with force of arms, all who differ from them in opinion, from the polls, destroying lives, and burning the dwellings not only of their opponents, but also of citizens who are not engaged in the contest.

So, at Natchez, a wretch charged with the murder of his wife, having been *acquitted*, after a formal trial, by the court, was seized, upon his discharge from prison, by *a mob composed of the most respectable citizens of Natchez* and the surrounding country; taken to the edge of the town, and there stripped and scourged with one hundred and fifty lashes; inflicted, however, by none but *gentlemen of good standing*, and afterwards tarred and feathered, and driven through the city with beat of drum, followed by a crowd of one thousand citizens, who poured curses upon his head.

So, in a remote county of Missouri, upon the verge of civilization, whither the ignorant and fanatic Mormonites had fled from the gibes and jeers of their better instructed neighbours, the sovereign freemen, assuming the power to proscribe such articles of religious faith as suit not their taste, attempt, by force of arms, to reform the creed, or to expel the new comers from the lands, which, in reliance upon natural rights, the constitution and the laws, they had honourably purchased and improved. But the Mormonite does not reject the use of arms, and is as ready to prove the divine origin of his faith as was St. Stephen, Bartholomew, Servetus, the adorer of Juggernaut, or any other zealot, who has sought the crown of martyrdom.* Resistance produced civil war—the obvious and immediate consequence of the illegal assumption of power of one portion of the people over another; and after much destruction of property and life, the whole people, the truly sovereign people, through their rightful organ the legislature, are prayed to repair the injuries which illegal and presumptuous violence had inflicted.

Whilst we write, another instance of the workings of this spirit, so destructive of all the ends of political and civil association, is presented to our pen. A justice of the peace at Albany, having married an Irish girl to a Negro, but without knowing, as he asserts, that the girl was white, a mob seized the Justice, and

blackened his face in token of their displeasure. The act of the Justice, even in its worst light, was not unlawful, and however his aiding in the unseemly and revolting amalgamation of colours, may be reprehended, it is not by acts of personal violence inflicted by excited and lawless mobs, that the morals of the country, major or minor, are to be preserved. There are other and better modes by which such aberrations may be corrected. The censure of the press, and of orderly and respectable citizens, who frown indignantly upon the offenders, is all sufficient for the correction of the offenders. If it be not, let the offence be proscribed by law, and the offender duly punished after a fair trial and conviction.

But Charlestown, Massachusetts, has offered the most memorable instance of the disposition of the people to take into their own hands the direct regulation of the affairs of the country, to dispense with the cumbrous and expensive intermediates of legislators and judges, and to attempt to preserve the purity of their religious faith, by an act of intolerance which would have added new trophies to the reign of a Mary, or to the zeal of the overheated disciples of Calvin. To an account and discussion of this last subject, we purpose to appropriate the remainder of this article.

The Order of Ursuline Nuns was first established in the year 1536, for the purposes of administering relief to the sick and afflicted, and of superintending the education of female youth. It takes its name from the foundress St. Ursula. So exemplary have been the character and deportment of its members, and so beneficial its services in the cause of education and Christian charity, that when other religious orders of females were abolished by many of the European governments, this was not only permitted, but sustained.

Unlike other religious orders, whose members, renouncing the pleasures with the duties of the world, devote themselves to seclusion avowedly religious, the Ursulines, by the rules of the order and their vows, are engaged in the service of humanity, which subjects them to public observation, and exposes their personal deportment and the character of their institution to the strictest scrutiny. Whatever jealousy or suspicion, therefore, might be generated towards religious orders shrouded in the obscurity which they cast about them and which separates them from the occupations, enjoyments, and sympathies of society, and removes them from the observation of civil officers and responsibility to the civil law, there could be no rational cause of enmity towards an institution whose members were openly engaged in the offices of charity, in the presence of the world; who might abandon their order at pleasure, and whose dwellings, generally filled with those who are not members of the community, are acces-

sible, at all times, to the relatives and friends of the numerous inmates.

An institution of this order was established at Boston in the year 1820, by Doctors Maignon and Cheverus, with funds given by a native citizen of that town. It consisted at first of four ladies, who emigrated to this country on the invitation of these highly respected clergymen. In the year 1826, they removed to Charlestown, and occupied a farm-house at the foot of Mount Benedict, until they had reared upon its summit a more suitable edifice, for the purposes of education, in which they were employed; and this edifice was completed in the year 1827. The reputation of their seminary became widely extended, and the number of their pupils, from New England, from the southern states, and from the British provinces, so rapidly increased, that, in the year 1829, it became necessary to add two large wings to the building, for their accommodation.

Thus, on a piece of land before rude and uncultivated, a large and ornamental pile was erected. The grounds surrounding it were laid out with surpassing regularity and beauty, in lawns and gardens, enriched with various fruits and redolent with flowers, amid which, in a remote corner, affection and piety had consecrated the last sad mansion of the hallowed dead.

The number of nuns dwelling in the institution varied at times from four to ten, each of whom held a distinct part in the economy of the household, or in the instruction of the pupils. A candidate for admission to this community, after a fixed period of probation, assumes the white veil, and enters upon a novitiate of two years, to obtain full experience of the discipline, duties, and principles of the order, and thence to determine on the propriety of joining it for life. During this period, no vows bind her to the order, and she is at liberty to withdraw at pleasure. But if she persevere, the black veil is taken, with the religious promise, which devotes her to the institution for life. Should she afterwards repent, and desire to return to the world, she would be restrained by no forcible means, and her right so to do is protected by the laws and is so understood by every member.

No penance or punishment is enforced or inflicted. Penance must be voluntarily performed, and always with the permission of the Superior, which can be obtained only when the applicant is in health.

The number of pupils in the convent has varied, during the last five years, from forty to sixty. They were for the most part children of reputable families in the country, of various religious denominations, (the number of Catholics never exceeding ten at one time,) and were wholly unrestrained in their communications with their friends.

No means were employed to influence their religious opinions.

Attendance upon the service of the chapel was voluntary. The only religious duties, forming part of the system, were morning and evening prayers, common to all Christians, and discourses by the bishop, on Sundays, upon the practical truths and religious observances which are peculiar to no sect. So prudent and reserved has been the conduct of the ladies and clergymen connected with this institution, that no pupil, placed under their charge for instruction, is known to have been converted from any other to the Catholic faith, or to have become a member of the community.

The discipline of the house toward the children was wholly parental, and produced the appropriate return of filial affection; and pupils and their parents have invariably united in testifying their confidence and respect towards the ladies of the establishment.

As the convent buildings were extensive, commodious, and remarkable for their architectural neatness, so they were furnished in a highly useful and ornamental style. The buildings were estimated to be worth from twenty to thirty thousand dollars, and the personal property which they contained, including that of the pupils, at about the same sum.

The annals of New England are stained with excesses of religious intolerance. But the spirit of persecution had been subjected, and it was supposed annihilated, by the influence of liberal philosophy and Christianity. The cradle of civil liberty had become the nursery of religious freedom. The strict orthodoxy of puritanism had long given way, and the sons of most intolerant trinitarian fathers had become the most liberal supporters of the most liberal systems of Christianity. In a Christian country public opinion could scarce be more tolerant; and the constitution and the laws made no distinction whatever in regard to religious sects. The city of Boston was the chosen seat of the virtues, the sciences, and the arts which embellish humanity. She had extended her benevolent hospitality to distinguished teachers of the Roman Catholic faith, and the communicants of the Catholic church might justly rely upon protection in their religious exercises.

If such were the just expectations of all who professed this faith, what ought to have been the hopes of its disciples, who were engaged in fulfilling the highest duties of humanity, whose lives were exclusively devoted to the instruction of youth and to the comfort of sick and distressed? They had come, not only to diffuse the blessings of liberal education and of Christian charity, but to improve the soil and embellish the country of their adoption. Surrounded by their good works, and cheered by the feelings which such works always inspire, they had all that confidence in continued prosperity which wise laws, impartially ad-

ministered, every where produce. But female malignity, male gossiping, fierce intolerance, and the love of rapine, were even in this enlightened community preparing for them the most unexpected reverses.

In the exercise of their charity the Ursuline nuns had received into their house a young female, who had expressed a desire to join their community. They had kindly undertaken to qualify her for the duties of the seminary, by six months' gratuitous tuition. Her novitiate was then to commence, should her inclination continue and the sisterhood deem her qualified. Before the expiration of that term, however, she was induced to depart from the convent, secretly, as she alleged, from having overheard a conversation between the bishop and the superior, in which it was proposed that she should be sent to the British provinces, and from the cruelties which she said had been inflicted in the form of penance upon a member of the community in her last illness, by which her life was shortened.

To this female were ascribed many reports deeply injurious to the reputation of the convent. But when examined, in relation to these rumours, she utterly disclaimed most of them; and, particularly, *all* affecting the moral purity of the members of the institution, or the ill treatment of the pupils under their care; confining her accusations to the severe penance prescribed to the nuns and noviciates, and to the cruelties which she alleged had been inflicted upon the sick sister above mentioned. Except in the last allegation, supposing that to be true, there existed no cause for public indignation. The other evils, if subsisting, were confined to those who voluntarily endured them, affecting neither the property nor happiness of other individuals, nor violating public morals nor the law.

But the Superior and Bishop Fenwick deny the conversation asserted to have been held between them, and aver that it was notorious to all in the house, that this young woman was not esteemed qualified to become a member of the community, but was to be dismissed, at the end of her probation; and the averment was corroborated by the testimony of the pupils. The allegation of cruelty towards the deceased nun, was disproved; not only by all the members of the community, including her two sisters by blood, who were with her during her sickness and at her death, but by Dr. Thompson, an eminent physician of Charlestown, who attended her. His written statement of the origin, nature, and progress of the disease, and manner of treatment under his direction, demonstrates that the tenderest care and solicitude were manifested for her comfort, and that the pains of sickness and death had all the alleviation which religious duty and sisterly affection could bestow.

Many of the representations made by this scandal-loving female

of the nature of the penances and restraints imposed in the convent, were also disproved by the testimony of all its present members, of former residents, novices or domestics, during the time when these abuses are alleged to have taken place.

These tales might have died away innoxious, even among the inquisitive and wondering minds of Charlestown, had not a singular incident given grounds and means for new misrepresentations, analogous to those which already prevailed.

A Miss Harrison, a native of Philadelphia, entered upon her noviciate in the convent in the year 1822, and became a member, in full communion, in 1824, after ample knowledge and experience of the principles and rules of the association, and the manners and dispositions of its members; and with the assent of some near male and female relatives, who resided in Boston, and who visited her at their pleasure.

She was the teacher of music in the seminary, and had, for some time before the 2d day of July, been engaged in giving fourteen lessons per day, of at least forty-five minutes each. By confinement and these arduous efforts, she had impaired her health and brought on nervous fever, which, on that day, increased to delirium. Under the influence of disease, and unconsciously to herself, she left the convent and proceeded to the house of a Mr. Edward Cutter, adjacent to the convent grounds, whence, at her request, she was carried to the residence of a Mr. Cutling in West Cambridge.

On the morning after her departure, her brother found her, restored to recollection, but greatly distressed and surprised at the step she had taken. He visited her again in the afternoon, bringing with him, at her request, Bishop Fenwick; and with them she gladly returned to the convent, where she was welcomed by her anxious friends, and remained until expelled in the manner we are about to describe, receiving from them every kindness and attention which her situation required.

The public mind, already much prejudiced against the institution, was further excited by the false rumours circulated relatively to this transaction. The flight of Miss Harrison was said to have been caused by ill treatment, her return to have been compulsory, and, it was even asserted, that she had died or been removed by violent means. The caterer, the reporter for the *Mercantile Journal*, with a disregard for consequences which cannot be too severely reprehended, fabricated, from these rumours, an alarming article relative to the convent and the lady, that spread wider and deeper the misapprehensions which already prevailed; which now became so current, and were so generally believed in Charlestown and the neighbouring places, that the selectmen of the former deemed it their duty to investigate the affair. Upon application to the Lady Superior, a time

of their own appointment was fixed by the Board, to visit the convent. On the 11th of August, at three o'clock in the afternoon, they, in a body, repaired thither, and were received by Miss Harrison, and by her alone were conducted throughout the establishment, from the cellars to the cupola which surmounted the main edifice, and were fully informed upon every subject into which they thought proper to inquire.

This examination was made with the most curious minuteness; doubtless in the expectation of finding secret dungeons, cords, whips, and racks, said to be used in the Inquisition, and supposed by the vulgar to be ordinary agents of Catholic power. But the result of the examination was entirely satisfactory to the selectmen. They were convinced "that every thing was right;" and they prepared a certificate to that effect, to be published in the papers of the following day.

But the sovereign people had already taken this matter into their own hands; not that people who are devoted to good order and the reign of the law, but that class who believe that their *will* is the paramount and the rightful substitute for all law, and whose indiscriminating justice punishes the suspected as if convicted of crime, by the mild reclaimants, devastation, rapine, and murder. With these wise legislators and learned judges, the events we have narrated were deemed proofs strong as holy writ, that the Ursuline community had committed crimes of the deepest dye; and they decreed, that the proper punishment was the forcible expulsion of the members from their dwelling, at the hazard of their lives; the razing of their habitation to the ground, and the waste of their beautiful plantations; that the proper season for execution was midnight, when the teachers and their nearly fifty infant pupils were wrapt in slumber, and that the proper executioner was the active and unsparing agent, fire.

For some time previous to the 11th of August, the destruction of the convent was the subject of frequent conversation and threats among the people; and on the day preceding, inflammatory bills, threatening the destruction of the convent, were posted in Charlestown and Boston. A conspiracy was formed, extending into the neighbouring towns, and embracing, there is but too much reason to believe, many persons who had so much regard for character as to conceal their participation, whilst they instigated the shameless populace to the grossest violations of law, justice, and humanity. Two weeks prior to the consummation of their crime, these subordinate agents met, at a school-house near the convent, to mature their plans and increase the number of the conspirators; they were probably induced to an earlier accomplishment of their purpose by the publication in the *Journal* to which we have alluded; by the knowledge that the selectmen had made their investigation; and the apprehension

that a publication of its result might, by allaying the public excitement, prevent its execution.

So openly was the purpose avowed and pursued, that highly respectable gentlemen, a counsellor at law, Mr. Thaxter, and a judge of probate, Mr. Fay, who had daughters at the institution, became alarmed for their safety, and proceeded on the evening of the 11th to the vicinity of the convent, to inquire further into the subject. Their fears were in a great measure allayed, by the information they obtained of the visit and design of the selectmen, and by the assurance from a neighbour, that no danger was then to be apprehended. Yet, at this moment, they saw and conversed with a portion of the conspirators from Boston and Charlestown, who had assembled in front of the convent, in prosecution of their fell purpose; and who, in no equivocal terms, avowed their design. But these gentlemen, observing their number then to be few, and confiding in the long established peaceful character of the general population, disregarded the public notice given by the handbills, the special personal notice which one of them had received, and the declarations of the conspirators, and returned home, without visiting the convent, and, of course, without taking their children from it.

The course pursued by these gentlemen having caused some surprise and comment, and produced doubts of the prudence or propriety of their proceedings—all which is to be ascribed to the imperfect reports of the evidence as given at the trials of the rioters—Judge Fay has made the following statement of the circumstances in the public journals.

"When I went with Mr. Thaxter to the Convent, on the evening of its destruction, I had heard nothing of any intended attack on it. Although, as I afterwards learned, such an intention was extensively known and talked of in my neighbourhood and elsewhere, yet the rumor had not reached me, until Mr. T. brought it from Watertown. I very naturally regarded it as an idle rumor, and as I, living in the vicinity, had not heard of it, Mr. T. very naturally fell into the same conclusion. We, however, determined to go over and inquire into the matter. On our way we stopped at Mr. Roney's, whose house is near the Convent. Mrs. R. informed us that her husband was with the Selectmen making up a report of the visit made by them that afternoon, which was perfectly satisfactory, and that he was expected back with it immediately. We then called on Mr. Edward Cutter, who gave us a history of his visit to the Convent of the Saturday previous, of the visit by himself, the Selectmen and other neighbours of that afternoon, and that all the suggestions and surmises against the Trulline Community, growing out of Mrs. Mary John's leaving it, were fully cleared up—that they were all satisfied, and that reports to this effect were to be immediately published. I had learned, the week before, from Mr. Roney, and that day, by a paragraph in the *Courier*, headed '*mysterious*' (a favorite title it seems) that there was some popular excitement arising from a supposed restraint upon the liberty of that lady; but as I knew from Mr. Roney and others, as well as from the character of the community, that there was not the slightest foundation for it—and as this was well known to all the pupils at the Convent, to her own relations and friends, to visitors, to Dr. Thompson and many others, I could not for a moment suspect that this excitement could lead to any disturbance. However that might be, the measures taken by the Selectmen and Mr. Cutter, seemed to leave not the slightest ground of complaint, even to the most determined enemies of the institution.

We could perceive no foundation to build a mob upon. Mr. Cutter also assured me, there was no danger to our children, and to our last inquiries, said, in the most positive manner, that he would guarantee their safety, and that we might go home and leave them, with the utmost confidence. Relieved by this information and these assurances, we left him on our return. I suggested, however, to Mr. T., that we had better return by Charlestown neck, which would carry us down the road by the Convent, to see if there were any indications of a mob. This was about half past eight o'clock. We saw nothing to attract attention until opposite the great gate of the avenue, where we saw four or five persons standing just within the gate-way, the gate being open. We stopped, I got out and went up to them. They appeared to be young men, or boys, standing there as if waiting for something. I made several inquiries of them individually, as to the purpose of their being there, to which one answered that he came along with the rest, another that he came to see what was going on, and two or three others that they came out in consequence of what they saw in the newspaper, alluding, as I understood, to the paragraph in the *Mercantile Journal and Courier*, headed 'Mysterious.' I then informed them that the statements in that paragraph were untrue, and that they had been fully inquired into by the Selectmen and others, and were found to be entirely groundless. I then remonstrated with them for being there, in pretty severe terms. At first they seemed shy and silent, but at length, being apparently irritated by the severity of my rebuke, two or three of them dropped some expressions of hostility against Catholics, against the Convent, and the Irish. One spoke of the Convent as a secret society, for which there was no law in this country. Many other things were said, but nothing indicating an intended attack on the Convent that night. On the contrary, Thursday night was mentioned as the time when 'they guessed the Convent would come down.' During this conversation, which was pretty loud on my part, a considerable number of persons had collected round, as if attracted by it. They appeared like people recently from work, and I supposed them to be labourers and rural others from the neighbouring houses. They appeared to be Irishmen only, with the exception of J. R. Buzzell, who was rather better than, and in a special manner to fight an Irishman, if he could find one. He, however, had little to say of the Convent, except that 'he had whipped their Irishman;—but they knew him well then, and would know more of him yet.' With respect to the night, they seemed to go to have assembled chiefly from curiosity, and although not friendly towards the Convent, were not there with any settled designs. They were neither dissatisfied nor riotous, during the ten or fifteen minutes while we remained there; nor were there probably more than fifteen or twenty persons when we came away. We had also heard from Mr. Cutter, that there had been a small collection of people near there, on evening or two previous, who were easily induced by him to disperse, and we supposed this collection was of the same sort, and would be easily dispersed. As we were strangers, and too well dressed to be respected by this sort of persons, we thought it best to go back to Mr. Cutter and let him know the state of things, not doubting that he, being well known in the neighbourhood, and a man of influence, would be able to satisfy them that there was no ground of complaint, or hostility against the Nunnery, and would prevail on them to go home. Mr. Cutter, at our request, promptly undertook to go and disperse them; nor did he express the slightest doubt of the result, but renewed his assurances that there was no danger to the inhabitants of Mount Benedict. We also knew that Mr. Rimey, one of the Selectmen, was constantly expected back with the report of that body; and that his indignation and influence, joined to Mr. Cutter's, could leave no pretence for any movements against the Convent, if any such were meditated. We also took it for granted, that the Selectmen, as they had deemed it necessary to examine into the cause of the public excitement, that very day, would take all such measures to protect the public peace, as well as private rights, as circumstances might require. As for then as we could discern, there was no ground to apprehend any disturbance from the people we saw there; and went home with the fullest persuasion that our children would be safe for that night. With the knowledge we then had, and under the circumstances thus detailed, I would ask any reasonable man, if we ought to have apprehended, or to have believed it possible, that such a violation of law, such an outrage on defenceless and unoffending females as disgraced that night, could have taken place in the midst of a population of eighty thousand inhabitants, having the reputation of a civilized, orderly,

and religious people? Let the case be considered as it was then presented to our view, without permitting the judgment to be biassed by the subsequent events, and I think no person, not unusually timid, would have seen any cause of alarm. Such is the explanation of the '*mysterious*' conduct of Mr. Thaxter and myself on that occasion!"

Thus, it appears, that soon after sunset, several persons assembled at the gate of the avenue leading from the road to the convent, and on being questioned as to the cause of their assemblage, gave evasive and impertinent answers. Immediate information of these circumstances was communicated to one or more of the selectmen, who replied, with the assurance that no danger could possibly be anticipated. These selectmen, one of the mob asserted, had been as violent as any one, but had been won over; and another of the mob undertook to declaim against secret societies, and the danger to which the country would be subjected should the Catholics get the upper hand, declaring they would crush their opponents to the ground."

Soon after nine o'clock, the rioters began to congregate in considerable numbers, arriving on foot and in wagons from different quarters. A party of about forty or fifty proceeded to the front of the building, using violent and threatening language; and when addressed by the lady superior, who expressed her desire to know their purpose, they replied, that they wished to enter and see the person alleged to be secreted: she answered, that their selectmen had that day visited the house, and could give them satisfactory information, and that any of them, calling on the next day, might see for themselves; and at the same time she remonstrated at this violation of the peace and of the repose of so many children of their most reputable citizens.

Shortly afterwards, the same or another party, with increased numbers, approached the convent, using still more threatening and much gross and indecent language. The lady superior again addressed them in terms of remonstrance and reproach, and demanded whether none of their selectmen were present. It was replied that one was there, *who had opened the gate for their admission*. This magistrate then came forward, and stated, that he was there for the purpose of defending her. She inquired whether he had procured the attendance of any other member of the board, and on being answered in the negative, replied, that she would not trust the establishment to his protection, and that if he came there to protect them, he should show his intention by dispersing the mob.

It seems that he did attempt to dissuade the rioters from their design, by stating to them the proceedings and opinions of the selectmen; but his assertions drew forth only expressions of distrust and insult. The mob continued upon the ground with much noise and tumult, and were in that state left by this magistrate,

who returned home, *and retired to bed*, under a conviction, as he says, that no injury would be done.

About this time, the mob called a council to determine their future proceedings. A ring was formed, and some one, on whom the remonstrances of the selectman had probably made an impression, proposed to postpone further operations until a time when they should be better organized and have greater force. But another swore that the convent should come down that night—that that was the time; and others proposed to build a fire and raise an alarm. This it seems was the concerted signal for assembling all concerned in the plot. Tar barrels were immediately brought forward, which had probably been prepared for the occasion, and with these and the ruins of the convent fences, which were deliberately torn down for the purpose, a large fire was kindled on land adjoining the convent grounds.

As the beacon flamed, the bells of Charlestown and Boston rung out, as for an alarm of fire. This was also a concerted signal; and great numbers of people arrived from all quarters. Upon this alarm, the magistrate, who had sought to sleep over the eventful night, arose, and proceeded to procure the attendance of others of the selectmen. In the mean time, several engines from Charlestown and Boston had arrived. One of the latter passing those of Charlestown, which had halted opposite the bonfire, entered the avenue leading to the convent, and was greeted by a shout from the rioters on the hill and among the shrubbery, many of whom seizing the rope, drew the engine to the front of the building. The attack was then instantly commenced, by the breaking of fences and the hurling of missiles against the windows and doors. Upon this the engine, by the order of its commander, was drawn to the road, where it remained during the night.

The governess of the institution, upon the first approach of the mob, in apprehension of their design, had directed the members of the community with their charge of forty-seven children to prepare for escape, by the garden; but when the mob had temporarily retired, she suffered them to seek repose. Upon the second return of the rioters, she gave orders for all the inmates of the convent to seek refuge in the summer house; but before they could all get from the dormitories, the destruction of the main edifice was commenced, and after the children, teachers, and domestics had effected their escape, the courageous protectress, having alone visited every room and chamber, to ascertain that none were left, herself retired to the same temporary shelter. But before she left the house the mob had entered it. At the time of the attack, there were within the convent forty-seven children and ten adults; one of the latter was ill of consumption, and her death was hastened by the alarm and exposure of the

night; another was suffering under convulsion fits; and the unhappy nun who had been the immediate cause of the excitement, was thrown by fear into raving delirium.

During these proceedings, the selectman, whom we have repeatedly mentioned, with one of his brethren, had arrived, and had entered the convent with the rioters, for the purpose, as they state, of assisting its inmates. The mob had now full possession of the house, and loud calls were made for torches and lights. One of the magistrates, upon this, told them, "*they had probably done enough; that if they stopped there they might escape, but if torches were brought in, they would certainly be detected.*" No effort, it seems, had been made by this worthy minister of the law, to prevent the entrance of the mob into the building; but when he had entered with them, he remonstrated against their proceedings, spoke of the visit of the selectmen, and informed them that there were fifty females in the house. One of the mob replied, "that no female should be injured, but that the cross, meaning one on the top of the building, should come down." The equivocal speech relative to detection was uttered, we are told, in the hopes of preventing conflagration—the speaker being shocked "at the idea of setting fire to a building of that magnitude in the night, and fifty females in it."

Three or four engine torches were then brought up from the road; the rioters burst into every room in the building; rifled every drawer, desk, and trunk—in one of which was a sum of money exceeding one thousand dollars, and in others many valuables; broke up and destroyed all the furniture and musical instruments, including four harps, valued at from three to four hundred dollars, and nine or ten pianos, worth about three hundred dollars each, and plate pertaining to the house and chapel service: even the little treasures of the children, abandoned in their flight, were plundered.

Having thus possessed themselves of all that they could use and conceal, the rioters deliberately prepared, at about one o'clock in the morning, to set fire to the edifice. For this purpose, broken furniture, books, curtains, and other combustibles, were collected in the centre of several of the rooms, and these self-created protectors of pure Christianity, as if in mockery of the God they professed to worship, cast the Bible, containing his holy word, upon the pile first kindled, with shouts of exultation; and as they fed the flames with the vestments of religious service and the ornaments of the altar, their shouts and yells were repeated: nor did they cease, until the cross was wrenched from its place, and cast into the flames, as the final triumph of their *hallowed* enterprise.

But the work of destruction was not stayed. The bishop's lodge in the garden was broken open; the valuable books and

pictures were scoffingly put to auction, or thrown from the windows, or into the flames, which had been communicated to that building also. Subsequently, the farm house was assaulted, by stones and clubs, upon the doors and windows, in order to ascertain whether any thing was to be dreaded from persons within. Finding it deserted, the torches were deliberately applied to that building; and unwilling that any portion of the establishment should escape their fury, these reformers, although day had broken, and three buildings were then in flames or reduced to ashes, in like manner devoted to destruction the extensive barn with its contents. Not satiated even with all this, they burst open the tomb in the garden, rifled it of the sacred vessels there deposited, wrested the plates from the coffins, and exposed to view the mouldering remains of the tenants.

Now, all this was done, not in a lone and deserted place, from whose obscurity the perpetrators might hope impunity, but in a populous suburb of one of the largest cities of North America, boasting its civilization, its religion, and its love for good order and the laws. Does the reader apprehend it? Can he realize it? Does his judgment not reprove his imagination for raising a horrid phantasm to delude it? Yet it is a sober reality; one of those triumphs of senseless passion over reason, and humanity, and honour, which history has too often to record.

"Nor is it the least humiliating feature," say the Boston Committee of inquiry upon this subject, "in this scene of cowardly and audacious violation of all that man ought to hold sacred and dear, that it was perpetrated in the presence of men vested with authority, and of multitudes of our fellow-citizens, while not one arm was lifted in the defence of helpless women and children, or in vindication of the violated laws of God and man. The spirit of violence, sacrilege, and plunder, reigned triumphant. Crime alone seemed to confer courage, while humanity, manhood, and patriotism, quailed or stood irresolute."

Fire companies, that were organized to combat and subdue the very evils which were raging before their eyes, were silent, inactive, regardless of their solemn pledges and their duty, or more basely converted into auxiliaries of the enemy. Sages vested with municipal authority stood by with folded arms, countenancing and encouraging, by their silence and inertness, if not by more decisive participation, the perpetration of the worst of crimes, and thousands of citizens incumbered the scene, who, if disposed to sustain the laws, could have at once arrested or driven away every rioter upon the mount. With these facts before us, it is scarce possible not to believe that far the great majority of the spectators were gratified with the sacrifice which was thus offered to the demon of popular misrule.

The only reason assigned why the mob was not arrested in its

carcer by the great multitudes which surrounded it, is confirmatory of our inference. It is supposed, that, from the omission of magisterial interference, doubt and mistrust existed, whether the work were not so sanctioned by public opinion, or the connivance of those in authority, that resistance would be hopeless.

The additional circumstances we are about to give, render it absolutely certain that the spirit of the persecuting puritans, which piously rejoiced in the incarceration, flagellation, and death of those who sought to live and think, independently, among them—that spirit which in Dudley exclaimed, “God forbid our love for the truth should be grown so old, that we should tolerate errors.—I die no libertine;”—which affirmed in Cotton, “better tolerate hypocrites and tares, than thorns and briars;” which, from the lips of Ward, pronounced “Polypietty to be the greatest impiety in the world, and to say that men ought to have liberty of conscience, is impious ignorance;” and which breathed through Norton at the sacred desk, “Religion admits of no eccentric motions;”—that spirit, which condemned, persecuted, and exiled the philosophic Roger Williams, for proclaiming universal religious toleration, and the separation of the church from the state—which drove him into the wilderness, where “for fourteen weeks he was sorely tost, in a bitter season, not knowing what bread or bed did mean;”—that intolerant spirit had been evoked from its long slumber of years, and like the spirit of Samuel, rising from the deep shades of Hades, it came with clouds upon its brow, and threatenings upon its lips, prophesying evil.

It was not enough that the dwelling of inoffensive females and children, reposing under the protection of the law, had been assaulted, plundered, and burned to the ground; that the terrified inmates, in the dead of night, had been driven from their beds into the fields; that this was done adjacent to one of the most populous towns of Massachusetts, in the midst of a multitude of spectators; but to deepen the horrid blot so that all the water of Lethe should not wash it from remembrance, the perpetrators were suffered to be engaged *seven hours* and more, in the work of destruction, exhibiting themselves in the glare of their own fearful fires, and were afterwards so far protected by public sympathy, that ordinary means could not avail for their detection; and when detected, juries could not be obtained who would subject them to the penalty of the law.

In corroboration of our views of the causes which induced this disgraceful outrage, we give another extract from the letter of Judge Fay to the public:—

“The error committed by Mr. Thaxter and myself, in leaving our children, that night, to the fury of the most heartless and brutal mob, that ever undertook to serve the cause of religion, arose, as most errors do, from ignorance;—ignorance of the state of popular opinion in this neighbourhood in relation to the Convent and the Catholics. We were not aware of the spirit of persecution that was abroad;—of the

shameless calumnies, that had been invented and industriously circulated in the vicinity;—of the honest belief, originating in that cause, entertained by the mass of the people, that the Nunnery at Charlestown was an immoral and corrupt place, where all sorts of vice and superstition were practised;—and that Protestant parents who sent their children there for instruction, were guilty of a heinous sin. Yet such do we now know was the fact. I have myself been told by a gentleman of very considerable standing and influence in our community, that, in his judgment, 'it was more disgraceful for a Protestant parent to have a child at that institution for education, than to have been concerned in destroying it.' This person is indeed a religious zealot of the '*strictest sect*,' but an honest man and good citizen; and I mention the circumstance only to show how the minds of persons, who were wholly ignorant of the Ursuline Community, had been imposed on by these alackaday standards. It also shows with how little charity or justice, religious prejudice allows one man to judge of the conduct of others. That all the stories which have been circulated through the country, calculated and designed to bring odium upon that community, are base fabrications, I take upon me to affirm. I do so, as well to vindicate the character of these injured and unoffending females, as to disabuse the minds of that portion of the public, who have been misled by these stories, but who are willing to be informed and to believe the truth. I am sorry to think, that there is another portion, whose ignorance, bigotry, or sectarian zeal, renders their understandings blind to all just reasoning, and shuts their hearts to the suggestions of Christian charity. To such I do not address myself. All who have had occasion to be acquainted with the Ursulines, as far as I know, without exception, have a very high opinion of their purity and rectitude, and have never given the least credit to any stories derogatory to them in those particulars. They have seen, or heard, no evidence of their truth, that could in the smallest degree prevail against their own knowledge. I have had children there for upwards of six years, and most cheerfully do I bear my testimony, whatever it may be worth, to the excellence of their character and conduct, as far as my opportunities for observation and inquiry have enabled me to judge. Since they were driven from Mount Benedict, I have taken no inconsiderable pains to ascertain the source of these calumnies, and the foundation, if any, on which they rested. I have fully satisfied myself of their utter falsehood, and I think I possess the means to satisfy any man, who has his reason and the disposition of doing the same fact.—But the stories, as I have heard them, which reflect on a few or less of these ladies, are in themselves either improbable, absurd, or ridiculous, to such a degree, that no educated, intelligent minds would give them credit, but even evidence that admitted of no question, or except 'God had sent them a strong delusion,' that they should believe a lie.

"If there be a single individual who will venture to contradict the truth of any stories, discreditable, in a moral view, to the inmates of Mount Benedict, as I have heard there is, that person will stand, not only unsupported by my own evidence, but will be contradicted, or I am much mistaken, by every person in or out of the Convent—Catholic or Protestant, who has had the means of knowing the truth. There must be traits of character, beyond the mere affectation of religious duty, to sustain such a witness.

"The causes which led to the destruction of the Convent—the circumstances attending the transaction—the difficulty of bringing the actors to justice, are fit subjects for the investigation of the philosophic historian. The extraordinary fact, that while John R. Buzzell, the New Hampshire brickmaker, recently accused, tried and acquitted, as one of the incendiaries, had his pockets filled with money, and received such other marks of popular sympathy and acknowledgment for his services and sufferings in the cause of true religion, as to demand of him a multitude of thanks, no minister or member of a Protestant society in the country, nor as far as I have heard, has ever proposed a contribution for the unfortunate Ursulines, who lost their all, by this flagrant violation of their rights. This is matter for your speech I wonder.—The time will come, I trust, when all these matters will be rightly understood. As to the state of popular feeling, which produced this catastrophe, if that be a mystery, a careful review of some of the religious journals of the day may in part explain it. On that point, I will take the liberty to refer you to a certain Miss Rebecca Theresa Reed, alias Rebecca Mary Agnes Theresa Reed, (as Goldsworth says, I love to give the whole name,) a Catholic Protestant as she termed herself in Court the other day.

who has been about Boston and the vicinity for the last two or three years, announcing herself as 'the humble instrument in the hands of Providence to destroy the institution at Mount Benedict.' As the great object of her pious labours has been accomplished, I doubt not she will be *proud* to inform you how she did it. It is possible that a book, which, it is rumored, she is about to publish relative to the Nunnery, may afford the desired information; but as there is reason to apprehend that the manuscript, which has been extensively read, may undergo considerable pruning and purgation to suit the views of the publisher, it is quite doubtful if you will be able to get the whole truth, or indeed any unvarnished truth, by reading it. I should therefore advise to apply directly to herself. If she be as obliging and communicative since, as she was before the achievement of the great work, I doubt not that you may be very much enlightened in all the remaining unexplained mysteries connected with a transaction, which has left an indelible stain on the character of this part of the country—exciting the grief of our friends and the pity of our enemies."

But, as in the days of its greatest power, this spirit of intolerance found enlightened and virtuous opponents, so now, the liberal and instructed citizens of Boston hastened to purge themselves of the iniquity which had entered their vicinage. On the 12th day of August, 1834, the day succeeding that on which the crime was perpetrated, a meeting was holden at Faneuil Hall, at which it was resolved—"that the attack upon the convent was a base and cowardly act, for which the perpetrators deserve the contempt and detestation of the community: that the destruction of property and danger of life caused thereby, calls loudly on all good citizens to express, individually and collectively, the abhorrence they feel of this high handed violation of the laws; that they, the Protestant citizens of Boston, pledge themselves, individually and collectively, to unite with their Catholic brethren in protecting their persons, their property, and their civil and religious rights; that the mayor and aldermen be requested to take all measures consistent with law, to carry the foregoing resolution into effect; and as citizens they tender their personal services to support the laws under the direction of the city authorities; and that the mayor nominate a committee from the citizens at large, to investigate the proceedings of the last night, and to adopt every suitable mode of bringing the authors and abettors of this outrage to justice."

The labours of the Committee appointed under the last resolution, after a session of fourteen days, resulted in an exposition of facts, from which much of the preceding narrative has been taken. By their efforts, united with those of the Charlestown Committee and magistrates, thirteen persons were arrested and committed; eight of whom were charged with offences of a capital nature. These, however, were but a small portion of the ignorant and worthless wretches, the agents of the more criminal conspirators who have not only escaped the vengeance of the law, but have been covered from public odium and the execration of all good citizens.

"It appeared," say the Boston Committee, "immediately upon commencing the investigation, that the destruction of the Convent might be attributed, primarily, to

a wide extended popular aversion, founded on a belief that the establishment was obnoxious to those imputations of cruelty, vice, and corruption, so generally credited of similar establishments in other countries, and was inconsistent with the principles of our national institutions, and in violation of the laws of the commonwealth. That this aversion, in the minds of many, had been fomented to hatred, by representations injurious to the moral reputation of the members of that community, attributing to them impurity of conduct, and excessive cruelties in their treatment of each other and of the pupils; and denunciatory of the institution, as hostile, in its character and influences, alike to the laws of God and man; and also, by reports that Miss Harrison, after having fled from the Convent to escape its persecutions, and then been induced, by the influence or threats of Bishop Fenwick, to return, had been put to death, or secretly imprisoned or removed, so that her friends could neither see nor obtain information concerning her. These assertions and reports were not only prevalent in this city and vicinity, but, the Committee have reason to believe, pervaded many distant parts of the commonwealth, and have extended into other states; affording a monitory lesson of the extent and excitability of public credulity, when in accordance with popular prejudice.

"It was doubtless under the influence of these feelings and impressions, that some of the conspirators were led to design the destruction of the Convent, and to avail themselves of the aid of those miscreants, who, actuated by the love of violence or the hope of plunder, were foremost in the perpetration of the outrage."

The Committee were not influenced in communicating the result of their inquiry, by any impression that the truth of the imputation, if established, would have constituted any *justification of the wrong*; believing, that, whatever might have been the character of the institution, or deportment of its members, they could give no sanction to this *high handed violation of the law*. Still less had they any disposition to aid in the dissemination of the Catholic faith, being unanimously opposed to its characteristic tenets. But having discovered the existence of the prepossessions so generally prevalent, and perceiving *how much they affected the disposition of those called to give testimony, and how often they were referred to as a palliation of the offence*, they felt bound, by regard for truth, by a just appreciation, as they hoped, of the candour of their fellow-citizens, and by a sense of justice to the injured, to make known the conclusions to which the evidence irresistibly led.

The views of the Committee were confirmed by the course and the results of the trials. The agents of the law found the *prepossessions* of the people an obstacle to justice at every step. Upon the trial of John R. Buzzell, for arson and burglary, the attorney general, James T. Austin, Esq., in summing up the case, deemed it necessary to address the jury in the following emphatic manner.

"According to the *theory* of our laws, reliance may be placed upon the integrity, the intelligence, and the immovable sense of justice of the men I address. *I have no wish to give utterance to a doubt on this subject*; but yet, I say, that you are upon your trial; and the more so, from the way you have been selected. The prisoner has only exercised a right that belongs to him, in selecting you as the individuals who are to try him; but in choosing two from Charlestown he has placed you in a very delicate and responsible situation. If, however, he calculates, gentlemen, on your possessing a bias, he is deceived—because you have all sworn that you have no bias. But it is difficult, sometimes, to separate from the mind preconceived notions,

however much we may wish to do so; and prejudices frequently influence our conduct, unconsciously to ourselves. Among the prejudices likely to operate in a case like the present, is that which relates to a capital trial. You have been told, that such is the responsibility resting upon a juror in a capital case, that it is often impossible for him to decide properly—as if a juror had anything to do but to decide upon the facts before him.

“Again, there is a prejudice existing in relation to the crime which he is accused of having committed. I have been shocked to hear some of the suggestions which have been thrown out in relation to the character of this crime. Is it a trifling offence? One which might have been decided upon and punished by a justice of the peace, or suffered to pass without any punishment at all? In my mind, any conclusion of this kind is erroneous. This transaction mites within itself every circumstance of wickedness, depravity, violence and brutality, that ever combined together in any one transaction, in the whole history of crime.

“It is arson, burglary, robbery, sacrilege and murder united; perpetrated, too, with the most shameless recklessness, and the most cruel wantonness of purpose—with the most fiendlike deliberation, with the most protracted and continued atrocity;—without the slightest motive that can in the least degree palliate this concentration of all detestable villainy—and with no excuse offered in the way of mitigation, which does not dye, in deeper guilt, the miscreants by whom it was com-

Few cases tried in a court of justice have been sustained more fully and clearly than was the indictment against Bözzelk. Credible witnesses testified to his declared determination to destroy the convent—to his presence at and activity in making the signal fire—to his forcible entry of the building, breaking the furniture, and kindling the conflagration. He was defended, strenuously, fiercely, by his counsel, who summoned to their aid the whole force of the prejudice which had caused the outrage; assailing the character and practices of the Ursuline community, and the principles and tendency of the Catholic faith, and dwelling on the propriety of checking their growth; and these efforts were successful. The prisoner was acquitted. The jury, after an absence of twenty hours, returned into court with a verdict of *Not Guilty*: which, we are told by a reporter of the trial, was received with thunders of applause by the audience; and Mr. Buzzel, being discharged from custody, retired from the court house, to the green in front of the building, where he received the congratulations of thousands of his overjoyed fellow-citizens.

Indictments were preferred against three others of the rioters, William Mason, Marvin Marcy Jr., and Sargent Blaisdell, and subsequently against some others. Proof was adduced, that Mason had fired one of the convent buildings, and confessed that he had carried away some pictures and plate, the latter of which was found in his possession; that Marcy had made an auction of the Bishop's books, and had thrown most of them into the fire—had been otherwise active in the destruction of the property, and had stolen a rosary; that Blaisdell had communicated fire to the buildings, and had thrown a carpet into the flames. The jury acquitted Mason and Blaisdell, and declaring themselves unable to agree

respecting Marcy, were discharged. He was subsequently indicted, with other individuals, and alone convicted.

Among the reprehensions of these judicial proceedings which have been heard from all parts of the country, some censures have been passed upon the conduct of the Chief Justice who presided at the trial, as partial and unfair. There was, perhaps, unnecessary latitude permitted in the evidence, so far as it related to the doctrines and practices of the Catholic church; but it should be noted that no objection was taken. When the counsel for the defence attempted to make the practices of the convent a substantive part of his case, and his course was opposed by the attorney general, the judge rejected the testimony.

We have read carefully the charge of the judge in Buzzell's case, and we see in it nothing but matter of commendation. The law is well applied to the case; the indictment is shown to be within its provisions, and the credit of the witnesses, and the force of the testimony, are left, as they should be, with the jury.

Whilst the trials were in progress, threats were uttered by the populace, of attacking and destroying the house in Roxbury, whither the Ursuline community had retired after the destruction of the establishment at Charlestown. Instructed by experience, the citizens did not delay exertion until another indelible stain was made upon their fame, but, by timely assemblage in town meeting, and due preparation for defence, they intimidated and deterred the populace from their wicked purpose.

One object committed to the consideration of the Boston Committee, was the expediency of raising funds for indemnifying the sufferers. The views of the Committee upon this subject are sound and philosophic, and are applicable, not only to Massachusetts and the present case, but to every other division of the country, and to every case in which one portion of the citizens become sufferers from the public and illegal violence of another.

They are of opinion, that the plainest principles of equity require remuneration to be made, but that indemnity derived from private contribution, does not so well comport with public justice, and would not constitute so entire and expressive a vindication of the majesty of the law, as would a compensation proceeding from the government. The propriety of this view becomes apparent, by recurrence to first principles. The very basis of political association, is the pledge which the whole society gives to every part, of absolute safety, in life, liberty, and property. That the pledge may be effectually redeemed, the magistrates are vested with authority to establish, and are supposed to possess, sufficient force for the prevention of popular riots and tumults, and all other offences against the peace and security of the citizen. This power of prevention may be devolved upon, and divided among particular districts, when the responsibility for public in-

juries may become local ; as is the case in the hundreds and counties of England—and might, perhaps, with great propriety, be established with us. But, if that authority be not supplied, or its means be defective in strength and organization, the fault rests with the legislative power, and consequently with the whole community ; and upon it the burden of indemnity should fall.

We will not suppose that the Committee were impelled to their conclusion, that an appeal to the *justice* of the state was necessary, because an appeal to the sympathy of the people would have been vain. Yet we apprehend, that the appeal to the latter would have been and will still be fruitless. We say, *will be*, because it may be made, inasmuch as there is yet no prospect of the state granting the indemnity. The recommendation of the measure seems to have been too unpopular to be assumed by the governor. The present session of the legislature was the appropriate time, and the recommendation his proper duty, and such were the topics of the message, that this subject more than once lay directly in his way. We are forced to believe, either that he feared to injure his popularity by broaching it ; or, what is worse, that he did not believe the sufferers to have a just claim for relief. The legislature may yet take up the subject. The public opinion of the world, of the enlightened and liberal world, if not of their state, requires it of them ; and it is indispensable to the preservation of that moral repute, which is the fairest and most valuable possession of communities as well as of individuals. But the auspices indicate that the *prepossessions*, as they are mildly termed, of the people, will prevent alike private contribution and public indemnification. Where repentance does not exist, voluntary atonement cannot be expected.

It would be unjust, not to note and commend the deportment of the Catholics, under injuries so gross and unprovoked. Some thousands of Irishmen of this faith resided in or about Boston ; men of that class, generally supposed ignorant, and unpractised in restraint, more prone to seek counsel of their passions than their judgment. Had they, in the effervescence of their indignation, sought revenge by returning to the lips of their persecutors the bitter cup which the latter presented—had they fired the churches and colleges, razed the dwellings, and pillaged the treasuries of the chief inhabitants, they would have had the miserable apology of their anger, so justly and highly excited. And they would have been more or less than men, had they been insensible to these injuries and insults. The violence of their first transports of indignation gave cause for serious apprehension. The military force was called out to protect the city, and the constabulary power, which the midnight tocsin could not rouse and array, was now every where active for the suppression of tumult.

But that display was not now requisite. The seasonable and judicious efforts of the good Bishop Fenwick, together with the sympathy of the Protestants, expressed in their public meetings in their several towns, allayed the ferment. The bishop sent priests to various points, where portions of his charge might assemble, to repress all disposition to violence, and to teach respect and submission to the law. He convoked a large assemblage at Boston, to which he read the truly Christian doctrines contained in the fifth chapter of Matthew, reprehensive of the retaliation of injuries. After painting the conduct of the incendiaries in appropriate colours, he asked, "What is to be done? Shall we say to our enemies, you have destroyed our buildings and we will destroy yours? No, my brethren, this is not the religion of Jesus Christ—this is not in accordance with the spirit of that blessed religion we all profess. Turn not a finger in your defence; there are those around you who will see justice done to you." These efforts were wholly successful, and the much dreaded, much vilified Catholic, set the brightest example of Christian forbearance.

Let it not be supposed that the writer of this Article is of that denomination of Christians. He has no religious fellowship with it; he is subject to no influences which could inflame his spirit or warp his judgment in the present case. All his *prejudices* bear against the doctrines and diffusion of what is called Popery. But he is a principled advocate of social order and organic law; of private justice and public equity; of equal rights and retribution in practice, and a common, effective protection of property and person. He cherishes, too, a particular interest in the honour of New England, and the example of northern conduct. In the foregoing narrative and reflections, nothing is exaggerated or set down in malice. Rhetoric could scarcely, indeed, render the transactions more odious. Yet much more might have been excusably or laudably tried, than it was consistent with our general disposition and aim to employ.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

Rombert: A Tale of Carolina. 2 vols. New York: 1835.

ABOUT nothing, as it seems to us, does a greater misapprehension prevail to a certain extent, than about the phrase "encouragement of national literature." It might be inferred, from the speculations which are lavished upon the subject, that its proper signification is the indiscriminate praise and patronage of every publication of American origin, no matter what its intrinsic value. But such is not the meaning which we attach to it. Is the mind of a gifted youth efficaciously nurtured, by allowing full scope to its eccentricities, irregularities and follies? Is a garden skillfully tended, by suffering the weeds which are generated by the fertility of the soil, to shoot up and multiply undisturbed, usurping the places of the useful and the ornamental plant, and eventually, perhaps, destroying the powers of nature in "the fruitful glebe or flower?" And can we ever hope to possess a national literature worthy of ourselves, by accepting every sickly or poisonous offspring of the mental fermentation which characterizes this epoch? We are not in the situation of a people striving with unaided strength to construct an intellectual monument—groping in the dark, and requiring every source of illumination however slight. Were such our condition, universal indulgence might, for a period, be of benefit; but under existing circumstances, we firmly believe that much more danger to the true interests of our literature, is to be apprehended from excessive tenderness, than severity; rank luxuriance being far more likely than scantiness, to become the prevalent evil. The pruning-knife must be constantly employed in lopping off pernicious excrescences, if we would preserve the tree in a healthy state. The tumors with which the human body is sometimes covered, are in some instances but the consequences of the strength of the system, of the rich blood which courses through the channels of life; but if their removal is neglected, they become the seeds of disease and of death. We believe, moreover, that the influence of criticism, at the present time, is vastly overrated—we doubt that the most chilling blast which a reviewer could blow from his icy lungs, could freeze the genial current of any writer's soul, especially one endowed with the vital principle in an eminent degree. True genius cannot be crushed by any such cause; on the contrary, it rises from the blast with redoubled vigour. The mind which can be overpowered by it, deserves to be so. The Lilliputian cords of injustice can never bind the strong man to the earth. Witness the instance of Lord Byron and the Edinburgh Review. We venture to affirm that the celebrated article in that journal, was the match which fired the train of the poet's genius—the circumstance which sprung his intellectual mine—and that in all probability he would have been guilty of many more "Hours of Idleness," before being aware of his real powers, had those in which he kindly wished the world to share, been graciously welcomed, or even indifferently treated. It must have been when under the influence of such a conviction, that he wrote this stanza:—

"The fire in the caverns of *Ætna* concealed,
Still mantles unseen in its secret recess,
Till at length in a volume terrific revealed,
No bounds can restrain it, no torrents repress."

We have made these remarks in consequence of having seen accusations preferred against this journal, of hostility to American literature; and although they have chiefly emanated from sources not worthy of notice, we have deemed it well to avail ourselves of the occasion to express our sentiments upon the subject. As far as we can discover, the ground of the charge is the circumstance of our not having been able to perceive the spirit of poetry in some "most tolerable and not to be endured" productions, in the shape of verse; and having dared to condemn a few novels, for faults which are far better calculated to injure our native literature, if allowed to exert their influence, than any efforts which we could make, if we were even actuated by all the bitterness of hostility with which we are reproached. We may affirm that scarcely a work of genuine merit has been issued from the American press, since the commencement of this journal, which has not received its full award of praise; but whilst we have lauded various authors, to whom it is both a duty and a pleasure to pay the tribute of our admiration for their talents, and our gratitude for the lustre they have shed upon the country—whilst, we say, we have eulogized such authors as these, we are nevertheless the enemies of native genius, because, forsooth, we have not coincided with the estimate which the precious poets (*sui disant*) we have alluded to, are modestly inclined to form of themselves, and have indicated the errors of a few compounders of fiction, whose works, whatever merit they possess, are obnoxious to the strongest censure, in several respects of paramount importance.

There is something sufficiently ludicrous in the commotion which these rhyming personages have endeavoured to excite, in consequence of our not being able to perceive the lustre which, as they affirm, is reflected by their effusions, and the manner in which they endeavour to identify their cause with that of American literature, or rather constitute those exquisite effusions the very nucleus of that literature. The learned professors who have published valuable works of erudition, the physicians with their well written treatises, the lawyers, whose publications are of such importance, the statesmen, whose admirable writings and speeches are collected into volumes, the authors of books of travel, of biographies, of historical, scientific, political and religious works, the writers of excellent fiction, the genuine poets—all are nothing in comparison with these buzzing flutterers around the base of Parnassus, and however much the former may be praised, it is no compensation for the detriment inflicted upon "American literature," by depreciating the latter! We must nevertheless be permitted to opine that our real claims to literary distinction, rest upon the persons whom we have indicated, and that so far from doing harm, we render an important service when we check any influence which the individuals of the other category might exert, fitted, as it is, to vitiate the public taste by creating a fondness for frivolous, trashy food, destructive of all appetite for substantial nourishment. It is only to be regretted that ocean is so often "into tempest wrought," in order to "waft a feather," and that the same ridiculously disproportionate swell is requisite sometimes for the purpose of "drowning a fly."

upon the good sense and good feeling of the community. It is indeed much more from the intolerance of opinion, which, we are afraid, prevails to a lamentable extent in our country, than from any other source, that injury is inflicted upon the cause

of native literature. When a writer knows that every sentiment which he utters, will subject him to a practical evidence of the dissent of those whose disapprobation it may meet, it requires a powerful resolution to escape the trammels which such knowledge is fitted to impose—an under current, unsuspected, perhaps, by himself, is set, of perilous influence upon his sincerity and impartiality, and unless he be constantly aided by the stronger power of an opposing rectitude and firmness of purpose, he degenerates into a mere trimmer and time-server, the sport of every shifting puff of the popular gale. If *independence* be not sustained by the public hand, it can accomplish nothing—it is a flower, which, if on it the baleful breath of party-spirit of any description be permitted to blow, must soon wither and die. Whilst, therefore, we shall follow the counsel of the great dramatist and philosopher,

“Not to stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers,”

we shall hope for that support, which in such an undertaking especially as ours, those only who are in the habit of “swearing by no masters,” have a right to expect. *Testimonium veritati, non amicitie reddas*, is an exhortation of Seneca, which should be the motto of every review.

If any branch of composition demands in an especial manner the extenuation of nothing, it is without question this of romance. Excellence here is indispensable; mediocrity is worse than useless. None other is so pregnant with peril to both the heart and the head of the reader; none exercises so extensive and predominant a sway; and unless works of this species result from a combination of virtue and genius, the perusal of them, to say the least, is a miserable waste of time. Too much scrupulousness can scarcely be exerted, particularly with respect to their influence upon morals. If the effect of the fiction be not the inculcation of truth, and truth of a character of which ignorance is not bliss, nothing should be permitted to rescue it from anathema. The cause of good morals is that of good taste. The latter cannot exist unconnected with the former. He who is incapable of appreciating moral truth, cannot long be competent to perceive that which, for the sake of contradistinction, may be termed intellectual. We are firmly convinced, that both are receiving material injury from the torrent of novels which comes unceasingly from the press, confounding the attributes of good and evil, sweeping away the landmarks of purity and sense, and deluging the public mind with the fondest waters of every species of corruption; and it behoves all who are in any way invested with the guardianship of literature and morals, to strain every nerve to arrest the destructive course of the flood.

We have never felt more disposed to commit a book to the flames, than whilst reading or trying to read this tale of Carolina. What object of utility or pleasure could the author have seriously deemed such a work fitted to accomplish? A more disgusting quagmire of absurdity and monstrosity, it has never been our misfortune to wade through; and if he fancies that he has placed fanaticism in the salutary odious light, which seems to have been his design, he is much mistaken in the fond belief. By endeavouring to do too much, he has done nothing for his purpose. He has completely failed, by aiming with that improvident ambition which “o’erleaps itself.” The horrors which he has piled one upon the other, doubtless with the idea that they would thus attain the elevation of the sublime, throw such an aspect of ridiculous and revolting improbability upon the entire narrative, as completely to frustrate its object. Fanaticism might without question produce effects even more horrible, if possible, than those which are here attempted

to be displayed; but to render them credible, a very different course must be pursued from that of the present writer—*quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi*, is a line which might have been made expressly for his picture. He seems himself to have obtained some faint glimpse of the extravagance of his efforts, and takes several opportunities to assure his readers that he does not transgress the bounds of fact, quoting from the history of Carolina, certificates, as it were, of some of the most atrocious of his incidents as well as of the groundwork of his story. Such, however, being the case, he has contrived to divest truth, in a most efficacious style, of every thing like probability, we had almost said possibility. *That le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable*, is abundantly testified by his pages. Truths, indeed, of the description of those which he has employed, are altogether unfit to be dragged before the public gaze in their naked hideousness. “*Si j'avois la main pleine de vérités*,” said the circumspect Frenchman; “*je me garderois bien de l'ouvrir*,” and in an especial manner is the remark applicable to such truths as these.

From the preface, in which not an ill written outline of the early history of Carolina is given, we were induced to expect a work which would furnish something like an interesting picture of the region and the people amid which the scene is laid. A fine field was open in the political situation of the colony at the period selected, when the volcano which was soon to burst forth to the destruction of oppression and despotism, was beginning its portentous throes; and in connexion with it the miserable religious delusions, which then prevailed to a certain extent, might have been turned to signal account. They could have been rendered an impressive and effective shade to a picture at once replete with instruction and interest; but as we have already intimated, nothing is offered but an intolerable series of the operations of the grossest hypocrisy and the most stupid fanaticism. Before we had proceeded very far in the perusal of the work, it appeared to us that we had fallen upon an egregious subject for ridicule, but the second volume convinced us it was beyond even that. From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step—how many steps are there from the ridiculous to the disgusting? Such a pretty villain as the hero, was scarcely ever before conceived by a brain the most prolific of monsters. The author's own description of him is too delectable to be omitted. “*There were four predominant vices in the character of Peter Rombert—the first was an inordinate self-conceit, the second, an avarice that coveted but to squander; the third, a base sensuality, as untameable as it was brutal; and the fourth, a craving ambition, so restless and insatiable, that half the time it knew not for what it strove—his hypocrisy was subservient to all these; and had it not been for the uncontrollable nature of his temper, he would have been a still more dangerous man; but Providence never intended that man should be perfect in any thing, and least of all in villany.*” A pleasant companion, certainly, this *almost faultless* monster, to be associated with for the space of two mortal volumes of more than two hundred and fifty pages each! We are, however, not restricted entirely to the company of this agreeable gentleman, as a number of very angelic beings are brought into communion with him, in order that he may be enabled to exercise his commendable qualities upon them in a characteristic way, which he unquestionably does “*with a vengeance.*” But we have no room to go into any account of his edifying career, even if we had the inclination. We do not, we confess, apprehend much danger from the work, as nothing but the dogged resolution of a reviewer, determined to see the affair to an end for the purposes of his vocation, could enable any one to resist the temptation of treating it in the manner we indicated in the outset. It is almost as dull as it is reprehensible, the story being clumsily wrought; the interest, if over excited, rarely sustained; and the characters for the most part awakening no

sympathy whatever. Against all such productions we enter our most earnest protest: and were it for no other object than to prevent their spread, and arrest the injury which they are calculated to produce, we would beseech the Coopers, the Irvings, the Birds, the Sedgwicks, the Pauldings, not to allow their pens to be idle. Weeds will grow if flowers do not occupy the soil. That the work in question gives occasional signs of talent, cannot be denied; and if the author would exert it in a reputable manner, we should rejoice to bear our humble testimony to his success.

Rookwood: A Romance. By W. Harrison Ainsworth. From the Second London Edition. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 412. Philadelphia: 1834.

MR. AINSWORTH, who, we understand, is a writer of melo-dramas for the London stage, has thought proper to present the world with a fiction, which appears to bear nearly the same relation to a regular novel, that a melo-drama bears to a regular play. As an apology for the abundance of stage effect, and the utter disregard of probability which his work displays, he has termed it a romance. He tells us, in his preface to the second edition, that "a romance was evidently wanted, and that the public were ready to receive the first that appeared with open arms"—and thus he accounts for the sale of his first edition. We may be able, in the sequel, to assign some other reasons for that remarkable phenomenon.

The public, at least the American portion of it, are, no doubt, ever ready to bestow the meed of praise upon any composition, in which a proper choice of the field, and a masterly execution in every respect, shall vindicate a claim to the respectable name of romance. The recent success of one of our own writers in this department of fiction, has settled that point. But the readers of the English language—those who have assigned their respective niches in the Temple of Fame to Scott, Edgeworth, Irving, and Cooper, will undoubtedly refuse to the writer of "Rookwood," elated though he may be with his ephemeral success, any other title than that of a maker of flashy melo-dramas, even although he may print each of his meretricious productions in three volumes and call it a romance.

The story of "Rookwood" is constructed with that utter disregard of probability—that sublime contempt of human motives and impulses—that magical annihilation of the difficulties of time, space, and stubborn matter, which are no where else to be found, except in the Arabian Tales, or the marvellous narratives so happily ridiculed in Don Quixote. The descriptions have something of the gloom and extravagance of Radcliffe, without any of her wild beauty and touching repose—and the characters are for the most part monstrous, from the circumstance of their being composed of traits which cannot possibly co-exist.

We have too much regard for our readers, to inflict upon them an outline of the story; but to satisfy them of the truth of our assertions, we will give them a specimen of the incidents, the description, and the characters.

We will take for example the incidents of a few hours.

Luke Bradley, a youth who has been brought up in a camp of gipseys, has suddenly acquired the knowledge that he is the eldest son of the deceased Sir Piers Rookwood, and is consequently heir to the estates of his late father, under the title of Sir Luke Rookwood. Having just escaped from imprisonment in his own house, he is riding on horseback to a gipsy encampment, to visit young Sybil, a girl of the tribe, whom he ardently loves, and to whom he has long been betrothed. His grandfather, a disguised Rookwood, who has long been the sexton of the family, is

which he will sell the important document to Luke. On their arrival there, Sybil declines to marry Luke, from the wise reasons which have occurred to her as well as the old sexton, but at the same time forbids him to marry Eleanor. She then goes to her grandmother, Barbara, the queen of the gipseys, and discusses with her a mysterious prophecy of Barbara's, which requires a Rookwood to marry a Rookwood, in order to enjoy peacefully the estates; and the old woman requires Sybil to assist her in a very feasible scheme, to marry Luke to Eleanor, murder Eleanor, then marry him to the said Sybil, and so fulfil the prophecy and enjoy the estates peaceably and respectably. In this wise scheme the author undertakes to assist, to a certain extent; and it is marvellous to see with what dexterity he pulls the wires of his puppet characters, in order to accomplish his purpose. He makes Dick Turpin leave the camp just long enough to intercept Eleanor and her mother on their way from the funeral of Sir Piers (whither an inscrutable impulse and the will of the author had sent them), and bring them, together with a priest conveniently present, to the encampment. They are conducted into an old priory, very commodiously fitted up for the author's purposes with a subterraneous chapel and secret passages. Here the plot thickens with a vengeance. Old Barbara is ready with her band of gipseys, who surround the priory and prevent all egress. The first thing the old queen of the gipseys does, is to give the fainting Eleanor a love philtre to make her love Luke (she being the betrothed spouse of Ramph, Luke's younger brother). Spirit of Scott! a love philtre! to accomplish the purposes of a novelist in this enlightened nineteenth century! The girl takes it and consents to marry Luke.

But it is the author's design that she shall not quite marry him. Who shall prevent it? Tax thy invention to the utmost, reader, thou wilt never guess. This consummation is to be prevented by no other than Sybil, the gipsy girl, who will thus defeat all her wise grandmother's schemes for her advancement. Sybil comes in, falls in love with Eleanor, and determines to save her. After a tissue of extravagant incidents, which it would be tedious to follow, the parties descend into a subterraneous chapel, to perform the marriage ceremony. When it is begun, their only torch is extinguished, and, in the dark, Sybil substitutes her hand for Eleanor's, and is married to Luke. The old queen, somewhat embarrassed on discovering this *contre temps*, commands Sybil to poison Eleanor. They go into a convenient subterranean recess for this purpose; but here Sybil exacts an oath from Eleanor that she *will marry Luke*, and then poisons herself!!!

The incidents of this stirring day are wound up, in the true melo-dramatic style, with a general battle between the retainers of the Rookwood family, and the whole tribe of the gipseys.

We think our readers will be satisfied with this specimen of the incidents. It may well be inquired whether the literary world has declined to such a state of Vandalism as to tolerate such trash as this. Shall a writer of fiction be allowed to save himself all the trouble of supplying probable motives and feelings to his characters? Shall he be allowed to annihilate all the probabilities of time, place, and action? Shall he use impossible instruments—love philtres, omnipotent old women, and disinterested highwaymen? Genius of *true* romance forbid!

We may now furnish a specimen of the author's descriptive powers. This of course must be done in his own words; and that we may not be accused of injustice, we will quote from a pet chapter—the last—the one with which he caps the climax; and at the end of which he drops the curtain, expecting, no doubt, his nine rounds of rapturous applause.

"The footsteps drew near to the mouth of the vault—it was upon the stairs—Alan stepped forward to greet, as he supposed, his grandson, but started back in astonishment and dismay, as he encountered, in his stead, Lady Rookwood. Alan retreated, while the Lady advanced, swinging the iron door after her, which closed with a tremendous clang. Approaching the statue of the first Sir Ranulph, she paused, and Alan then remarked the singular and terrible expression of her eyes, which appeared to be fixed upon the statue, or upon some invisible object near it. There was something in her whole attitude and manner, calculated to impress the deepest terror on the beholder. And Alan gazed upon her with an awe which momentarily increased. Lady Rookwood's bearing was as proud and erect as we have formerly described it to have been—her brow was as haughtily bent—her chiselled lip as disdainfully curled, but the staring, changeless eye, and the deep-heaved sob, which occasionally escaped her, betrayed how much she was under the influence of mortal terror. Alan watched her in amazement. He knew not how the scene was likely to terminate, nor what could have induced her to visit this ghostly spot, at such an hour, and alone; but he resolved to abide the issue in silence—profound as her own. After a time, however, his impatience got the better of his fears and scruples, and he spoke.

'What doth Lady Rookwood in the abode of the dead?' asked he, at length.

"She started at the sound of his voice, but still kept her eye fixed upon the vacancy.

'Hast thou not beckoned me hither, and am I not come?' returned she, in a hollow tone. 'And now thou asketh wherfore I am here. I am here, because, as in thy life I feared thee not, neither in death do I fear thee—I am here because—'

'What seest thou?' interrupted Peter, with ill-suppressed terror.

'What see I—ha—ha—' shouted Lady Rookwood, amidst discordant laughter—that which might appal a heart less stout than mine—a figure anguish writhen, with veins that glow as with a subtle and consuming flame. A substance yet a shadow, in thy living likeness—ha—frown if thou wilt, I can return thy glances—'

'Where dost thou see this vision?' demanded Alan.

'Where?' echoed Lady Rookwood, becoming for the first time sensible of the presence of a stranger. 'Ha—who art thou that questionest me?—what art thou?—speak!'

'No matter who or what I am,' returned Alan,—'I ask thee what thou dost behold.'

'Canst thou see nothing?'

'Nothing,' replied Alan.

'Thou didst know Sir Piers Rookwood?'

'Is it he?' asked Alan, drawing near her.

'It is he,' replied Lady Rookwood; 'I have followed him hither, and I will follow him whithersoever he leads me, were it to——'

'What doth he now?' asked Alan, 'seest thou him still?'

'The figure points to that sarcophagus,' returned Lady Rookwood. 'Canst raise up the lid?'

'No,' replied Alan, 'my strength will not avail to lift it.'

'Yet let the trial be made,' said Lady Rookwood; 'the figure points there still—my own arm shall aid thee.'

"Alan watched her in dumb wonder. She advanced towards the marble monument, and beckoned him to follow. Reluctantly did he comply. Without any expectation of being able to move the ponderous lid of the sarcophagus, at Lady Rookwood's renewed request, he applied himself to raise it. What was his surprise, when, beneath their united efforts, he found the ponderous slab slowly revolve upon its vast hinges, and with little further difficulty, it was completely elevated; though it still required the exertion of all Alan's strength to prop it open, and prevent its falling back.

'What doth it contain?' asked Lady Rookwood.

'A warrior's ashes,' returned Alan.

'There is a rusty dagger upon a fold of faded linen,' cried Lady Rookwood, holding down the lid.

'It is the weapon with which the first dame of the house of Rookwood was stabbed,' said Alan, with a grim smile,

"Which whoso claspeth in the tomb,
Shall clutch until the hour of doom."

'So saith the rhyme.—Have you seen enough?'

'No,' said Lady Rookwood, precipitating herself into the marble coffin. 'That weapon shall be mine.'

'Come forth—come forth,' cried Alan. 'My arm trembles—I cannot support the lid.'

'I will have it though I grasp it to eternity,' shrieked Lady Rookwood, vainly endeavouring to wrest away the dagger, which was fastened, together with the linen upon which it lay, by some adhesive substance to the bottom of the shell.

"At this moment, Alan Rookwood happened to cast his eye upward, and he then beheld what filled him with new terror. The axe of the sable statue was poised above its head, as in the act to strike him. Some secret machinery, it was evident, existed between the sarcophagus lid and this mysterious image—but in the first impulse of his alarm, Alan abandoned his hold of the slab, and it sunk slowly downwards. He uttered a loud cry as it moved. Lady Rookwood heard this cry—she raised herself at the same moment—the dagger was in her hand—she pressed against the lid, but its downward force was too great to be withstood—the light was within the sarcophagus, and Alan could discern her features; the expression was terrible; she uttered one shriek—and the lid closed forever!

"Alan was in total darkness. The light had been enclosed with Lady Rookwood. There was something so horrible in her probable fate, that even *he* shuddered as he thought upon it. Exerting all his remaining strength, he essayed to raise the lid, but now it was more firmly closed than ever. It defied all his power. Once, for an instant, he fancied that it yielded to his straining sinews, but it was only his hand that slid upon the surface of the marble. It was fixed—immoveable. The sides and lid rang with the strokes which the unfortunate Lady bestowed upon them with the dagger's point, but these were not long heard. Presently, all was still, the marble ceased to vibrate with her blows. Alan struck the lid with his knuckles, but no response was returned. All was silent."

We presume that this chapter is, with the patrons of that peculiar style of writing, a favourite specimen of the *intense*. We have seen a tolerably successful burlesque of the whole school of intense writers, which is much less extravagant than this affair of the sarcophagus; and if we had wished to convince our readers of the ridiculous folly of such writing, by means of that species of argument which is called the *reductio ad absurdum*, we could hardly have hit upon a better example for our purpose than the passage above quoted. Any analysis of the principles upon which it is written, or their adaptation to the intended effect, is wholly unnecessary.

We have promised to furnish a specimen of the author's characters. We must present a summary view of the leading ones, founded upon his own description, and the actions they are made to perform. Luke is a happy compound of the gipsy and the gentleman; the poltroon and the hero. He is magnanimous enough to rescue Lady Rookwood, his worst and most unscrupulous enemy, from robbers who are his best friends, at the same time that he is mean enough to desert his betrothed, and attempt to marry another by the use of mere force. He has passed all his life among gipseys, poachers, and robbers, and yet he expresses the most elevated sentiments and noblest aims. He loves and hates, fights and rescues, with the heartiest good will, in all directions, on the same day, according to the changes of the scene. Altogether he is a very *intense* character. But not so intense as Lady Rookwood. She

hates her husband with all her might; hates her husband's son, and tries to have him murdered; curses her own son, his intended wife, and all his kith and kin. She is represented as superior to all fear, and accordingly hears a host of robbers in her own chamber; but out of "mortal fear" she jumps into a stone coffin and is smothered to death. Lady Macbeth and Lady Ashton are quite tame characters in comparison with this female fiend. Indeed Shakspeare and Scott seem to have had no idea of the *intense*, as it is now understood, and their admirers can hardly be expected to relish anything so highly wrought. Mr. Ainsworth and his school will probably become standard authors at precisely that period of literary history when Shakspeare and Scott will be forgotten. Dick Turpin, the highwayman, is in some respects an imitation of Paul Clifford. But, in the gentlemanly qualities of jockeyship and generosity, he out-Cliffords Clifford. He risks his neck to get Luke out of confinement, at the very time when he has on hand the important business of robbing Rookwood House; refuses to sell Lady Rookwood the marriage certificate for a great sum of money; rides his favourite horse to death to reach Yorkshire, for the purpose of eluding a constable, and presenting the certificate, with a thousand pounds in money, to Luke, &c., &c. He is the beau ideal of that fine moral character, a gentled highwayman.

Ranulph Rookwood, the *hero* of the story, according to the usual acceptation of novel writers, is remarkable for nothing but seeing a ghost. He, and Eleanor who is the heroine, and her mother, Mrs. Mowbray, are entirely passive characters. They are moved hither and thither by the circumstances of the plot; and merely answer the purpose of receiving the good fortune which, according to the rules of poetical justice, is duly awarded at the close of the story. The gipsy queen, Barbara, is a sorry imitation of Meg Merrilies, without any of Meg's virtue or loyalty. She has unlimited power over the gipseys, and inexhaustible wealth at her command; but the author, with his usual consistency, has her robbed by those very gipseys, and cast out to die of starvation under a gallows. The subordinate characters, fortune tellers, mountebanks, pickpockets, highwaymen, &c., are very numerous. Their personal appearance and actions are dilated on in the true Paul Clifford style. Their revels are described with great gusto, and their songs, ceremonies, and slang, occupy no small portion of the volumes.

We should not have troubled our readers with any notice of this work, but from our desire to avail ourselves of the opportunity which it affords, of setting a mark of reprobation upon certain vices of imaginative literature of which it affords a fair specimen. Fiction is becoming every day more popular and more extensive in its range. It is consequently acquiring a power which cannot fail to be effectively and widely exerted for good or for evil. It is, therefore, the imperative duty of the censors of literature to exert whatever influence they may possess, in restoring it to that elevated moral and intellectual rank to which it was recently raised by the greatest genius of our age; and from which, we fear, it is, in Britain at least, too rapidly declining.

It is said, that "*Rookwood*" has met with considerable success in London. We are not surprised at this. It possesses qualities which are very likely to captivate the fancy of a pretty extensive class of readers. The style, taking this word in the limited acceptation, possesses a degree of vigour, and even when this vigour is exaggerated into *intensity*, there are many readers who are not able to perceive that the author has taken the step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Another circumstance has no doubt increased its popularity in London. The whole of the fourth book is devoted to the description of an impossible ride of Dick Turpin from London to York, performed on one horse in twelve hours. It is impossible to deny that this

is a splendid piece of exaggeration. It is nearly free from the author's prevailing faults, and has unquestionably recommended the book to the whole sporting class of English gentry. The man who could write such a description should devote his talents to some better purpose than the concoction of melo dramatic novels.

Poems. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. 12mo. Key & Biddle: 1834. pp. 288.

Mrs. SIGOURNEY is the most successful of our female writers in verse; and she has fairly earned this distinction by devoting to the cultivation of the divine art the leisure moments of many years. Her fugitive pieces have been quietly and unostentatiously submitted to the public through various periodical journals, magazines, and annuals; and have uniformly received the meed of praise. They are now collected and published in a very neat volume; and in this form, afford us an opportunity of judging, more fairly than we have hitherto been enabled to do, of the distinctive character and extent of her poetical powers.

In one respect her effusions are undoubtedly to be classed with those of Mrs. Hemans.—They are all the offspring of feeling, pure, exalted religious feeling—a sentiment which invests all the scenes of nature, all the ways of providence, and all the vicissitudes of human life with a bright atmosphere of moral beauty. Every subject that she handles is made to feel the potent alchymy of religious thought—and every thing that she touches she adorns. The mountain, the river, the cloud, the field of battle, and the tranquil fireside circle are all viewed through the clear medium of Christian philosophy, and their moral features are delineated with a steady and unerring hand. Her forte seems to lie in domestic scenes. These afford a proper field for the display of that characteristic which, if we mistake not, constitutes the principal charm of her poetry—tenderness.

We will present our readers with a specimen of her powers in this way.

“THE LOST DARLING.

“She was my idol. Night and day to scan
The fine expansion of her form, and mark
The unfading mind like vernal rose-bud start
To sudden beauty, was my chief delight.
To find her fairy foot-steps follow me,
Her hand upon my garments, or her lip
Long sealed to mine, and in the watch of night
The quiet breath of innocence to feel
Soft on my cheek, was such a full content
Of happiness, as none but mothers know.

Her voice was like some tiny harp that yields
To the slight fingered breeze, and as it held
Brief converse with her doll, or playful soothed
The moaning kitten, or with patient care
Comed o’er the alphabet—but most of all
Its tender cadence in her evening prayer
Thrilled on the ear like some ethereal tone
Heard in sweet dreams.

But now alone I sit,
Musing of her, and dew with mournful tears
Her little robes, that once with woman’s pride
I wrought, as if there were a need to deck
What God had made so beautiful. I start,
Half-fancying from her empty crib there comes
A restless sound, and breathe the accustomed words
‘Hush! Hush thee, dearest.’ Then I bend and weep—

As though it were a sin to speak to one
Whose home is with the angels.

(Gone to God!)

And yet I wish I had not seen the pang
That wrung her features, nor the ghastly white
Settling around her lips. I would that Heaven
Had taken its own, like some transplanted flower,
Blooming in all its freshness.

(Gone to God!)

Be still my heart! what could a mother's prayer,
In all the wildest ecstasy of hope,
Ask for its darling like the bliss of heaven?"

Her descriptions of natural scenery are highly graphic, at the same time that they are chaste in diction, and richly melodious in rhythm and measure. The poem entitled *Connecticut River*, which is rather too long for quotation, will afford a sufficient justification of this opinion. We will present a little domestic picture, touched with all the delicacy of one of Claude's landscapes or Van Huissem's flower pieces.

"A COTTAGE SCENE.

"I saw a cradle at a cottage door,
Where the fair mother with her cheerful wheel
Carolled so sweet a song, that the young bird,
Which timid near the threshold sought for seeds,
Paused on his lifted foot, and raised his head,
As if to listen. The rejoicing bees
Nestled in throngs amid the woodbine cups,
That o'er the lattice clustered. A clear stream
Came leaping from its sylvan height, and poured
Music upon the pebbles,—and the winds
Which gently 'mid the vernal branches played
Their idle freaks, brought showering blossoms down,
Surfacing earth with sweetness.

Sad I came

From weary commerce with the heartless world,
But when I felt upon my withered cheek
My mother Nature's breath,—and heard the tramp
Of those gay insects at their honeyed toil,
Shining like winged jewelry,—and drank
The healthful odour of the flowering trees
And bright-eyed violets;—but most of all,
When I beheld mild slumbering Innocence,
And on that young maternal brow the smile
Of those affections which do purify
And renovate the soul, I turned me back
In gladness, and with added strength to run
My weary race—lifting a thankful prayer
To *Him* who showed me some bright tints of Heaven
Here on the earth, that I might safer walk
And firmer combat sin, and surer rise
From earth to Heaven."

But Mrs. Sigourney's muse has not limited her to domestic scenes and descriptive effusions. Like Mrs. Hemans she occasionally presents us with a historical picture,—sketchy but striking—and always glowing with a pure religious light. The following we have chosen rather for its brevity than its superiority to others of the same class.

"COLUMBUS BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF SALAMANCA.

"St. Stephen's cloistered hall was proud
In learning's pomp that day,

For there a robed and sately crowd
 Pressed on in long array,
 A mariner with simple chart
 Confronts that conclave high,
 While strong ambition stirs his heart,
 And burning thoughts of wonder part
 From lip and sparkling eye.

"What hath he said! With frowning face,
 In whispered tones they speak,
 And lines upon their tablets trace,
 Which flush each ashen cheek;
 The Inquisition's mystic doom
 Sits on their brows severe,
 And bursting forth in visioned gloom,
 Sad heresy from burning tomb
 Grooms on the startled ear.

"'Courage, thou Genoese! Old Time
 Thy splendid dream shall crown,
 Yon Western hemisphere sublime,
 Where unshorn forests frown,
 The awful Andes' cloud-wrapt brow,
 The Indian hunter's bow,
 Bold streams untamed by helm or prow,
 And rocks of gold and diamonds there
 To thankless Spain shalt show.

"Courage, World-finder! Thou hast need!
 In Fates' unfolding scroll,
 Dark woes, and ingrate wrongs I read,
 That rack the noble soul.
 On! On! Creation's secrets probe,
 Then drink thy cup of scorn,
 And wrapped in fallen Caesar's robe,
 Sleep like that master of the globe,
 All glorious,—yet forlorn."

The only faults we feel disposed to find with these poems, are their brevity and a degree of carelessness in respect to the measure, which last defect, however, is but occasionally observable.

It is to be regretted that Mrs. Sigourney has not found time or inclination to task her powers in the composition of a poem of sufficient dignity and extent to bring them all into full development. Her mind is richly stored with beautiful images and lofty conceptions; her imagination is vigorous, but well disciplined; her powers of diction are of no ordinary character; and her moral sensibilities are such as to insure the sympathy of every enlightened and philanthropic mind. Would it not be well for her to abandon the too prevalent fashion of short effusions—choose a subject with her best judgment, exert upon it her best energies, and found upon one rich and finished poem her claims to that immortality to which the highest and purest minds have not deemed it unworthy their ambition to aspire?

The Princess: or the Beguine. By Lady Morgan, author of
 "O'Donnell," &c. Philadelphia: 1835.

FEMALE writers are supposed to have a claim on the peculiar indulgence of critics. In most cases this claim may have some foundation in justice. But if ever lady has placed herself beyond the reach of this indulgence, it is undoubtedly Lady

Morgan. Her subjects, style, and tone, are masculine. She enters the arena properly reserved for the contests of men, and challenges the opposition of the most active combatants. She abandons, to a very great extent, that delicate reserve which belongs to other writers of her sex, and scarcely ever presents herself in a character which can properly be denominated feminine. In the book before us, for example, she appears as a violent party politician. One of its leading objects is to vilify the high tory party of Britain, and it must be confessed that she succeeds in making them appear almost as heartless and unprincipled as—herself.

One thing in her present attempt we are ready to commend—she has not thought proper to call her book, on the title page, a novel. It certainly is no novel. It may be termed a guide book to the city of Brussels—or a series of dialogues on politics—or a series of portraits of living characters in Brussels—or a history of the revolution in Belgium—or a happy mixture of all these in an ill compacted frame-work of fiction—but neither in structure nor character has it any claims sufficient to entitle it to a place among works of pure fiction, or even among historical novels.

The fictitious characters of the work, taken collectively, are distinguished from those of any other story we at present recollect, by one remarkable feature which they possess in common, and this is utter heartlessness and want of virtue. There is scarcely a character in the whole set that is not grossly immoral—and the only variety among them consists in their different manners. All the subjects discussed in their conversations are treated with nearly the same degree of trifling heartlessness; and the only warmth or enthusiasm which appears in the work has its origin in party feeling, and breaks forth in the discussion of political and historical topics; if we except an occasional rapture on some Flemish picture or printer, which forcibly reminds one of what Fuseli characterizes as “the frigid ecstasies of German criticism.”

Even the Princess, the pet character, the standard of excellence to which one is ready to believe the author would gladly aspire, is represented as a heartless coquette, who in all sorts of disguises pursues a married man wherever he goes; seeks every opportunity for interesting his feelings; and when he is finally liberated from his wife, refuses to marry him. There is a sufficient variety of names in the different personages, from Laurence Fegan, the porter’s *lovern* turns, to Sir Frederick Mottram, the privy counsellor and patron of arts; but in a moral point of view they all come under the same category.

Lady Morgan praises the Belgians for their *nationality*—by which it may be presumed she means a desire to elevate and glorify their own country. What shall we say of *her* nationality, when we observe that every Irish character described in her book is vicious and contemptible. While she pursues such a course, whatever she may accomplish for the cause of radicalism in England, she will do little to raise the respectability of Ireland.

How different has been the course of Miss Edgeworth! How much has that excellent writer done for her country! What an immense amount of favour and sympathy for the Irish has been secured by her happy and just delineations of the virtuous and noble traits which belong to their character; as well as by her clear exposition of the circumstances by which their virtues and energies are rendered so lamentably unavailable!

We must be excused from examining this work of Lady Morgan in detail. Its moral deficiencies are such as to render the most cursory examination of the story an unpleasant and unprofitable task—although it must be acknowledged that this is a feature which it possesses in common with most of the English novels of high life. They are mere *novels of manners*—of manners too the most frigid and arti-

ficial that can be conceived—and therefore unworthy the pen of a delineator of human character.

For the rest—the book is a fair specimen of the author's powers; being marked with her usual faults and merits. The style is vigorous and masculine, replete with wit and reflection—but too often disfigured with frivolous quotations, ambitious flights, and epigrammatic conceits. The information about Belgium, its people, scenery, institutions, historical characters, and revolutions, is copious, and to one who is curious in such matters, interesting—and the political doctrines are very good, quite unexceptionable for her own party—though the abuse which she thinks proper to heap upon the English aristocracy is to be received with a very liberal allowance for her own feelings of envy and animosity.

Lady Morgan is no common writer. She possesses talents of a high order; with habits of opinion and composition which render them worse than useless. But she has been so often told in vain of her faults, that there is little hope of her amendment at this time of life. She might have been a philosophical teacher and moral benefactress of her race; but she “gave to party what was meant for mankind,” and she will probably be a politician, a pedant, and a mannerist, to the end of the chapter.

Trial and Triumphs; comprising the Convict's Daughter and the Convert's Daughter. 12mo. Philadelphia: 1834.

It is pleasant to read a well constructed story—one in which the parts are happily adjusted, the plot regularly developed, and the characters justly drawn and consistently supported. It is more especially pleasant at the present period when all sorts of pedantry, affectation, extravagance and vice are daily inflicted on a patient public in the shape of fiction—when tales of high life give us merely the conversations and intrigues of valets and milliners, under the titles of dukes and duchesses; and the drunken orgies of pickpockets and highwaymen are impudently displayed to the readers of polite literature, with no other apology than that they are pictures drawn from nature. *Nature!* Are the worst features of deformity impressed upon the human character by long continued and atrocious crimes, to be dignified with the name of natural traits? Shall the results of human vice and infirmity be confounded with the original and universal principles of the human constitution? Portraits of manners founded on the conventions of society or the refinements or arts of vice, can no more be called drawings from nature than those pictures can be so denominated which present us with the dresses and distortions of the human shape, which owe their existence solely to the caprice of fashion. Our recent novels, of very high and very low life, are equally destitute of truth and virtue; and they have nothing to do with nature but to vilify, disfigure, and caricature her fair creation.

The volume referred to at the head of this article is of a different character. It is written with a proper regard to the principles of morality as well as those of art; and its scope and tendency with regard to the best and dearest interests of mankind, are as little liable to objection as its literary execution.

It would seem by the dedication that the author, Mr. Richardson, has not appeared before the world, at least in this particular department of literature, until the present occasion. But these tales afford abundant evidence that he is a practised as well as an able writer. The stories are told with a simplicity, directness, and singleness of purpose, which some of our rambling writers of fiction would do well to imitate; and the author's disregard of embellishment, and sparing use of his abundant materials, evince that he had a higher object in view than the mere display of

his powers as a fine writer. Indeed, he seems rather to aim at the distinction of a forcible writer and faithful moralist than that of a splendid, dashing sentimentalist. His object is truth; and he shows that the most important and effective truths may be communicated by means of fiction. From the titles of his stories one would suppose that they were of a sectarian character. But there is nothing of this sort in them. The writer occupies the elevated ground of a Christian philosopher and philanthropist; and while no sect may claim him as its own, none can find reason to cavil at the character and tendency of his views. The satire, although applied immediately to those particular forms of folly and vice which present themselves in English society, admits of very general application. The fashion of running after new and remarkable preachers, merely for the purpose of being excited or amused by their extravagance, or with a view to criticise their performances as specimens of fine acting, is capitally hit off in the second story. This fashion, although at present very prevalent among certain classes in London, is by no means confined to that metropolis or to the present age. There are too many among us whose conversation would lead one to suppose that they consider a sermon as much an object of taste and criticism as a picture or a play; and there is good reason to suppose that the elegant and accomplished wits that adorned the court of Louis XIV. used to witness the splendid displays of pulpit eloquence by Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Massillon, and Flechier, with precisely the same feeling and purpose which directed their steps to the theatre when a tragedy of Racine or Corneille was to be brought out, or Moliere was expected to play in one of his own comedies. They expressed their hope as they went to the church or the play that the preacher or the actor might be in good voice that day; and when they came away, remarked with the characteristic indifference of *cognoscenti*, how well the performers in both places understood effect.

We have room but for one extract, which will furnish an average specimen of the author's style, and of his talent in the delineation of character.

"A more honest, simple, unambitious man than Matthias Hilher never lived. He was as steady as time, as regular as clock-work, as faithful as a shadow, as firm as a rock;—he knew nothing, he thought of nothing, he cared for nothing but the right performance of his duty; he was so intensely and heartily satisfied with the lot in which providence had placed him, that he had no more ambition to rise in the world than a sheep has to fly in the air; he knew his place, to which he adapted himself, as completely as a Hindoo confines himself to his caste; as for casting any covetous eye on wealth, or endeavoring to enrich himself at the expense of his employer, that was as far from his thoughts as the fust of August is from the foot of Westminster bridge—a distance, by the way, which has never yet been ascertained; a large fortune would have been of no more use to him than a pair of spectacles to an oyster; had he inherited the Thellusson property, he might have had a large establishment, but he himself would have filled no other situation in it than that of butler; he felt himself predestined to be a butler; and he was one who meddled not with them that are given to change; he would very willingly have broken his heart when his master died—but when he saw that his mistress neither wept, nor raved, nor tore her hair, he also adopted the same placidity, though not perhaps the same depth of grief; his person and his manners were conformable to his mental and intellectual habits; he was of that happy medium of stature which neither envies the tall nor despises the short; his look was one of quietness—a mild eye—a gentle mouth—and an expression as calm as that with which the silent moon looks down upon the sleeping world; his cheeks were unused to tears, and his eyes were not habituated to smiles; he did not know what there was in the world to laugh at or to cry for—all such emotions he regarded as digressions from the right line of life; and yet he was not without expression—for all that was in his heart was in his face, though that was not much;—he had no use for simulation or for dissimulation; he had nothing to conceal, and nothing to gain by pretence. He was at this time about fifty years of

age, and looked as if he had been fifty years old when he was born, and as if he could never be more than fifty, if he should live a century longer; his very dress had a look of the antique—you might have imagined that he was born in it, and that it would cleave to him through life as close as feathers to a bird."

We remark, by way of stricture, that the voluntary relinquishment of her property by Miss Henderson, and the refusal of the admiral's daughters to make any the least provision for their sister, are both highly improbable, though by no means unprecedented in real life. It might also be objected to the second story that the conclusion is too abrupt; and that the author has prodigally wasted materials for a whole volume of precisely the sort which he is best qualified to elaborate in the happiest manner. We might find other defects; but we are so well pleased with the general style and execution of the work, that we are by no means disposed to dwell upon its very inconsiderable faults. We would rather commend it to the notice of all who prefer nature, simplicity, and truth, to the extravagance and false taste in style, sentiment, and character, which abound in most of the recent English novels.

Journal of a Residence in China and the neighbouring countries, from 1829 to 1833, by David Abeel. New York: 1834. pp. 398.

THE little volume which is here given to the world, though the work of an amiable and accomplished author, will doubtless meet at many hands a cold reception, because it is the production of a missionary. At least we may infer this, from the frequency with which, even at this day, a strong disapprobation of foreign missions is expressed. Not a few among ourselves, professing a lively interest in the welfare of our race, will point to the ignorant and miserable portion of our own countrymen, to the rapid growth of our population, and to the many objects of compassion, less far beyond our boundaries, and insist on the inference that the support of distant missions is a misapplication of the means of benevolence.

Such objectors are not easily convinced, though you point them, in turn, to the origin and nature of true religion, and to the example of those first men who were the first and chosen ministers of the gospel. It is not conclusive, with them, that religion is a heaven-descended blessing, whose tenure is—"freely ye have received, freely give." It is not enough for them, that religion, as diffused by foreign missions, interferes with no citizenship, annuls no allegiance, is unchanged by time or space, and superior to all human authority. They are not satisfied that primitive Christianity recognised no exclusive claim of common country; that its field was the world; that its messengers pressed on from one centre of population to another great point of concourse, in utter disregard of political lines and geographical conversions. Those meriting missionaries, while they enforced every social relation and mutual duty, acted in this respect, on one command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature"—after one example—"I am among you as one that serveth." Paul, feeling himself a debtor to all men, yet left thousands unconverted at Ephesus and Corinth, and pushed on to Rome.

It may be harsh to say that these modern objectors to foreign missions, are entirely unfriendly to the extension of Christianity. This may be the case with many. Others, we may suppose, are led to a conclusion adverse to such missions, by impressions of prior religious duty to countrymen and neighbours, by vague ideas of the nearer claims of citizenship and propinquity. We do not hesitate to call this conclusion erroneous, because it is not content that these claims should be regarded as valid and paramount—it would make them exclusive also.

One moment's reflection, however, should be enough, in our circumstances, to re-

store every doubting, and yet candid mind, to a juster judgment on this subject. We are the citizens of a state, in which no differences of religious belief are a bar to preferment; no test acts obstruct the way to honour and office. With us there is no connexion between politics and worship; church and state are entirely separated; religion is not recognised as an aid to government. It is formally absolved from all allegiance to such incompetent authority, and sent back to take instructions from its author, and to render sole obedience to the same great object. And is it to be supposed, that religion must respect, and that exclusively, the only relation in which it is formally disregarded? That in the only case where its obligations bind no one, it must itself be bound? Is not this idea as foreign to the spirit of our government, as it is far from the genius of Christianity, to carry distinctions of nativity among those born of the spirit, and differences of country, where there is neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free.

This is not a theoretical, but rather a practical view of the subject. We call it a noble generosity to send aid to the Greek patriot, or to welcome the Polish exile. And is religion then, after being prohibited to commend a fellow citizen, to be forbidden next to speak compassion to a stranger? We recognise no bar, in citizenship, to general benevolence. We assign, to one needy stranger, a portion in our public domain; and is there any reason in conscience, why we should refuse to another still more necessitous, a portion in heaven?

Perhaps it would have more effect on these objectors, if we were further to show them an analogy, in the principle and operation of foreign missions, to the common laws and practices of nature and men around us.

Let us borrow one illustration from the Scriptures. 'There is a river whose streams make glad the Christian land in which we have our home. How shall its surplus waters be made to irrigate a wider surface:—what shall be the law of its overflow? Will it rise in one erect volume above its banks, on either side, and rolling back in an unbroken wave, cover every thing before it in a rectilinear course? Or will its waters, as they swell, penetrate every crevice in the riverside, flow up every ravine, wind along every vale, and cover wide and distant plains, while many eminences along its borders remain unmoistened by its tide? Is there no analogy here? Are not commerce, and other forms of intercourse, so many channels leading easily to very distant points; and do not the objectors to foreign missions, on account of their remoteness, disregard or deny all inequalities in the surface of the moral world, and reject the natural laws, which govern, as the flow of waters, the diffusion of the means of grace?

Again, we may compare the messenger of Christian benevolence to distant regions of the world, with the enterprising emigrant to our remote valleys in the west. Both seek alike the spots that promise the richest return to expenditure and effort, be they near or distant. The one chooses the soil which has the greatest natural fertility, and is nearest to a market. The other selects the seats of the most numerous and most accessible population. The labour of the one is rewarded, when he gathers in an abundant harvest. The other's increase is in bringing back immortal and erring minds to the knowledge of their Creator. Nor can we doubt about the comparative excellence of their employments, until we question whether the fruits of the earth, the cattle on a thousand hills, or his intelligent and imperishable creatures, are dearest to their Maker.

What then should we think of the wisdom of the order, were the emigrant required to cultivate every barren ridge and hollow valley of the Alleghanies, before he should be permitted to descend the stream of the Ohio, and to plant himself along the rich alluvions of the Wabash, the Green river, or the Illinois? Yet what else

than this, does the objector to foreign missions mean, when he insists that all the religious wants of our own, and every intervening, scattered population should be supplied, before the missionary shall visit the teeming cities and plains and rivers of the East? Certainly the objector denies the unequal moral capabilities of different societies of men, when he demands that an inverse ratio to the square of the distance, shall be taken as the unvarying law for the obligation of religious charity, and the productiveness of missionary aid.

Again, we may place side by side those who are contending for the triumphs of Christianity, and those who are fighting for the prize, with which ambition leads on its votaries to final disappointment, or delusive success. Here, also, the objectors to missions would have the Christian leader neglect great points of influence, and make the reduction of every obstinate and unimportant fortress in his rear, after the tactics of an old fashioned army, the preliminary of every advance.

The same parallel might be carried, with the same result, through all the operations of life. In all, we should find the light of intelligence striking on prominent, though distant objects, leaving the level in the shade, just as the rays of the sun glance on every eminence across a hemisphere, before they have penetrated the depths of the valleys, over which it rose. Besides, the objectors overlook entirely the common support of missions abroad and religion at home, as well as reaction of missionary exertion and success. They forget too, that if it be determined to limit benevolence to a term, and the question then be—who is our neighbour—the highest authority (Luke x. 37,) answers—you constitute even a needy alien such, when you show mercy on him.

We think the publication, the title of which is prefixed, contains enough to reward a reading by any one, and therefore we would gladly assist in removing the objections to foreign missions, by which its circulation will be impeded or repressed. We can testify, with all who have visited Eastern Asia, to the importance of that region of the world now, and to its promise of increasing interest and future greatness. Of course, the present work can contain no more than a few meagre notices, within its scanty limits. We must not expect a panorama of the East on a few feet of canvass. The outlines of the picture are so vast, that both the artist and the work will be the property of another generation, before they can be filled up to complete satisfaction and success.

Our author commences with his departure from New York for Canton, October 14th, 1829. We will now take up his narrative.

January 25th, (1830,) "Sandal-Wood Island was descried," the first land made in "the Eastern passage;" a route usually taken by vessels sailing in the autumn from Europe and America for China. This passage, commencing with Sandal-Wood Island and terminating with the outlet of Dampier Straits, affords the voyager a sight of a rich succession of islands.

"The large island of Timor," says he, "was one of those included within our view. Its forest trees, crowning a majestic bank, waved us a graceful invitation to their cooling shades."

Next were the Banda Islands. Farther east the valuable Arroo Islands, "abounding in delicious fruits and birds of rarest plumage." The large island of Booroo was next descried, "the genial soil of the Cajeput tree."

After leaving the Banda Sea, the Island of Amboyna came into view, "distinguished among all the spice settlements under European control, for the extent and beauty of its capital, the strength of its fortifications, and the proportionally large number of its professing Christians. It contains a population of forty to fifty thousand."

"We had the large island of Ceram in sight a long time. Its lively verdure, its towering mountains, its variegated surface, and especially its associated history, tended to render it an object of most interesting contemplation. Travellers speak of some of its scenes as enchanting. The missionaries describe it as exceedingly fertile. The sago finds no soil so congenial to its perfection as the well saturated bogs of Ceram. This valuable tree grows wild, not merely in scattering clumps, but in deep forests, supplying its indolent tribes with abundant provision and considerable wealth. The waters teem with a variety of the finest fish. The inhabitants of the seacoast are principally Malays. In the inland districts, the 'Alfores,' or aborigines, abound. The shocking Diak custom of destroying human life by treachery, without provocation, to add human heads to the trophies of their cruelty, is common here with Borneo and Celebes."

To the north-east, and "not far from the north coast of Yilold, is Ternate, a small but important island, whose sultan has extended his dominions over many of the adjacent islands, to parts of Celebes, and even to New Guinea."

"These islands form the principal stations under the Netherlands Missionary Society."

In reference to the early attempts of the Portuguese to Christianize this insular population, from 1510 downward, our author says, "that, at this day, their success and its results cannot be determined." "Near the close of that century, the Dutch dispossessed the Portuguese, and introduced Protestantism among the natives." The zeal and energy of the early chaplains of the reformed faith, notwithstanding their injudicious plans, were, for a time, successful. Declension, however, soon followed. "During the eighteenth century, but few attempts were made to revive the dying spirit of Christianity."

This important and long neglected agency, now devolves on the Netherlands Missionary Society.

The last great islands of this Eastern passage are Waijoo, with its one hundred thousand inhabitants, on the one side, and New Guinea on the other. The following extract gives some idea of the magnitude and characteristics of this insular continent:—"It extends about twelve hundred miles in length, and from fifteen to three hundred and sixty in breadth. Navigators speak with rapture of the beauty of its coasts, and the astonishing variety of its rich productions. Among the ornaments of its natural history, is the far-famed Bird of Paradise, of which ten or twelve species make it their favourite residence. It is inhabited by several millions of souls, composed of many distinct tribes, very different in appearance and habits, but all sunk in deep intellectual and spiritual ignorance. The great mass consists of negroes, of herculean frame, and jet black countenance. Some of them are cannibals; others are mild and obliging to strangers."

These "Oceanic groups," through which we have followed our author's course, certainly present a combination, no where else to be found, of advantageous positions, fertility, and loveliness. Of course they differ widely in importance, from the insular continent, with its mountain ranges of Alpine elevation, to the coral islet just rising, just risen, above the surface of the sea. They have, however, some common features, expressive of a family likeness. Their outer shores, exposed to the full force of the waves, are rocky and surf-beaten. But the inner shores, not so exposed, and the clustered islands, protected by each other, are touched only by a gentle ripple breaking on their sands. They rise beautifully from the calm bed of the surrounding ocean. Their waving outline of deep verdure is traced against a sky almost always clear. A tropical forest mantles every summit, and descends to the water's edge, as if to cover, in the spirit of Eastern seclusion, the form and feet of

nature from view. Morning and evening breezes blow alternately over each expanse of foliage, from sea and shore—now freshening its verdure, and now scattering its perfume. On many of them, the traces of human habitation are scarcely seen, as a favouring wind carries you rapidly by. On others, the simple cottages of the native inhabitant can be distinguished, half concealed by shrubbery and trees.

Perhaps the peculiar characteristic of these islands is their silent magnificence, their rich covering, no where broken, and their stillness, never disturbed. It is impossible to pass them without contrasting what they are, with what they are to be. Now no one can live there with security of life and property. But were we tinctured with the doctrine of the Metempsychosis, we should be inclined to fix our last transmigration there.

"A multitude of islands, of inconsiderable note, rose and sunk in our horizon as we glided gently along, until, clearing the Straits of Daupier, we found ourselves once more riding upon the long swell of an open sea." Passing the Pelew Islands, Formosa, &c., "the dawn of morning (February 19) disclosed the bluff and barren peaks of the Ladrone and neighbouring islands," forming the entrance to the Gulf of Canton.

A diary of his ten months' residence in China follows this notice of Mr. Abel's arrival. To it we refer our readers for some account of the Foreign Residences at Macao and Canton, of the native establishments, private and religious, of the leading sects into which the nation is divided, of its moral and social condition, closed by an appeal to Christian sympathy in behalf of its people. It is not our purpose, by a regular synopsis of its contents, to detract from the interest or supersede the perusal of this publication.

December 30, 1830, Mr. Abel closed his residence in China, and embarked for Java. We will again attempt to trace his progress.

"A few days after leaving China, we made the coast of Cochin China."—"This kingdom now includes Tonquin and part of Cambodia, and has a hardy and energetic, though it is said, dishonest, cruel, and intolerant population."—"The Chinese language is well understood by the inhabitants of *Annam*, the native appellation of this country, though they employ another character in common intercourse."

"The Catholics have long had a foothold here. They reckon about three hundred thousand converts, the great majority being in Tonquin. Formerly they were high in favour at court, but upon the death of the king, whom the Bishop of Adran brought over to France for education, their influence diminished, and they have since suffered a severe persecution."

Mr. Abel landed at Anjui, in the Straits of Sunda, an anchorage where ships in the favourable Monsoon touch for refreshments.

"It is situated on a large plain, adorned with extensive groves of cocoa-nut trees, and bounded by an amphitheatre of most diversified and picturesque hills."

"The face of the country between Anjui and Batavia, a distance of eighty miles, is varied with hill and dale, wilderness and cultivation. The low and level tracts are laid out in extensive rice fields, while the neighbouring forests are culivated with beautiful birds and infested with ferocious tigers."

"Batavia, the capital of Java and of the Dutch East India colonies, contains, within a circuit of twenty miles, a population of three hundred thousand souls. Sourabaya, the second city of Java, has an equal number. Samurang contains two hundred thousand. The whole Island of Java has about six millions of inhabitants, four of whom speak the Javanese language, one million and a half the Sunda, and half a million the Malayan. There are on the island, chiefly in the cities, about fifty thousand Chinese."

There seems to have been a time, in the early history of the Dutch East India possessions, when strenuous efforts were made to civilize and Christianize the native islanders. But these endeavours have long since ceased. The natural riches and capabilities of these splendid colonies have been monopolized or repressed by a policy proverbially *Dutch*. Restrictions on commerce without, have kept pace with petty wars in the interior, and massacres of the resident Chinese. For a short period these islands enjoyed a breathing time under British protection and the administration of Sir Stamford Raffles. Unhappily they reverted again to Holland, and there is at present but little hope that they will find a better master. A worse cannot be found.

After a residence of about six months in Java, Mr. Abeel again embarked for Singapore and Siam.

The regulations of the English East India Company affecting the China trade, and the need of a depot for British goods for the supply of the native craft from the Eastern islands, have given to Singapore its present importance. From a jungle it has become the seat of a population of twenty thousand souls. "Its extensive harbour, surrounded by numerous islands, and affording safe anchorage to any number of shipping, is frequented by prows from all the Eastern ports and kingdoms."

Leaving Singapore in an Arab vessel, and coasting the Malayan peninsula, with its interesting upland scenery, Mr. Abeel arrived off the mouth of the Meinam, the river which drains the great valley of Siam. "It is a noble river, half a mile in average width; its banks low, and covered with jungle; and affording many interesting views as you pass up and down its winding course."

Bankok, the modern capital of Siam, stands on the Meinam, thirty miles above its mouth. "The palaces of the two kings and some of the princes form the walled part of the city, while the suburbs extend two or three miles above and below the royal residences, and on either bank. In and near the city, a few streets have been laid out, but the houses are generally built upon piles, on the water or near its edge. The river may be considered the highway, the mart, and the pleasure grounds of the city. Here the mass of the population reside, carry on their business, and take their recreation. In many places, however, the dwellings retire to some distance from the margin of the river, forming a narrow extended street; or, branching off toward the interior, are scattered over the face of the country, amid gardens and jungle and rice-fields."

"The finest specimens of architecture are the temples, generally occupying the best sites, containing some of them a thousand idols, and covering a large area of ground, with the connected monastic buildings." These are Budhistic temples, "built by the king and principal men of the kingdom." Twenty thousand priests, "supported by royal and private bounty," minister in them. But, except these temples, and the royal palaces, and the mansions of the princes, "every thing is improvable and nothing improved." "Neither order nor convenience, ornament nor comfort, are consulted in the situation and structure of their houses."

The twelve months passed by Mr. Abeel, in two successive residences at Bankok, were filled up in acquiring a knowledge of the country, learning its languages, dispensing gratuitously simple medicines, and distributing the means of religious instruction very extensively among the natives and Chinese. His new and interesting notices of the country afford us some idea of the condition and character of its population, amounting to four or five millions. It appears, that a part of this population, consisting of kidnapped and captured natives of the contiguous countries, lies under an unqualified and cruel slavery. Even the native Siamese are held bound to government in an unlimited and most oppressive service-tax. The Chinese only escape the

requisition of personal service, by the payment of a triennial capitation sum. From this mass of qualified and unqualified slavery, result of course, meanness, poverty, wretchedness, and national degradation. These consequences are said to be aggravated "by the corrupt administration of justice, by polygamy, gambling, indecency, and a dishonesty characteristic of the nation."

Of the languages of this kingdom, we are told, that the most common are the Chinese (Taychen dialect) and the Siamese. This last is said to be simple and nervous as a spoken language, but turgid and epithetical in writing. The Pali is here, as in Cambodia and parts of India, the sacred tongue. The Laos is said to be a dialect of the Siamese; but the Cambodian, the court language, to differ much from it, and the Burmese to be quite another tongue.

In the January (1831) of his residence in this lonely situation, Mr. Abel writes thus:—"There is something in the beauty of the heavens at this season of the year, which makes up for the destitution of every earthly charm, and exceeds any thing I ever noticed in other climates. For many weeks there has scarcely fallen a drop of rain. The atmosphere, during the day, is so clear, that the eye wanders through the boundless field with a most animating range. Nothing can exceed the glories of the morning and evening twilight. The burnished heavens—the broad rays of the hidden sun, shooting up the wide arch of the firmament—often succeeded by transverse streaks of the most delicate and varying colours, and these yielding to a thousand softer and still softer tinges,—hold our eyes and hearts, at the close of each day, in glowing admiration, until the stars have one by one unveiled their glories, and all the celestial worlds beam forth through the azure with the brightest radiance."

This extract, highly descriptive in itself, is applicable also to the winter of the Philippine Islands, and probably of other tropical parts of the East. Nor, we may add, is an unclouded and radiant sky, by night and by day, the only enjoyment there at this season. You there breathe an elastic air, and you feel its mild, cool freshness through a thin dress at every pore. Unhappily the sun returns, after three or four months of this delightful temperature, with its penetrating, subduing effect on the frame. Its excessive power prepares you to welcome the season of the annual rains. The exhalations of a whole summer, from a whole ocean, are then condensed above your head. The clouds, heavily charged, are driven pouring across the sky; or settling down over the spot where you are, let fall their torrents of water, compared with which the rains of northern climates are but an elevated dew.

In such climates there is no correctness in our common division of the year. Hence, in the native languages, instead of summer and winter, spring and autumn, we find names for but three seasons, called after their characteristics, the "hot," the "wet," and the "cold."

The narrative part of the work we have under review, closes with the author's residence in Siam and Singapore. Compelled by ill health to seek a colder climate, he embarked for England, (for no American vessels are permitted to visit Singapore,) in May, 1833, and arrived there in October of the same year.

Appended, however, to the personal narrative, are several chapters on Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, the Philippine Islands, the Loochoo Islands, and Japan. These chapters, though we do not follow them, we recommend to western readers, as containing information drawn from conversation and manuscript sources, not accessible, probably, to them. We might condense within our remaining limits the contents of these chapters, were it our wish to supersede, and not to call attention to, the work under review. Instead of this, we will add what our author's professional object did not include—some remarks on the present state of our intercourse with these

important countries of the East. There may be little that is new in our remarks, and indeed we make them chiefly as introductory to another subject, to which recent intelligence has given a melancholy interest; to the question, how to protect the lives and properties of our citizens, resorting to or residing in the East. It is not necessary to separate the objects for which they may repair thither, whether it be for the purposes of benevolent exertion, or of curious research, or for the profits of commercial intercourse.

As respects one of these groups, the Philippine Islands, it is well known that the existence of a colonial authority there, modifies the question of protection from the same question under independent native governments. In reference to this group, we remark, that our *present intercourse* is still in great measure governed by the old rules of Spanish colonial policy.

Foreign vessels are restricted to one port; double duties are charged on imports under their flags. Difficulties are thrown in the way of foreigners desiring to make Manila their residence. Their limits, if permitted to reside there, extend but over one out of twenty-eight provinces, into which the islands are divided. They remain heretics and aliens. And lest any ideas should enter at variance with this system, all books are rigorously excluded, unless licensed by the clergy.

The Spanish officers governing these islands are a remarkable example of the absence of all ambition of personal distinction and the desire of general improvement. Had they even felt the desire of colonial advancement, these islands would not have remained stationary so long. Had they even felt the pride of political independence, it would have been seen, ere this, that these colonies are bound to the mother country by no necessary tie. There is no doubt a deep feeling of ecclesiastical dependence pervading the people and country clergy, and forming the strongest bond of union to the mother country. The higher ecclesiastics, however, cannot but have noticed, that a declaration of independence does not sever the connexion with the Holy See. Still, until now, neither the desire of political nor ecclesiastical independence, has outweighed, with the colonial authorities, the satisfaction of comfortable places, the recollections they have brought from the peninsula, and the attachments they have left there. Whether such a separation will take place soon, or ever, or whether these colonies will pass into the power of a more liberal government, are questions not susceptible of any satisfactory answer.

As respects intercourse with Siam, it may be said, that on the few occasions when our merchant vessels have entered the Meinnam, they have suffered so severely from official exaction, that we cannot be said to have any real commercial intercourse with that country. It is not probable that this state of things has been changed by our late treaty with the king, nor will it be by any *mere treaty*. We entirely approve of the attempt to form treaties with the Siamese and other Eastern governments; but we fear too much confidence, superseding a watchful public regard, may be reposed in these paper engagements.

As respects the group of islands lying between the Dutch and Spanish colonies, the Loochoo Islands, Japan, &c., our intercourse with them is entirely prospective, for they have scarcely ever been visited by vessels under American colours.

Sumatra, the west coast of Sumatra, affords, perhaps, the best instance of an intercourse carried on, without intervention, between our own citizens and natives of South-Eastern Asia under independent government. On this instance, therefore, extensible prospectively to other instances, we may ground our remarks on the mode of protecting the lives and properties of our citizens, exposed by this intercourse. "This island," Mr. Abceel says, "is a favourite resort for trading vessels from England and America; and from the testimony of one who has been engaged in the

traffic, the most dishonourable and dishonest means are often employed to defraud the natives." We believe these unworthy means have always been discomtented by the parties interested in England and America. We believe, too, that comparing the past with the present, there has been a change for the better in this particular. Still, we get from this statement, under these limitations, one of the "concessa" under which foreign intercourse is carried on with South-Eastern Asia.

Again, throughout Eastern Asia, the great agent of intoxication, depravation, and misery, is the leading article of traffic. Commerce supplies opium to the Malay, as it has given spirits to the North American Indian, and fire arms to the Polynesian Islander.

Again, in the exchange which thus takes place, the enlightened European or American is the giver, the half-civilized native the receiver: the one elevated by civilization and Christianity, the other sunk through ages of declension from knowledge and virtue. These are the parties to intercourse in Eastern Asia, and these the antecedents of aggression on either hand, or of collision with each other.

We may suppose the occurrence of a very strong case; an aggression by the native on foreign intercourse. We may look forward to cases when the suffering foreigner shall be an innocent individual; when his superior intelligence will not have made him the more a criminal; when he will suffer for no act of his own; when he will be the victim of irritated or debased men, without having done anything to provoke the vengeance, or produce the degradation. In such cases it is not likely that the injured party will be a silent sufferer. He will appeal to his government. Hence the occasions for government interference.

Now, we would not be understood to have an extravagant confidence in such intervention in Eastern Asia. We have more confidence in the influence of the conscientious merchant, or able missionary, than in the political agent or naval officer. Yet we suppose that such intervention may be often useful, and will be sometimes necessary. The question then comes up, which we have proposed to examine. How shall our government proceed to redress wrongs inflicted on its citizens in their intercourse with South-Eastern Asia, and to give them permanent security? One conviction is, by open, peaceful, conciliatory, manly measures, in opposition to disguises, hostilities, and retaliation.

Let us take first the case of an actual injury inflicted, and see if open, judicial, yet firm and prompt measures, be not commended by justice and expediency, over retaliation.

The intelligence of such an act perpetrated on the Sumatran or some other coast, reaches this country; brought, perhaps, by the party who suffered, or has well nigh suffered. What are the measures commended by justice on the receipt of such intelligence? Does not justice remind us, that "a great body may sometimes suffer in some of its parts, by the outbreking of passions, to whose excitement its other members have ministered?" Does it not demand that we take into account the condition and character of the offender, by descent and by temptation? The fact may be established; but on what evidence? An *ex parte* statement, the accuser's evidence? His loss may not be doubted; but was there no provocation? He may not have given that provocation; but do we know the ideas of a native islander on the degree of the responsibility of countrymen, or on the extent to which they may be justly called to make reparation, or to suffer for each other?

Suppose the native offender convicted, what shall be his sentence? Can justice expect, in an Eastern Pagan, a Christian sense of guilt, and impose a like measure of punishment? Or shall one conventional law with native princes, in the Islands of the East, class all crimes together, and annex to their commission one penalty?

Suppose the same offender to be adjudged worthy of death; how shall he be brought to punishment? Shall it be by a measure that reverses the maxim, "better that the guilty escape than that the innocent perish?" Will justice permit us to forego the form of judicial apprehension, and, approaching the offender in disguise, to strike him, with a blow that levels him and all around him in the same death together? Should this be done at an hour when wakeful guilt may take the alarm, but sleeping innocence is sure to suffer?

It may be said that these suppositions are irrelevant—that they do not apply to the most common and serious case, that of outrages in which the native authorities are implicated. But here too justice must admit the existence and force of difference of national character, and of possible provocation. It must also ascertain the degree of implication.

Now, we would ask, what are these native authorities, supposed to be thus implicated? Are they governments, or not? If governments, should we not treat them as such, and require, mutually, that international offenders be delivered up or punished? If not, and in the western sense perhaps they are not governments, can responsibility be taken justly from the "authorities," such as they are, and fastened on the multitude? These subjects, if we please to call them such, suffer much from their irregular rulers. Shall they also be required to suffer in *their stead*?

But it may be objected that all this is irrelevant also. That all are more or less implicated—that society, in these regions, is an association to plunder for the common benefit—that expediency requires that examples should, from time to time, be made—that offenders cannot be apprehended, and that the only possible mode of punishment, is by a sudden, disguised, and indiscriminating stroke.

Let us put the argument, then, on the footing of ability and expediency, and consider, not what can be done justly, but what our means permit, and our interest demands. Is there any then among these petty governments beyond the reach of the American government? And if our national honour requires what one sloop cannot perform in a manly manner, should we not send a larger force? If we could apprehend no criminal, might no prisoners, no hostages be taken? And if it were, in the last resort, necessary to punish the innocent for the guilty, should it not be done, for effect's sake, in a judicial manner, and under a show, at least, of justice?

But it may be objected here that the weakness of these tribes is their defence. That if warned of the approach of a chastising force, they escape to the jungle, and evade all pursuit. But do they leave no pledges behind? Would not the sequestration of their abandoned goods, or the destruction of their villages and boats, do something towards compensating the loss of the property of our citizens, and preventing future attacks? Should this first measure prove insufficient, would not the privilege of an indiscriminate massacre be still open, as a last resort?

Again, if severity were both easy and justifiable in these cases, what are we to think of the expediency of attempting to produce, by retaliation, on the Eastern Islanders, "a *lasting, and wide, and beneficial impression*?"

As to the matter of duration, it is certainly true, that a blow will be felt and remembered in proportion to its severity. The wretched will never forget the stroke that made him so. But if you would render an effect *extensive* among the broken and rival tribes of Eastern Islands, you must first bind them together by those fine cords of common feeling, which carry impressions through all the members of society, with us, with electrical quickness and force. And why desire to produce effects that shall be lasting and extensive, if they must be misinterpreted, or injurious, or unjust? What security have you, when aiming to produce these "effects," that the Diak will not suppose you are collecting "trophies," or the Malay that you

are glutting revenge? What more likely, when the guilt you would punish is severed from its deserts, by the indiscriminating nature of the stroke.

Besides, commerce is, in its nature, essentially voluntary and peaceful. Our merchants send property to the ends of the earth, not for safe keeping, but for gain. Security is necessary on its way. But security would be too dearly purchased by the destruction of friendly intercourse. We therefore deprecate all retaliatory measures, and all severity, beyond judicial reparation. We fear those wide and lasting effects spoken of, must cease to be felt before peaceful intercourse can be resumed, and that then, this purchased blessing, this new security, will be as if never possessed. We fear, too, for this reason, that the same measures will prostrate the high enterprises of our country's benevolence toward the East.

But will a mild conciliatory mode of dealing, give to our future intercourse with South-Eastern Asia, the requisite security? We contend, that this result is in a considerable degree to be effected, by the very use of the just and wise measures we have advocated, at the times and places of collision. It cannot be said that our past security has resulted from severe measures, since they have been scarcely resorted to, except in a single and recent instance. Our argument is directed against individual views of this subject, unsanctioned by official practice. And when we remember, that our intercourse has been carried on with South-Eastern Asia so long with, so few embarrassments, is it not highly probable that it will come to be conducted with perfect security, when it receives, for the first time in the history of our nation, a kind, public regard?

Hitherto our government has taken no measures to inform itself of the political and general condition of that part of the world. It has never come *in peace* to make itself known there. Our national flag has hardly ever been seen there. It has appeared, perhaps, in a single instance, to see that justice was done *to* its citizens; but when to see that justice was done *by* those citizens? What additional security would be given to American intercourse with the East, if its merchant colours were associated, in the mind of every native prince, as they float in the mild breezes of his island dominion, with the protective care of a just and powerful nation?

Our conclusion from this argument is, that justice and expediency both require the adoption of watchful, judicial, and yet conciliatory measures, by our government, towards these insular kingdoms, in contradistinction to a system of retaliation and force. Christian nations, after neglecting to make common their peculiar blessings, for so many centuries, owe forbearance at least to those unhappy societies of men, whose degradation they have refused to elevate, nay, cooperated to produce.

It is evident, from the work before us, that there are vast openings for enterprise in South-Eastern Asia. The higher objects of Christian philanthropy, are identified there, with the establishment of political relations, and the gains of commercial intercourse. We will not direct statesmen and Christians what they should do in this case. But, as merchants, we will say, had we assigned to us, in perpetuity, the advantages of the commerce of the East, the diffusion of knowledge, the exertion of benevolence, and the support of missions there, are the measures to which we should feel directed, by a regard to pecuniary interests. To society, Providence has made such an assignment.

A word of criticism and we conclude this review. This work is written in an easy, unpretending style, sometimes rather carelessly, generally without ornament. We are told in the preface, that the writer has been unable, since his return to this country, to give the benefit of revision to what was written abroad under many unfavourable circumstances, and particularly in ill health. Our extracts furnish some specimens of good description. There are in the volume other highly impressive

passages. But, on the whole, and without the explanations of the preface, we should say, there is not so much effort exhibited in the book as was due to the greatness of the subject, nor so much talent as might have been expected from the author.

Regarded as an individual contribution, it is certainly respectable. It is by no means complete, nor have we to depend, in future, on any individual contribution, for a complete view of this subject. Now that Eastern Asia is attracting so much attention among our countrymen, and is thrown open to a kindred sentiment and enterprise in Great Britain, we may look for a succession of publications on both sides of the Atlantic.

The two nations are pledged to the great work which no other can accomplish, of civilizing and Christianizing the East. The work demands an accomplished and powerful instrumentality, in every step of its progress. For this, we look to British and American intelligence and piety, under Him, "without whom agents cannot be qualified, nor agency successful."

The Life of the Emperor Napoleon. With an Appendix, containing an examination of Sir W. Scott's "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte;" and a notice of the principal errors of other writers, respecting his character and conduct. By H. Lec. Complete in four vols. Vol. I. New York: 1835.

We cannot say, that as Americans, we derive much pleasure from the contemplation of this work. There is something we do not relish in the spectacle of a citizen of these United States, the proper foe of despotism by his very birth, proclaiming himself with a loud voice the champion of one who was the absolute personification of arbitrary power, and entering the lists, with the object of making an impetuous onset upon the most formidable antagonist of the despot. True it is, this antagonist is not the friend of republics; but it is the cause, not the foe, which imparts a character to the contest. The aristocrat who essays to destroy the pernicious illusions with which unhallowed sway is encircled by the glare of military glory, performs a labour far more republican in essence than that of the democrat who endeavours to strengthen and perpetuate the imposture. The tory baronet advances much stronger claims in this instance to the gratitude of every advocate of the rights of man, than the American whig. We are aware, indeed, that a sort of ill-defined idea exists, that from the fact of Napoleon's not having been what is technically styled a legitimate monarch, but, to use a favourite phrase, a child of the revolution, sprung from the people, his cause is in some degree identified with that of republicanism. So far, however, from this being the case, the very circumstance indicated must render his tyranny doubly obnoxious. There may be some excuse for the offspring of a royal line, reared and pampered in the belief that "he is the state," if his conduct be impelled by such conviction; but none can be adduced for the man who has learnt to sympathize with his fellow creatures as his equals, and tramples them under foot when elevated above them by fortune, forgetful or heedless of the lesson, and hearkening only to the dictates of inordinate selfishness. Such a man is a traitor as well as a tyrant. As a child of the revolution, Napoleon was guilty of political parricide as well as of the worst species of usurpation, for he it was who strangled that parent, by subverting all the beneficial effects which he himself, in an especial manner, might have enabled it to produce.

That injustice has been done him by Sir Walter Scott, is an impression with which, prevalent as it is, we cannot bring ourselves to coincide. Rarely has a work been more sinned against than sinning, than the production of the great novelist;

one cause of which, we apprehend, was the very circumstance of the author's being the great novelist. "Scott's last romance" was so *taking* a phrase! It furnished so smart a piece of ready made wit, that the temptation to use it was irresistible; and we all know how strong an impression a current *not* always makes upon the general mind. We grant that the extravagant anticipations which were naturally awakened in reference to the life of the greatest warrior by the greatest writer of the era, were by no means completely answered, and that occasionally national partialities and political prejudices are strongly exhibited; but whilst, in a literary point of view, it is undeniably a work such as few other pens of the period were capable of inditing, it is also, on the whole, we do not hesitate to affirm, one which renders ample justice to the character of its subject. For our own part, we must confess, we closed the volumes with the suspicion that Sir Walter had sometimes allowed a desire of being impartial to get the better of his judgment, and had exercised a degree of leniency, as well as indulged in a strain of encomium, not always to be justified. Every thing, of course, depends upon the idea which the reader entertains of the emperor. If his enthusiastic admiration of his genius blinds him to its concomitants, he will doubtless be prompted to anger by the picture which is offered to his eyes; but if his vision be sufficiently strong to resist the dazzling influence of the warrior's exploits, to penetrate through the glitter and the propinquity of his intellect to the darkness and the feebleness of his *morale*—if he beholds in the light which he casts, not the genial radiance of the sun diffusing cheerfulness and vitality over the face of nature, but the lurid glare of a comet shooting madly athwart the firmament, and bearing pestilence and ruin in its train—if he contemplates in his career not the course of a majestic stream, on whose banks the laughing flowers "drink life and fragrance as it flows," and whose very inundations are a source of fertility and fruitfulness, but the rush of a fearful torrent sweeping away every thing that it encounters with remorseless violence—if, in a word, he perceives not an illusion but a reality, he will regard the deep shadows of the portrait as an evidence of the limner's fidelity and truth, instead of deeming them the off-spring of a teeming imagination, and propensity for fiction.

Be this, however, as it may—even supposing that Sir Walter's volumes are replete with the errors imputed to them, is it so unusual a thing to mistake, are men so rarely liable to err, that he must be accused of wilful perversion and falsehood? Why should his motives be impugned any more than those of the writer who chants an invariable psalm to the immaculate glories of the man of destiny? Is not such an individual entitled to form and express an opinion upon any subject, however repugnant to the sentiments of others, without rendering himself obnoxious to the foulest charge? Of all persons, indeed, who have communicated their thoughts to the world, Sir Walter Scott is one of the last whose objects should be vilified. Mised he might be by the fervour of his fancy—deceived he might be by the influence of prepossessions—but that he ever would knowingly have prostituted his pen to the propagation of calumny and lies, is an idea which we could not allow even to enter our mind. It requires a melancholy conviction of the frailty of human nature, to believe that a man whose whole life was spent in sustaining and emblazoning the cause of virtue, whose other productions all bespeak the utmost kindness of heart and elevation of soul, who has done more to delight and refine his fellow beings than almost any "light of the world" that has ever been granted to it by a beneficent Providence, could have been capable, by any possibility, of such miserable baseness. It would be far better for the interests of humanity, that some even unmerited blots should be suffered to remain upon an escutcheon already stained to a repulsive degree, than that a spot should be thrown upon one attractive

to the eye and inspiring to the mind by its unsullied purity and brightness. The name of Napoleon is *not* more glorious than that of Scott, notwithstanding the assertion of Mr. Lee—an assertion, by the way, which smacks more of the *major* than the author. Which of the two “demi-gods of fame” would men be most willing to erase from the records of existence? by the oblivion of whose works would they most lose? which has produced the greatest happiness and benefit, the victory of Austerlitz or the story of Waverley? who has reflected the greatest *glory* upon his species, the scourge and the destroyer, or the blessing and the creator. The one swept from the face of the earth myriads of fellow creatures, entitled as much as himself to the breath of life, formed by the same hand and endowed with the same attributes—the other peopled it with beings who seem to be in constant communion with us of the most intimate and beneficial kind, warning us from evil, enticing us to good, friends and instructors illuminating our thoughts, vivifying our feelings, and exalting our sentiments—the one spread desolation and death, the other exhilaration and good—the one combined with a towering mind a petty soul, the other presented a rare example of a beautiful intellectual and moral pre-eminence. No man can leave a glorious name, though master of the world, who is passion’s slave :

“ Puissant dominateur de la terre et de l’onde
Il dispose à son gré du monde,
Et ne peut disposer de soi”—

and such inability to command himself must prevent every right-thinking and right-feeling person from desiring to wear him in his heart of hearts. The monument erected by Napoleon is one of human woe, drenched with the tears of the widow and the orphan, which “smells to heaven;” but frail as it is offensive, every day undermines it and threatens its fall—whilst that of Scott, constructed with materials equally beautiful and durable, the admiration and gratitude of the world, is cemented and strengthened by the passage of years, and can only at last perish when sound sentiment and judgment shall be destroyed. If we could suppose (and why may we not?) that the spirits of the departed are conscious of the effects of the actions which they performed in this inferior state of existence, what difference must there be between the feelings of such beings as those about whom we speak! Contemplating the almost universal and absolute dominion of the proudest character which the productions of his mind exert, hearkening to the enthusiastic strains of grateful panegyric which are ever rising, like incense, from all quarters of the civilized world, perceiving that the knowledge and the appreciation of his works will extend with the advance of information and refinement, to the confines of the earth, and that his name will continue to be an object of praise and benediction to millions and millions yet unborn, until the globe itself which they will inhabit shall be dissolved—conscious of all this, with what rapture must not the spirit of Scott be forever filled! How sad the contrast presented by the spectacle which offers itself to the spirit of the conqueror! No “grateful memory of the good,” the richest reward of noble deeds, no blessings save such as can impart no satisfaction to one from whose eyes the delusions of mortality have been removed, are wafted towards him—he beholds the efforts of mankind engaged in effacing the effects of his exploits—the throne to which he had waded through slaughter, overturned, “no son of his succeeding”—the nation whose near prospect of freedom he had blasted, straining again to accomplish its *holy purpose*—the fields which he had ensanguined with his victories, resuming their verdant hue, and once more putting forth their fruit—the countries which he had prostrated before his footstool, again erect, and repairing the evils he had inflicted—all his great works, in fine, destroyed or daily disappearing, until naught but the recollection of them will survive, which, itself, will soon serve

no other object than that of pointing a moral, or adorning a tale! No, Major Lee, the name of Napoleon is not more glorious than that of Scott, unless the abuse of genius be more glorious than its use.

“ Genius and Art, ambition's boasted wings,
Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble aid!
Dedalian enginery! If these alone
Assist our flight, fame's flight is glory's fall.
Heart-merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
A celebrated wretch when I behold;
When I behold a genius bright and base,
Of towering talents, and terrestrial aims;
Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
With rubbish mix'd, and glittering in the dust.
Struck at the splendid, melancholy sight,
At once compassion soft, and envy rise—
But wherefore envy! Talents, angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.”

The remarks in which we have indulged, are by no means irrelevant: for the object of the volume before us seems to be quite as much the vilification of Scott, as the biography of Napoleon. It comprises five hundred and eighty-five pages, of which more than a half are accorded to an appendix, devoted mainly to the former purpose. Making allowance, indeed, for the difference in the type, the history embraces, perhaps, not so much as a third of the matter, though the whole is but a rivulet of text running through a broad meadow of margin. No inaccuracy of Sir Walter, however trivial, escapes the clutches of the author, or is ascribed to aught save the most malignant or paltry desire of misrepresentation, until the reader becomes as wearied with the minuteness and insignificance of the details, as displeased with the uncompromising tone of the censure. But if Major Lee has proved his ability in depreciating, he has also furnished conclusive evidence that he possesses at least equal faculties in the way of panegyric. The book is a perfect apotheosis of its subject—a resolute glorification from beginning to end, not only of the warrior, but the man. Scarcely a virtue under heaven can be named, military, civil, or private, which is not vehemently attributed to the impeccable hero. Whilst his deeds are emblazoned as superhuman, the motives of them are paraded as worthily in unison, by their exalted, ethereal character. No idea of self ever entered into his calculations—no! it was “*intense patriotism* which animated his whole life; which warmed his boyish indignation; directed his youthful studies; inspired his greatest actions; and sanctified the dignity of his last request”—which being doubtless the case, the less *intense patriotism* there is in the world, the better. All the blood, too, which his intense patriotism constrained him to shed, appears to have rendered him an object of much deeper commiseration than the persons from whose veins it gushed—“instinct with heroic fire, his soul shuddered at scenes of cruelty and murder.” Unfortunate Napoleon! Sympathizing Major Lee! As an evidence of his abhorrence of murder, and freedom from all other frailties, the following anecdote may be cited from our author's text:—

“ But his time was not altogether engrossed by the toils of war or the rude grandeur of mountain prospects. Scenes less inclement and softer contests occasionally engaged him. Among the members of the convention in attendance on the army

of Italy, was M. Thurreau—a gentleman whose personal insignificance in the deputation, was redeemed by the wit and beauty of his wife. This lady was not insensible to the merit, nor unkind to the devotion of the young general of artillery, who proud of his success, ventured to manifest his adoration, by ordering for her amusement, as they walked out on the great theatre of the Alps, an attack of the advance posts stationed below them.

“The French party was victorious, but they lost some of their number, and as the affair could lead to no result, it was in every sense of the term a *wanton* sacrifice of brave men’s lives. In his youth, his infatuation, and the compunction with which he remembered and confessed this criminal folly, indulgent readers may find some excuse for it. The incident is worthy of being recorded, because the faults of such a man are sacred to history, and because the intimacy out of which it sprung was the means probably of saving his life.”

How the lover must have “shuddered” at being obliged to give this manifestation of his intense patriotism for the amusement of his mistress! “Criminal folly” in a hero, it is worthy of remark, means, according to our author’s dictionary, adultery and wholesale slaughter in a common man. We live to learn. This was not the first time, by the way, that Napoleon was caught in the toils of the blind god, though the previous instance was not quite so much in keeping with his usual purity. Whilst in garrison at Valence in Dauphiny, he had been smitten with the charms of a Mademoiselle Colombier, and having engaged her affections, the two “met one morning by day break in an orchard, where their passionate indulgence consisted in eating cherries together!” The loves of Francesca da Rimini and her swain, fade into insignificance before the attachment of this tender couple. Had they lived prior to the time of Dante, Mademoiselle Colombier would doubtless chiefly have claimed the poet’s compassion and attention to her melancholy tale of guilt, as he passed through the *città dolente*, and been immortalized in his verse instead of the unfortunate Italian! Two lovers indulging their affection by a repast upon cherries! Horrible!

Besides his patriotism, aversion to blood, and chastity, “had Bonaparte cultivated rhetoric, he would have rivaled the greatest masters of eloquence.” His veracity also, maugre the proverbial phrase—*tu ments comme un bulletin de l’empereur*—is as pertinaciously vindicated as his other virtues. To uphold it, our author has the cruelty, to use the mildest term, even to enter into an elaborate argument, more remarkable for coarseness than strength, in support of the aspersion cast upon the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, that she was frightened from the arms of a paramour by the attack of the Paris mob upon the palace of Versailles, because the charge had been propagated by Napoleon. Now this monotonous strain of panegyric is not history, and if it be continued throughout the remaining volumes, as we fear is more than probable, the desideratum, in the words of Mr. Lee, of “an impartial and accurate biography of the Emperor Napoleon,” will not be supplied by his production. It might be excusable in an *oraison funebre*, where it is understood to be a sort of duty to pour whole vials of sweetest perfume upon the memory of the deceased without any commixture of acid; but such a proceeding in a work aspiring to historical sobriety and dignity, immediately awakens suspicion, and injures the effect of even the merited encomium it may contain.

The merely narrative portions of Mr. Lee’s volume are by far the best. He fully sustains in them the reputation he has earned of being one of the most spirited and vigorous writers of the day. His military acquirements impart a satisfactory clearness to his relations of battles and campaigns, whilst the *con amore* spirit with which he tells them, arouses a corresponding sentiment in the bosom of the reader. He here exchanges, moreover, the measured march of his style in other parts, for a quick step, if we may so speak, more in harmony with the rapid movements par-

ticularly of Napoleon's warfare. We may quote his account of the victory over the sections of Paris as a fair sample.

"While these vain discussions were prolonged, Lafond, at the head of a column of the insurgents who had intimidated Menou, marched about half-past two o'clock from the section Lepelletier to the bridge called Pont Neuf. At the same time, another column from the *place de l'Odéon*, approached in the opposite direction, and formed in the *place Dauphine*, at the south end of the bridge. General Cartaux, Bonaparte's former commander at Toulon, had been stationed at this bridge with four hundred men and four pieces of artillery, and with orders to defend both ends of it. But unwilling to come to blows, he retired down the quay to the railing of the Louvre, and allowed Lafond, without obstruction, to join in triumph his friends, in the *place Dauphine*. The insurgents, at the same time, took possession of the *jardin des Enfants*, and occupied, in force, the front and steps of the church of St. Roch, the theatre Français, and the hotel de Noailles, so as to hold possession of the Palais Royal, and the great street of St. Honore, and to close in upon the posts of Bonaparte as nearly as possible. Women were sent forward, at all points, to tempt the men from their colours, and even the popular leaders themselves advanced, with flourishing and fraternal gestures, in the hope of corrupting them.

"Thus the day was passing away, one side threatening to attack, the other resolved on defence, when about half-past three in the afternoon, the rebel commanders, apprized of the state of feeling in the mass of the nation and the ranks of the army, saw the necessity of precipitating matters. To cover their violence with the respectability of peaceful forms, and probably in hopes of overawing the convention, they summoned the government by a flag of truce, to remove the troops whose presence menaced the good citizens of Paris, and to disarm the *men of terror* as they denominated the volunteers, who were arrayed against them. Their herald was conducted blindfolded to Bonaparte, by whom he was introduced to the executive committee, as to the council of a besieged garrison. His threatening language agitated them sensibly, but did not overcome their resolution. The shades of evening were now approaching, and parties of the insurgents had glided from house to house, so as to get into windows within gun shot of the Tuileries. Bonaparte, with a view of strengthening his reserve, had eight hundred muskets and a supply of cartridges, conveyed to the hall of the convention; a measure which although it alarmed some of the members, by showing them the full extent of the danger, committed all irretrievably in the contest, and enabled the resolute in case of need, to give the modern Gauls a warmer reception, than their ancestors had experienced from the senate of Rome.

"About half past four, when an orderly dragoon had been already shot in the street St. Honore, and a woman wounded on the steps of the Tuileries; and when the head of Lafond's column was seen approaching the Tuileries on the opposite side of the river, Bonaparte determined to put forth his strength. Sending orders to his posts on the Seine, to open a fire of artillery on Lafond, he hastened to the street Dauphin, where one of his detachments was menaced by a large body of the national guard, drawn up in front and on the steps of the church of St. Roch, and preparing to force their way to the Tuileries. To run forward his pieces, and pour upon this party repeated discharges of grape shot; to drive them with general Berruyer's volunteers from the front and steps of the church into its body; and then, pointing his cannon up and down the street, to clear that important avenue of the enemy, was the work of a few minutes. Leaving that post and a very guarded pursuit, in charge of an approved officer, he galloped to the river. Danican and Maulevrier had united themselves by this time with Lafond, and they were all three, with about seven thousand men, advancing in close column and at the charging step, along the quay upon the Pont Royal, which, emboldened by Cartaux's indecision at the other bridge, they hoped by one determined effort to carry. With the battery at the Louvre, that at the Pont Royal, and with pieces planted at intermediate points along the quay of the Tuileries, Bonaparte directed a rapid discharge of grape shot on the front, flank, and rear, of this dense mass. The effect was of course murderous. The insurgents showed no want of courage, and though they several times wavered and broke, were as often rallied. Lafond proved himself a hero. Remembering the weakness of Menou, and impelled by his own fierce valour,

he collected his bravest followers, and while his main body fired from the quay, twice threw himself upon the bridge, attempting to seize the guns and force the pass by a headlong charge. But Bonaparte was there in person, and twice repelled him by volleys of grape and musketry. The undaunted zealot, who had been a subaltern in the royal guard, rushed a third time to the charge, and desisted not till the fire of his adversary had by death or terror destroyed his column. At this point and at the church of St. Roch, the loss on both sides was considerable. At six o'clock, the insurgents, after an action of an hour and a half, were defeated in all their attacks, and their cannon sent from St. Germain being intercepted, had lost all hope. Bonaparte in taking in his turn the offensive, with a sentiment like that of Cæsar at Pharsalia, ordered blank cartridges only to be fired, justly inferring, that, when such crowds, after the indulgence of confidence and a desperate exertion of courage, were once put to flight, the sound of a gun would keep up their panic. This forbearance saved many lives. During the night he cleared the streets of barricades, patrolled the rue Royale and the Boulevards, dislodged a party from the church St. Roch, and surrounded with detachments of infantry and artillery another party in the Palais Royal. The next day it was easily dispersed, as was a body who had collected in the convent at the head of the rue Vivienne. By noon on the 5th of October, the insurrection was suppressed, and tranquillity perfectly restored. The killed and wounded, of which rather the smaller number belonged to the troops of the convention, amounted to between four and five hundred. Bonaparte had a horse shot under him. The deputies Sicyes, Louvet, and Fréron behaved with remarkable firmness."

In general, the evidence of the *limæ labor* in his style is not to our taste. It is artificial in the extreme, as if every word had been weighed before location, and every period scanned. It might be described in his own characteristic phrase, respecting the national festival for the capture of Toulon, as a style "of careful ostentation and elaborate pomp." The reader feels constantly tempted to repeat to him the request of the judge in the "Plaideurs" to the oratorical l'Intimé—de votre ton, Monsieur, adoucissez l'éclat. "To soar sublime upon the seraph wings of ecstacy," is an attempt which he oftener makes than accomplishes, though it cannot be denied that at times he is happy in his rhetoric. The industry and research which his volume exhibits are also justly entitled to praise.

As to his apology for the atrocities of the French Revolution (p. 52), we must allow him to settle that matter with his conscience.

